This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07490534 4

THE

WORKS

OF

MRS. HEMANS,

WITH

A MEMOIR BY HER SISTER,

AND

AN ESSAY ON HER GENIUS,

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VII.

ASTOR LIBRARY
NEW-YORK.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEA AND BLANCHARD.
1840.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME VII.

LYRICS.

SONGS OF A GUARDIAN SPIRIT:—

Near thee, still near thee ..... Page 15
Oh! droop thou not 16
Mignon's Song 18
The Sisters, a Ballad 19
The Last Song of Sappho 23
Dirge 25
A Song of the Rose 26
Night-blowing Flowers 28
The Wanderer and the Night Flowers 29
Echo-Song 31
The Muffled Drum 32
The Swan and the Skylark 33

SONGS OF SPAIN:—

Ancient Battle Song 37
The Zegri Maid 38
The Rio Verde Song 39
Seek by the silvery Darro 40
Spanish Evening Hymn 40
Bird that art singing on Ebro's side 41

Moorish Gathering Song 42
The Song of Mina's Soldiers 42
Mother, oh, sing me to rest 43
There are sounds in the dark Roncesvalles 44
The Curfew Song of England 44
The Call to Battle 46

Songs for Summer Hours:—

And I, too, in Arcadia 49
The Wandering Wind 51
Ye are not miss'd, fair Flowers 52
Willow Song 53
Leave me not yet 54
The Orange Bough 54
The Stream set free 55
The Summer's Call 56
Oh! Skylark, for thy wings 58
Genius singing to Love 59
Music at a Deathbed 62
Marshal Schwerin's Grave 64
The Fallen Lime-Tree 65

Songs of Captivity:—

Introduction 67
The Brother's Dirge 68
The Alpine Horn 69
Oh, ye Voices 70
I dream of all things free 70
Far o'er the Sea 71
The Invocation 72
The Song of Hope 73
The Bird at Sea 74
The Dying Girl and Flowers 75

The Ivy Song 77
The Music of St. Patrick's 79
Keene, or Lament of an Irish Mother 80
Far Away 82
The Lyre and Flower 83
Sister! since I met thee last 83
The Lonely Bird 84
Dirge at Sea 86
Pilgrim's Song to the Evening Star 86
The Meeting of the Ships 88
Come Away 89
Fair Helen of Kirconnel 90
Music from Shore 91
Look on me with thy cloudless eyes 92
If thou hast crush'd a flower 93
Brightly hast thou fled 94
The Bed of Heath 95
Fairy Song 96
What woke the buried sound 97
Oh! if thou wilt not give thine heart 97
Look on me thus no more 98
Sing to me, Gondolier 99
O'er the far blue mountains 99
Oh, thou breeze of Spring 100
Come to me, dreams of heaven 101
Good-Night 102
Let her depart 103
How can that love so deep, so lone 104
Water-Lilies 105
The Broken Flower 106
I would we had not met again 106
Fairies' Recall 107
The Rock Beside the Sea 108
Oh, ye voices gone 109

By a mountain stream at rest 110
Is there some spirit sighing 110
The Name of England 111
Old Norway 112
Come to me, gentle sleep 114

HE LEAGUE OF THE ALPS 115
Notes to ditto 127

SCENES AND HYMNS OF LIFE, &c.:—

The English Martyrs 133
Flowers and Music in a Room of Sickness 144
Cathedral Hymn 152
Wood Walk and Hymn 156
Prayer of the Lonely Student 162
The Traveller's Evening Song 166
Burial of an Emigrant's Child 168
Easter Day in a Mountain Churchyard 174
The Child Reading the Bible 179
A Poet's Dying Hymn 182
The Funeral Day of Sir Walter Scott 186
The Prayer in the Wilderness 190
Hymn of the Vaudois Mountaineers 192
Prisoner's Evening Service 194
Prayer at Sea after Victory 200
The Indian's Revenge 202
The Day of Flowers 210
Evening Song of the Weary 216
Hymn of the Traveller's Household 217
The Painter's Last Work 219
A Prayer of Affection 223
Mother's Litany by the Sickbed of a Child 225
Night Hymn at Sea 226

FEMALE CHARACTERS OF SCRIPTURE, A SERIES OF SONNETS:—

I. Invocation 227
II. Invocation continued 228
III. The Song of Miriam 228
IV. Ruth 229
V. The Vigil of Rizpah 229
VI. The Reply of the Shunamite Woman ... 230
VII. The Annunciation 230
VIII. The Song of the Virgin 231
IX. The Penitent anointing Christ's feet 231
X. Mary at the Feet of Christ 232
XI. The Sisters of Bethany, &c. 232
XII. The Memorial of Mary 233
XIII. The Women of Jerusalem at the Cross .. 234
XIV. Mary Magdalene at the Sepulchre 234
XV. The Same, bearing Tidings of the Resurrection 235
The two Monuments 236
The Cottage Girl 239
The Battle-Field 239
A Penitent's Return 241
A Thought of Paradise 243
Let us Depart 245
To a Picture of Christ bearing the Cross 247
Communings with Thought 248

SONNETS, DEVOTIONAL AND MEMORIAL:—

I. The Sacred Harp 250
II. To a Family Bible 250
III. Repose of a Holy Family 251
IV. Picture of Infant Christ with Flowers ... 251
V. On a Remembered Picture of Christ 252

VI. The Children whom Jesus blessed 253
VII. Mountain Sanctuaries 253
VIII. The Lilies of the Field 254
IX. The Birds of the Air 254
X. The Raising of the Widow's Son 255
XI. The Olive Tree 256
XII. The Darkness of the Crucifixion 256
XIII. Places of Worship 257
XIV. Old Church in an English Park 257
XV. A Church in North Wales 258
XVI. Louise Schepler 258
XVII. To the Same 259
The Water-Lily 260

RECORDS OF THE SPRING OF 1834:—

I. A Vernal Thought 262
II. To the Sky 263
III. On Records of Immature Genius 263
IV. On watching the flight of a Skylark ... 264
V. A Thought of the Sea 264
VI. Distant Sound of the Sea at Evening .. 265
VII. The River Clwyd in North Wales 266
VIII. Orchard Blossoms 266
IX. To a Distant Scene 267
X. A Remembrance of Grasmere 267
XI. Thoughts connected with Trees 268
XII. The Same 269
XIII. On Reading Paul and Virginia in Childhood 269
XIV. A Thought at Sunset 270
XV. Images of Patriarchal life 270
XVI. Attraction of the East 271
XVII. To an Aged Friend 272
XVIII. Foliage 272

XIX. A Prayer 273
XX. Prayer continued 274
XXI. Memorial of a Conversation 274

RECORDS OF THE AUTUMN OF 1834:—

I. The Return of Poetry 276
II. To Silvio Pellico on reading his "Prigione" 277
III. To the Same Released 277
IV. On a Scene in the Dargle 278
V. On reading Coleridge's Epitaph 279
VI. On the Datura Arborea 280
VII. Design and Performance 280
VIII. Hope of Future Communion with Nature 281
IX. Dreams of the Dead 281
X. The Poetry of the Psalms 282

DESPONDENCY AND ASPIRATION 283

THOUGHTS DURING SICKNESS:—

I. Intellectual Powers 290
II. Sickness like Night 290
III. On Retzsch's Design of the Angel of Death 291
IV. Remembrance of Nature 292
V. Flight of the Spirit 293
VI. Flowers 293
VII. Recovery 294
Sabbath Sonnet 295

JUVENILE POEMS 297

GENERAL INDEX TO THE LIFE AND WORKS 337

LYRICS,

AND

SONGS FOR MUSIC.

(15)

LYRICS.

SONGS OF A GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

I.—NEAR THEE, STILL NEAR THEE![1]

NEAR thee, still near thee!—o'er thy pathway gliding,
Unseen I pass thee with the wind's low sigh;
Life's veil enfolds thee still, our eyes dividing,
Yet viewless love floats round thee silently!

Not 'midst the festal throng,
In halls of mirth and song;
But when thy thoughts are deepest,
When holy tears thou weepest,
Know then *that* love is nigh!

When the night's whisper o'er thy harp-strings creeping,
Or the sea-music on the sounding shore,
Or breezy anthems through the forest sweeping,
Shall move thy trembling spirit to adore;

[1] This piece has been set to music of most impressive beauty by John Lodge, Esq., for whose compositions several of the author's songs were written.

When every thought and prayer
We loved to breathe and share,
On thy full heart returning,
Shall wake its voiceless yearning;
Then feel me near once more!

Near thee, still near thee!—trust thy soul's deep dreaming!
—Oh! love is not an earthly rose to die!
Even when I soar where fiery stars are beaming,
Thine image wanders with me through the sky.

The fields of air are free;
Yet lonely, wanting thee;
But when thy chains are falling,
When heaven its own is calling,
Know then, thy guide is nigh!

II.—OH! DROOP THOU NOT.

"They sin who tell us love can die,
With life all other passions fly;
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell.
Earthly these passions, as of earth—
They perish where they drew their birth.
But love is indestructible!
Its holy flame for ever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth."

SOUTHEY.

Oh! droop thou not, my gentle earthly love!
Mine still to be!
I bore through death, to brighter lands above,
My thoughts of thee.

Yes! the deep memory of our holy tears,
Our mingled prayer,
Our suffering love, through long devoted years,
Went with me there.

It was not vain, the hallow'd and the tried—
It was not vain!
Still, though unseen, still hovering at thy side,
I watch again!

From our own paths, our love's attesting bowers,
I am not gone;
In the deep calm of Midnight's whispering hours,
Thou art not lone:

Not lone, when by the haunted stream thou weepest,
That stream whose tone
Murmurs of thoughts, the richest and the deepest,
We two have known:

Not lone, when mournfully some strain awaking
Of days long past,
From thy soft eyes the sudden tears are breaking,
Silent and fast:

Not lone, when upwards, in fond visions turning
Thy dreamy glance,
Thou seek'st my home, where solemn stars are burning,
O'er night's expanse.

My home is near thee, loved one! and around thee,
Where'er thou art;
Though still mortality's thick cloud hath bound thee,
Doubt not thy heart!

Hear its low voice, nor deem thyself forsaken—
Let faith be given
To the still tones which oft our being waken—
They are of heaven!

MIGNON'S SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE.

"Mignon, a young and enthusiastic girl, (the character in one of Goethe's romances, from which Sir Walter Scott's Fenella is partially imitated,) has been stolen away, in early childhood, from Italy. Her vague recollections of that land, and of her early home, with its graceful sculptures and pictured saloons, are perpetually haunting her, and at times break forth into the following song. The original has been set to exquisite music, by Zelter, the friend of Goethe."

"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühn."

Know'st thou the land where bloom the citron bowers,
Where the gold-orange lights the dusky grove?
High waves the laurel there, the myrtle flowers,
And through a still blue heaven the sweet winds rove.
Know'st thou it well?
—There, there, with thee,
O friend! O loved one! fain my steps would flee.

Know'st thou the dwelling?—there the pillars rise,
Soft shines the hall, the painted chambers glow;
And forms of marble seem with pitying eyes
To say—"Poor child! what thus hath wrought thee woe?"
Know'st thou it well?
There, there with thee,
O my protector! homewards might I flee!

Know'st thou the mountain?—high its bridge is hung,
Where the mule seeks through mist and cloud his way;
There lurk the dragon-race, deep caves among,
O'er beetling rocks there foams the torrent spray.
Know'st thou it well?
With thee, with thee,
There lies my path, O father! let us flee!

THE SISTERS.[1]

A BALLAD.

"I go, sweet sister; yet my heart would linger with thee fain,
And unto every parting gift some deep remembrance chain:

[1] This ballad was composed for a kind of dramatic recitative, relieved by music. It was thus performed by two graceful and highly accomplished sisters.

Take then the braid of Eastern pearls which once I
loved to wear,
And with it bind for festal scenes the dark waves of
thy hair!
Its pale pure brightness will beseem those raven
tresses well,
And I shall need such pomp no more in my lone
convent cell."

"Oh, speak not thus, my Leonor! why part from
kindred love?
Through festive scenes, when thou art gone—my
steps no more shall move!
How could I bear a lonely heart amid a reckless
throng?
I should but miss earth's dearest voice in every tone
of song;
Keep, keep the braid of Eastern pearls, or let me
proudly twine
Its wreath once more around that brow, that queenly
brow of thine."

"Oh, would'st thou strive a wounded bird from shelter
to detain?
Or would'st thou call a spirit freed, to weary life
again?—
Sweet sister, take the golden cross that I have worn
so long,
And bathed with many a burning tear for secret woe
and wrong.
It could not still *my* beating heart! but may it be a sign
Of peace and hope, my gentle one! when meekly
press'd to thine!"

"Take back, take back the cross of gold, our mother's
gift to thee,
It would but of this parting hour, a bitter token be;
With funeral splendour to mine eye, it would but
sadly shine,
And tell of early treasures lost, of joy no longer mine!
Oh sister! if thy heart be thus with buried grief
oppress'd,
Where would'st thou pour it forth so well, as on my
faithful breast?"

"Urge me no more! a blight hath fallen upon my
summer years!
I should but darken *thy* young life with fruitless
pangs and fears;
But take at least the lute I loved, and guard it for
my sake,
And sometimes from its silvery strings one tone of
memory wake!
Sing to those chords by starlight's gleam our own
sweet vesper hymn,
And think that I too chant it then, far in my cloister
dim."

"Yes, I *will* take the silvery lute—and I will sing
to thee
A song we heard in childhood's days, even from our
father's knee.
Oh, sister, sister! are these notes amid forgotten
things?
Do they not linger as in love, on the familiar
strings?

Seems not our sainted mother's voice to murmur in the strain,
Kind sister! gentlest Leonor! say shall it plead in vain?"

SONG.

"Leave us not, leave us not!
Say not adieu!
Have we not been to thee
Tender and true?

"Take not thy sunny smile
Far from our hearth!
With that sweet light will fade
Summer and mirth.

"Leave us not, leave us not!
Can thy heart roam?
Wilt thou not pine to hear
Voices from home?

"Too sad our love would be,
If thou wert gone!
Turn to us, leave us not!
Thou art our own!"

"Oh! sister, hush that thrilling lute, oh! cease that haunting lay,
Too deeply pierce those wild sweet notes—yet, yet I cannot stay;
For weary, weary is my heart! I hear a whispered call
In every breeze that stirs the leaf and bids the blossom fall.

I cannot breathe in freedom here, my spirit pines to dwell
Where the world's voice can reach no more!—oh calm thee! Fare thee well!"

THE LAST SONG OF SAPPHO.

Suggested by a beautiful sketch, the design of the younger Westmacott. It represents Sappho sitting on a rock above the sea, with her lyre cast at her feet. There is a desolate grace about the whole figure, which seems penetrated with the feeling of utter abandonment.

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea!
My dirge is in thy moan;
My spirit finds response in thee,
To its own ceaseless cry—"Alone, alone!"

Yet send me back one other word,
Ye tones that never cease!
Oh! let your secret caves be stirr'd,
And say, dark waters! will ye give me *peace?*

Away! my weary soul hath sought
In vain one echoing sigh,
One answer to consuming thought
In human hearts—and will the *wave* reply?

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea!
Sound in thy scorn and pride!
I ask not, alien world, from thee,
What my own kindred earth hath still denied.

And yet I loved that earth so well
With all its lovely things!
—Was it for this the death wind fell
On my rich lyre, and quench'd its living strings?

—Let them lie silent at my feet!
Since broken even as they,
The heart whose music made them sweet,
Hath pour'd on desert-sands its wealth away.

Yet glory's light hath touch'd my name,
The laurel-wreath is mine—
—With a lone heart, a weary frame—
O restless deep! I come to make them thine!

Give to that crown, that burning crown,
Place in thy darkest hold!
Bury my anguish, my renown,
With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted gold.

Thou sea-bird on the billow's crest,
Thou hast thy love, thy home;
They wait thee in the quiet nest,
And I, th' unsought, unwatch'd-for—I too come!

I, with this winged nature fraught,
These visions wildly free,
This boundless love, this fiery thought—
—*Alone* I come—oh! give me peace, dark sea!

DIRGE.

Where shall we make her grave?
—Oh! where the wild-flowers wave
In the free air!
Where shower and singing-bird
'Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her—
Now may sleep minister
Balm for each ill:
Low on sweet nature's breast,
Let the meek heart find rest,
Deep, deep and still!

Murmur, glad waters, by!
Faint gales, with happy sigh,
Come wandering o'er
That green and mossy bed,
Where, on a gentle head,
Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain
Falls now the bright spring-rain,
Plays the soft wind?
Yet still, from where she lies,
Should blessed breathings rise,
Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew

Hence in the heart renew

So

Scents of the violet's birth

B

Th

STABIO.

In

leaf glows!

all flowers!

At

As an eagle soaring
Through a sunny sky,
As a clarion pouring
Notes of victory,
So dost *thou* kindle thoughts, for earthly life too high.

Thoughts of rapture, flushing
Youthful poet's cheek;
Thoughts of glory, rushing
Forth in song to break,
But finding the spring-tide of rapid song too weak.

Yet, oh, festal rose!
I have seen thee lying
In thy bright repose
Pillow'd with the dying,
Thy crimson by the lip whence life's quick blood was flying.

Summer, hope and love
O'er that bed of pain,
Met in thee, yet wove
Too, too frail a chain
In its embracing links the lovely to detain.

Smilest thou, gorgeous flower?
—Oh! within the spells
Of thy beauty's power,
Something dimly dwells,
At variance with a world of sorrows and farewells.

All the soul forth flowing
In that rich perfume,
All the proud life glowing
In that radiant bloom,—
Have they no place but *here*, beneath th' o'ershadowing tomb?

Crown'st thou but the daughters
Of our tearful race?
—Heaven's own purest waters
Well might wear the trace
Of thy consummate form, melting to softer grace.

Will that clime enfold thee
With immortal air?
Shall we not behold thee
Bright and deathless there?
In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendently more fair?

Yes! my fancy sees thee
In that light disclose,
And its dream thus frees thee
From the mist of woes,
Darkening thine earthly bowers, O bridal, royal rose!

NIGHT-BLOWING FLOWERS.

Children of night! unfolding meekly, slowly
To the sweet breathings of the shadowy hours,
When dark-blue heavens look softest and most holy,
And glow-worm light is in the forest bowers;

To solemn things and deep,
To spirit-haunted sleep,
To thoughts, all purified
From earth, ye seem allied;
O dedicated flowers!

Ye, from the gaze of crowds your beauty veiling,
Keep in dim vestal urns the sweetness shrined:
Till the mild moon, on high serenely sailing,
Looks on you tenderly and sadly kind.
—So doth love's dreaming heart
Dwell from the throng apart,
And but to shades disclose
The inmost thought which glows
With its pure life entwined.

Shut from the sounds wherein the day rejoices,
To no triumphant song your petals thrill,
But send forth odours with the faint soft voices
Rising from hidden streams, when all is still.
So doth lone prayer arise,
Mingling with secret sighs,
When grief unfolds, like you,
Her breast, for heavenly dew
In silent hours to fill.

THE WANDERER AND THE NIGHT-FLOWERS.

Call back your odours, lovely flowers,
From the night-winds call them back;
And fold your leaves till the laughing hours
Come forth in the sunbeam's track!

The lark lies couch'd in her grassy nest,
And the honey-bee is gone,
And all bright things are away to rest:
Why watch ye here alone?

Is not your world a mournful one,
When your sisters close their eyes,
And your soft breath meets not a lingering tone
Of song in the starry skies?

Take ye no joy in the day-spring's birth,
When it kindles the sparks of dew?
And the thousand strains of the forest's mirth,
Shall they gladden all but you?

Shut your sweet bells till the fawn comes out
On the sunny turf to play,
And the woodland child with a fairy shout
Goes dancing on its way!

"Nay, let our shadowy beauty bloom
When the stars give quiet light,
And let us offer our faint perfume
On the silent shrine of night.

"Call it not wasted, the scent we lend
To the breeze, when no step is nigh;
Oh thus for ever the earth should send
Her grateful breath on high!

"And love us as emblems, night's dewy flowers,
Of hopes unto sorrow given,
That spring through the gloom of the darkest hours,
Looking alone to heaven!"

ECHO-SONG.

In thy cavern-hall,
Echo! art thou sleeping?
By the fountain's fall
Dreamy silence keeping?
Yet one soft note borne
From the shepherd's horn,
Wakes thee, Echo! into music leaping!
—Strange, sweet Echo! into music leaping.

Then the woods rejoice,
Then glad sounds are swelling
From each sister-voice
Round thy rocky dwelling;
And their sweetness fills
All the hollow hills,
With a thousand notes, of *one* life telling!
—Softly mingled notes, of one life telling.

Echo! in my heart
Thus deep thoughts are lying,
Silent and apart,
Buried, yet undying.
Till some gentle tone
Wakening haply *one*,
Calls a thousand forth, like thee replying!
—Strange, sweet Echo! even like thee replying.[1]

[1] This song is in the possession of Mr. Power.

THE MUFFLED DRUM.[1]

The muffled drum was heard
  In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull deep rolling sound,
Which told the hamlets round
  Of a soldier's burial rite.

But it told them not how dear,
  In a home beyond the main,
Was the warrior youth laid low that hour,
  By a mountain-stream of Spain.

The oaks of England waved
  O'er the slumbers of his race,
But a pine of the Ronceval made moan
  Above *his* last lone place:

When the muffled drum was heard
  In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull deep rolling sound
Which call'd strange echoes round
  To the soldier's burial rite.

Brief was the sorrowing *there*,
  By the stream from battle red,
And tossing on its wave the plumes
  Of many a stately head:

---

[1] Set to beautiful music by John Lodge, Esq.

But a mother—soon to die,
And a sister—long to weep,
Even then were breathing prayers for him,
In that home beyond the deep;

While the muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull deep rolling sound,
And the dark pines mourn'd round,
O'er the soldier's burial rite.

THE SWAN AND THE SKYLARK.

"Adieu, adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 't is buried deep
In the next valley-glades."

KEATS.

"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest."

SHELLEY.

'MIDST the long reeds that o'er a Grecian stream
Unto the faint wind sigh'd melodiously,
And where the sculpture of a broken shrine
Sent out thro' shadowy grass and thick wild-flowers
Dim alabaster gleams—a lonely swan
Warbled his death-chant; and a poet stood
Listening to that strange music, as it shook
The lilies on the wave; and made the pines
And all the laurels of the haunted shore

Thrill to its passion. Oh! the tones were sweet,
Even painfully—as with the sweetness wrung
From parting love; and to the poet's thought
This was their language.

"Summer, I depart!
O light and laughing summer, fare thee well!
No song the less through thy rich woods will swell,
For one, one broken heart.

"And fare ye well, young flowers!
Ye will not mourn! ye will shed odour still,
And wave in glory, colouring every rill,
Known to my youth's fresh hours.

"And ye, bright founts, that lie
Far in the whispering forests, lone and deep,
My wing no more shall stir your shadowy sleep—
Sweet waters! I must die.

"Will ye not send one tone
Of sorrow through the pines?—one murmur low?
Shall not the green leaves from your voices know
That I, your child, am gone?

"No, ever glad and free!
Ye have no sounds a tale of death to tell,
Waves, joyous waves, flow on, and fare ye well!
Ye will not mourn for me.

"But thou, sweet boon, too late
Pour'd on my parting breath, vain gift of song!
Why comest thou thus, o'ermastering, rich and strong,
In the dark hour of fate?

"Only to wake the sighs
Of echo-voices from their sparry cell;
Only to say—O sunshine and blue skies!
O life and love, farewell!"

Thus flow'd the death-chant on; while mournfully
Low winds and waves made answer, and the tones
Buried in rocks along the Grecian stream,
Rocks and dim caverns of old Prophecy,
Woke to respond: and all the air was fill'd
With that one sighing sound—"Farewell, Farewell!"
—Fill'd with that sound? high in the calm blue heaven
Even then a skylark hung; soft summer clouds
Were floating round him, all transpierced with light,
And 'midst that pearly radiance his dark wings
Quiver'd with song:—such free triumphant song,
As if tears were not,—as if breaking hearts
Had not a place below—and *thus* that strain
Spoke to the Poet's ear exultingly.

"The summer is come; she hath said, 'Rejoice!'
The wild woods thrill to her merry voice;
Her sweet breath is wandering around, on high;
Sing, sing through the echoing sky!

"There is joy in the mountains; the bright waves leap,
Like the bounding stag when he breaks from sleep;
Mirthfully, wildly, they flash along—
—Let the heavens ring with song!

"There is joy in the forests; the bird of night
Hath made the leaves tremble with deep delight;
But *mine* is the glory to sunshine given—
Sing, sing through the echoing heaven!

"Mine are the wings of the soaring morn,
Mine are the fresh gales with day-spring born:
Only young rapture can mount so high—
—Sing, sing through the echoing sky!"

So those two voices met; so Joy and Death
Mingled their accents; and amidst the rush
Of many thoughts, the listening poet cried,—
"Oh! thou art mighty, thou art wonderful,
Mysterious Nature! Not in thy free range
Of woods and wilds alone, thou blendest thus
The dirge-note and the song of festival;
But in one *heart*, one changeful human heart—
Ay, and within one hour of that strange world—
Thou call'st their music forth, with all its tones
To startle and to pierce!—the dying swan's,
And the glad skylark's—triumph and despair!"

SONGS OF SPAIN.[1]

I.—ANCIENT BATTLE SONG.

Fling forth the proud banner of Leon again!
Let the high word "*Castile!*" go resounding through Spain!
And thou, free Asturias, encamp'd on the height,
Pour down thy dark sons to the vintage of fight!
Wake, wake! the old soil where thy children repose
Sounds hollow and deep to the trampling of foes!

The voices are mighty that swell from the past,
With Arragon's cry on the shrill mountain blast;
The ancient sierras give strength to our tread,
Their pines murmur song where bright blood hath been shed.
—Fling forth the proud banner of Leon again,
And shout ye "Castile! to the rescue for Spain!"

[1] Written for a set of airs, entitled *Peninsular Melodies*, selected by Colonel Hodges, and published by Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine, who have permitted the reappearance of the words in this volume.

II.—THE ZEGRI MAID.

The Zegris were one of the most illustrious Moorish tribes. Their exploits and feuds with their celebrated rivals, the Abencerrages, form the subject of many ancient Spanish romances.

THE summer leaves were sighing
Around the Zegri maid,
To her low sad song replying
As it fill'd the olive shade.
"Alas! for her that loveth
Her land's, her kindred's foe!
Where a Christian Spaniard roveth,
Should a Zegri's spirit go?

"From thy glance, my gentle mother!
I sink, with shame oppress'd,
And the dark eye of my brother
Is an arrow to my breast."
—Where summer leaves were sighing
Thus sang the Zegri maid,
While the crimson day was dying
In the whispery olive shade.

"And for all this heart's wealth wasted,
This woe in secret borne,
This flower of young life blasted,
Should I win back aught but scorn?
By aught but daily dying
Would my lone truth be repaid?"
—Where the olive leaves were sighing,
Thus sang the Zegri maid.

III.—THE RIO VERDE SONG.

The Rio Verde, a small river of Spain, is celebrated in the old ballad romances of that country for the frequent combats on its banks between Moor and Christian. The ballad referring to this stream in *Percy's Reliques*,

> "Gentle river, gentle river,
> Lo! thy streams are stain'd with gore,"

will be remembered by many readers.

Flow, Rio Verde!
In melody flow;
Win her that weepeth
To slumber from woe;
Bid thy wave's music
Roll through her dreams,
Grief ever loveth
The kind voice of streams.

Bear her lone spirit
Afar on the sound
Back to her childhood,
Her life's fairy ground;
Pass like the whisper
Of love that is gone—
Flow, Rio Verde!
Softly flow on!

Dark glassy water
So crimson'd of yore!
Love, death, and sorrow
Know thy green shore.

Thou should'st have echoes
For grief's deepest tone—
Flow, Rio Verde,
Softly flow on!

IV.—SEEK BY THE SILVERY DARRO.

Seek by the silvery Darro,
Where jasmine flowers have blown;
There hath she left no footsteps?
—Weep, weep, the maid is gone!

Seek where our lady's image
Smiles o'er the pine-hung steep;
Hear ye not there her vespers?
—Weep for the parted, weep!

Seek in the porch where vine-leaves
O'ershade her father's head?
—Are *his* grey hairs left lonely?
—Weep! her bright soul is fled.

V.—SPANISH EVENING HYMN.

Ave! now let prayer and music
Meet in love on earth and sea!
Now, sweet Mother! may the weary
Turn from this cold world to thee!

From the wide and restless waters
Hear the sailor's hymn arise!
From his watch-fire 'midst the mountains,
Lo! to thee the shepherd cries!

Yet, when thus full hearts find voices,
If o'erburden'd souls there be,
Dark and silent in their anguish,
Aid those captives! set them free!

Touch them, every fount unsealing,
Where the frozen tears lie deep;
Thou, the Mother of all sorrows,
Aid, oh! aid to pray and weep!

VI.—BIRD, THAT ART SINGING ON EBRO'S SIDE.

Bird, that art singing on Ebro's side!
Where myrtle shadows make dim the tide,
Doth sorrow dwell 'midst the leaves with thee?
Doth song avail thy full heart to free?
—Bird of the midnight's purple sky!
Teach me the spell of thy melody.

Bird! is it blighted affection's pain,
Whence the sad sweetness flows through thy strain?
And is the wound of that arrow still'd,
When thy lone music the leaves hath fill'd?
—Bird of the midnight's purple sky!
Teach me the spell of thy melody.

VII.—MOORISH GATHERING SONG.

ZORZICO.[1]

Chains on the cities! gloom in the air!
Come to the hills! fresh breezes are there.
Silence and fear in the rich orange bowers!
Come to the rocks where freedom hath towers.

Come from the Darro!—changed is its tone;
Come where the streams no bondage have known:
Wildly and proudly foaming they leap,
Singing of freedom from steep to steep.

Come from Alhambra! garden and grove
Now may not shelter beauty or love.
Blood on the waters, death 'midst the flowers!
—Only the spear and the rock are ours.

VIII.—THE SONG OF MINA'S SOLDIERS.

We heard thy name, O Mina!
Far through our hills it rang;
A sound more strong than tempests,
More keen than armour's clang.

The peasant left his vintage,
The shepherd grasp'd the spear—

[1] The Zorzico is an extremely wild and singular antique Moorish melody.

—We heard thy name, O Mina!
The mountain bands are here.

As eagles to the day-spring,
As torrents to the sea,
From every dark Sierra
So rush'd our hearts to thee.

Thy spirit is our banner,
Thine eye our beacon-sign,
Thy name our trumpet, Mina!
—The mountain bands are thine.

IX.—MOTHER, OH! SING ME TO REST.

A CANICON.

Mother! oh, sing me to rest
As in my bright days departed:
Sing to thy child, the sick-hearted,
Songs for a spirit oppress'd.

Lay this tired head on thy breast!
Flowers from the night-dew are closing,
Pilgrims and mourners reposing—
—Mother, oh, sing me to rest!

Take back thy bird to its nest!
Weary is young life when blighted,
Heavy this love unrequited;—
—Mother, oh! sing me to rest!

X.—THERE ARE SOUNDS IN THE DARK RONCESVALLES.

THERE are sounds in the dark Roncesvalles,
  There are echoes on Biscay's wild shore;
There are murmurs—but not of the torrent,
  Nor the wind, nor the pine-forest's roar.

'T is a day of the spear and the banner,
  Of armings and hurried farewells;
Rise, rise on your mountains, ye Spaniards;
  Or start from your old battle-dells.

There are streams of unconquer'd Asturias,
  That have roll'd with your fathers' free blood;
Oh! leave on the graves of the mighty,
  Proud marks where their children have stood!

THE CURFEW-SONG OF ENGLAND.

HARK! from the dim church tower,
  The deep slow curfew's chime!
—A heavy sound unto hall and bower
  In England's olden time!
Sadly 't was heard by him who came
  From the fields of his toil at night,
And who might not see his own hearth-flame
  In his children's eyes make light.

Sternly and sadly heard,
As it quench'd the wood-fire's glow,
Which had cheer'd the board with the mirthful word,
And the red wine's foaming flow!
Until that sullen boding knell
Flung out from every fane,
On harp, and lip, and spirit, fell,
With a weight and with a chain.

Woe for the pilgrim then,
In the wild deer's forest far!
No cottage-lamp, to the haunts of men,
Might guide him, as a star.
And woe for him whose wakeful soul,
With lone aspirings fill'd,
Would have lived o'er some immortal scroll,
While the sounds of earth were still'd!

And yet a deeper woe
For the watcher by the bed,
Where the fondly loved in pain lay low,
In pain and sleepless dread!
For the mother, doom'd unseen to keep
By the dying babe, her place,
And to feel its flitting pulse and weep,
Yet not behold its face!

Darkness in chieftain's hall!
Darkness in peasant's cot!
While freedom, under that shadowy pall,
Sat mourning o'er her lot.

Oh! the fireside's peace we well may prize!
For blood hath flow'd like rain,
Pour'd forth to make sweet sanctuaries
Of England's homes again.

Heap the yule-fagots high,
Till the red light fills the room!
It is home's own hour when the stormy sky
Grows thick with evening-gloom.
Gather ye round the holy hearth,
And by its gladdening blaze,
Unto thankful bliss we will change our mirth,
With a thought of the olden days!

THE CALL TO BATTLE.

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,
Which ne'er might be repeated."

BYRON.

THE vesper-bell, from church and tower,
Had sent its dying sound;
And the household, in the hush of eve,
Were met, their porch around.

A voice rang through the olive-wood, with a sudden trumpet's power—
"We rise on all our hills! come forth! 't is thy country's gathering hour—

There's a gleam of spears by every stream, in each
old battle-dell—
Come forth, young Juan! bid thy home a brief and
proud farewell!"

Then the father gave his son the sword,
Which a hundred fights had seen—
"Away! and bear it back, my boy!
All that it still hath been!

"Haste, haste! the hunters of the foe are up, and
who shall stand
The lion-like awakening of the roused indignant
land?
Our chase shall sound through each defile where
swept the clarion's blast,
With the flying footsteps of the Moor in stormy ages
past."

Then the mother kiss'd her son with tears
That o'er his dark locks fell:
"I bless, I bless thee o'er and o'er,
Yet I stay thee not—Farewell!"

"One moment! but one moment give to parting
thought or word!
It is no time for woman's tears when manhood's heart
is stirr'd.
Bear but the memory of thy love about thee in the
fight,
To breathe upon th' avenging sword a spell of keener
might.

And a maiden's fond adieu was heard,
Though deep, yet brief and low:
"In the vigil, in the conflict, love!
My prayer shall with thee go!"

"Come forth! come as the torrent comes when the winter's chain is burst!
So rushes on the land's revenge, in night and silence nursed—
The night is past, the silence o'er—on all our hills we rise—
We wait thee, youth! sleep, dream no more! the voice of battle cries."

There were sad hearts in a darken'd home,
When the brave had left their bower;
But the strength of prayer and sacrifice
Was with them in that hour.

SONGS FOR SUMMER HOURS.[1]

I.—AND I TOO IN ARCADIA.

A celebrated picture of Poussin represents a band of shepherd youths and maidens suddenly checked in their wanderings, and affected with various emotions, by the sight of a tomb which bears this inscription — "*Et in Arcadia ego.*"

THEY have wander'd in their glee
With the butterfly and bee;
They have climb'd o'er heathery swells,
They have wound through forest dells;
Mountain moss hath felt their tread,
Woodland streams their way have led;
Flowers, in deepest shadowy nooks,
Nurslings of the loneliest brooks,
Unto them have yielded up
Fragrant bell and starry cup:
Chaplets are on every brow—
What hath staid the wand'rers now?

[1] Of these songs, the ones entitled, "Ye are not missed, fair Flowers," the "Willow Song," "Leave me not yet," and the 'Orange Bough," are in the possession of Mr. Willis, by whom they will be published with music.

Lo! a grey and rustic tomb
Bower'd amidst the rich wood gloom;
Whence these words their stricken spirits melt,
—"I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt."

There is many a summer sound
That pale sepulchre around;
Through the shade young birds are glancing,
Insect-wings in sun-streaks dancing;
Glimpses of blue festal skies
Pouring in when soft winds rise;
Violets o'er the turf below
Shedding out their warmest glow;
Yet a spirit not its own
O'er the greenwood now is thrown!
Something of an under-note
Through its music seems to float,
Something of a stillness grey
Creeps across the laughing day:
Something, dimly from those old words felt,
—"I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt."

Was some gentle kindred maid
In that grave with dirges laid?
Some fair creature, with the tone
Of whose voice a joy is gone,
Leaving melody and mirth
Poorer on this alter'd earth?
Is it thus? that so they stand,
Dropping flowers from every hand?
Flowers, and lyres, and gather'd store
Of red wild-fruit prized no more?

No! from that bright band of morn,
Not one link hath yet been torn;
'Tis the shadow of the tomb
Falling o'er the summer-bloom,
O'er the flush of love and life
Passing with a sudden strife;
'Tis the low prophetic breath
Murmuring from that house of death,
Whose faint whisper thus their hearts can melt,
"I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt."

II.—THE WANDERING WIND.

The Wind, the wandering Wind
Of the golden summer eves—
Whence is the thrilling magic
Of its tones amongst the leaves?
Oh! is it from the waters,
Or from the long tall grass?
Or is it from the hollow rocks
Through which its breathings pass?

Or is it from the voices
Of all in one combined,
That it wins the tone of mastery?
The Wind, the wandering Wind!
No, no! the strange, sweet accents
That with it come and go,
They are not from the osiers,
Nor the fir-trees whispering low.

They are not of the waters,
Nor of the cavern'd hill:
'T is the human love within us
That gives them power to thrill.
They touch the links of memory
Around our spirits twined,
And we start, and weep, and tremble,
To the wind, the Wandering Wind!

III.—YE ARE NOT MISS'D, FAIR FLOWERS.

Ye are not miss'd, fair flowers, that late were spreading
The summer's glow by fount and breezy grot;
There falls the dew, its fairy favours shedding,
The leaves dance on, the young birds miss you not.

Still plays the sparkle o'er the rippling water,
O lily! whence the cup of pearl is gone;
The bright wave mourns not for its loveliest daughter,
There is no sorrow in the wind's low tone.

And thou, meek hyacinth! afar is roving
The bee that oft thy trembling bells hath kiss'd;
Cradled ye were, fair flowers! 'midst all things loving,
A joy to all—yet, yet, ye are not miss'd!

Ye, that were born to lend the sunbeam gladness,
And the winds fragrance, wandering where they list,
Oh! it were breathing words too deep in sadness,
To say—earth's *human* flowers not more are miss'd.

IV.—WILLOW SONG.

Willow! in thy breezy moan,
I can hear a deeper tone;
Through thy leaves come whispering low
Faint sweet sounds of long ago.
Willow, sighing willow!

Many a mournful tale of old
Heart-sick love to thee hath told,
Gathering from thy golden bough
Leaves to cool his burning brow.
Willow, sighing willow!

Many a swan-like song to thee
Hath been sung, thou gentle tree!
Many a lute its last lament
Down thy moonlight stream hath sent:
Willow, sighing willow!

Therefore, wave and murmur on!
Sigh for sweet affections gone,
And for tuneful voices fled,
And for love, whose heart hath bled,
Ever, willow, willow!

V.—LEAVE ME NOT YET.

Leave me not yet—through rosy skies from far,
But now the song-birds to their nests return;
The quivering image of the first pale star
On the dim lake scarce yet begins to burn:
Leave me not yet!

Not yet!—oh, hark! low tones from hidden streams,
Piercing the shivery leaves, even now arise;
Their voices mingle not with daylight dreams,
They are of vesper's hymns and harmonies:
Leave me not yet!

My thoughts are like those gentle sounds, dear love!
By day shut up in their own still recess,
They wait for dews on earth, for stars above,
Then to breathe out their soul of tenderness:
Leave me not yet!

VI.—THE ORANGE BOUGH.

Oh! bring me one sweet orange-bough,
To fan my cheek, to cool my brow;
One bough, with pearly blossoms drest,
And bind it, mother! on my breast!

Go, seek the grove along the shore,
Whose odours I must breathe no more;
The grove where every scented tree
Thrills to the deep voice of the sea.

Oh! Love's fond sighs, and fervent prayer,
And wild farewell, are lingering there:
Each leaf's light whisper hath a tone,
My faint heart, even in death, would own.

Then bear me thence one bough, to shed
Life's parting sweetness round my head,
And bind it, mother! on my breast
When I am laid in lonely rest.

VII.—THE STREAM SET FREE.

Flow on, rejoice, make music,
Bright living stream set free!
The troubled haunts of care and strife
Were not for thee!

The woodland is thy country,
Thou art all its own again;
The wild birds are thy kindred race,
That fear no chain.

Flow on, rejoice, make music
Unto the glistening leaves!
Thou, the beloved of balmy winds,
And golden eves.

Once more the holy starlight
Sleeps calm upon the breast,
Whose brightness bears no token more
Of man's unrest.

Flow, and let freeborn music
  Flow with thy wavy line,
While the stock-dove's lingering, loving voice
  Comes blent with thine.

And the green reeds quivering o'er thee,
  Strings of the forest-lyre,
All fill'd with answering spirit-sounds,
  In joy respire.

Yet, 'midst thy song's glad changes,
  Oh! keep one pitying tone
For gentle hearts, that bear to thee
  Their sadness lone.

One sound, of all the deepest,
  To bring, like healing dew,
A sense, that nature ne'er forsakes
  The meek and true.

Then, then, rejoice, make music,
  Thou stream, thou glad and free!
The shadows of all glorious flowers
  Be set in thee!

VIII.—THE SUMMER'S CALL.

Come away! the sunny hours
Woo thee far to founts and bowers!
O'er the very waters now,
  In their play,

Flowers are shedding beauty's glow—
Come away!
Where the lily's tender gleam
Quivers on the glancing stream—
Come away!

And the air is fill'd with sound,
Soft, and sultry, and profound;
Murmurs through the shadowy grass
Lightly stray;
Faint winds whisper as they pass—
Come away;
Where the bee's deep music swells
From the trembling foxglove bells—
Come away!

In the skies the sapphire blue
Now hath won its richest hue;
In the woods the breath of song
Night and day
Floats with leafy scents along—
Come away!
Where the boughs with dewy gloom
Darken each thick bed of bloom—
Come away!

In the deep heart of the rose
Now the crimson love-hue glows;
Now the glow-worm's lamp by night
Sheds a ray
Dreamy, starry, greenly bright—
Come away!

Where the fairy cup-moss lies,
With the wild-wood strawberries,
Come away!

Now each tree by summer crown'd,
Sheds its own rich twilight round;
Glancing there from sun to shade,
Bright wings play;
There the deer its couch hath made—
Come away!
Where the smooth leaves of the lime
Glisten in their honey-time—
Come away—away!

IX.—OH! SKYLARK, FOR THY WING.

Oh! Skylark, for thy wing!
Thou bird of joy and light,
That I might soar and sing
At heaven's empyreal height!
With the heathery hills beneath me,
Whence the streams in glory spring,
And the pearly clouds to wreath me,
Oh, Skylark! on thy wing!

Free, free from earth-born fear,
I would range the blessed skies,
Through the blue divinely clear,
Where the low mists cannot rise!

And a thousand joyous measures
From my chainless heart should spring,
Like the bright rain's vernal treasures,
As I wander'd on thy wing.

But oh! the silver chords,
That around the heart are spun,
From gentle tones and words,
And kind eyes that make our sun!
To some low sweet nest returning,
How soon my love would bring,
There, *there* the dews of morning,
Oh, Skylark! on thy wing!

GENIUS SINGING TO LOVE.

"That voice re-measures
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
The things of nature utter; birds or trees,
Or where the tall grass 'mid the heath-plant waves,
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze."

COLERIDGE.

I HEARD a song upon the wandering wind,
A song of many tones—though one full soul
Breathed through them all imploringly; and made
All nature as they pass'd, all quivering leaves
And low responsive reeds and waters thrill,
As with the consciousness of human prayer.
—At times the passion-kindled melody
Might seem to gush from Sappho's fervent heart,

Over the wild sea-wave;—at times the strain
Flow'd with more plaintive sweetness, as if born
Of Petrarch's voice, beside the lone Vaucluse;
And sometimes, with its melancholy swell,
A graver sound was mingled, a deep note
Of Tasso's holy lyre;—yet still the tones
Were of a suppliant;—"*Leave me not!*" was still
The burden of their music; and I knew
The lay which Genius, in its loneliness,
Its own still world amidst th' o'erpeopled world,
Hath ever breathed to Love.

They crown me with the glistening crown,
Borne from a deathless tree;
I hear the pealing music of renown—
O Love! forsake me not!
Mine were a lone dark lot,
Bereft of thee!
They tell me that my soul can throw
A glory o'er the earth:
From thee, from *thee*, is caught that golden glow!
Shed by thy gentle eyes
It gives to flower and skies,
A bright new birth!

Thence gleams the path of morning,
Over the kindling hills, a sunny zone!
Thence to its heart of hearts the rose is burning
With lustre not its own!
Thence every wood-recess
Is fill'd with loveliness,
Each bower, to ring-doves and dim violets known.

I see all beauty by the ray
That streameth from thy smile;
Oh! bear it, bear it not away!
Can that sweet light beguile?
Too pure, too spirit-like, it seems,
To linger long by earthly streams;
I clasp it with th' alloy
Of fear 'midst quivering joy,
Yet must I perish if the gift depart—
Leave me not, Love! to mine own beating heart!

The music from my lyre
With thy swift step would flee;
The world's cool breath would quench the starry fire
In my deep soul—a temple fill'd with thee!
Seal'd would the fountains lie,
The waves of harmony,
Which thou alone canst free!

Like a shrine 'midst rocks forsaken,
Whence the oracle hath fled;
Like a harp which none might waken
But a mighty master dead;
Like the vase of a perfume scatter'd,
Such would my spirit be;
So mute, so void, so shatter'd,
Bereft of thee!

Leave me not, Love! or if this earth
Yield not for thee a home,
If the bright summer-land of thy pure birth
Send thee a silvery voice that whispers—"*Come!*"

Then, with the glory from the rose,
With the sparkle from the stream,
With the light thy rainbow-presence throws
Over the poet's dream;
With all th' Elysian hues
Thy pathway that suffuse,
With joy, with music, from the fading grove,
Take *me*, too, heavenward, on thy wing, sweet Love.

MUSIC AT A DEATHBED.

"Music! why thy power employ
Only for the sons of joy?
Only for the smiling guests
At natal or at nuptial feasts?
Rather thy lenient numbers pour
On those whom secret griefs devour;
And with some softly-whisper'd air
Smooth the brow of dumb despair!"

WARTON FROM EURIPIDES.

Bring music! stir the brooding air
With an ethereal breath!
Bring sounds, my struggling soul to bear
Up from the couch of death!

A voice, a flute, a dreamy lay,
Such as the southern breeze
Might waft, at golden fall of day,
O'er blue transparent seas!

Oh no! not such! that lingering spell
Would lure me back to life,
When my wean'd heart hath said farewell,
And pass'd the gates of strife.

Let not a sigh of human love
  Blend with the song its tone!
Let no disturbing echo move
  One that must die alone!

But pour a solemn-breathing strain
  Fill'd with the soul of prayer;
Let a life's conflict, fear, and pain,
  And trembling hope be there.

Deeper, yet deeper! in my thought
  Lies more prevailing sound,
A harmony intensely fraught
  With pleading more profound:

A passion unto music given,
  A sweet, yet piercing cry:
A breaking heart's appeal to Heaven,
  A bright faith's victory!

Deeper! Oh! may no richer power
  Be in those notes enshrined?
Can all, which crowds on earth's last hour,
  No fuller language find?

Away! and hush the feeble song,
  And let the chord be still'd!
Far in another land erelong
  My dream shall be fulfill'd.

MARSHAL SCHWERIN'S GRAVE.

"I came upon the tomb of Marshal Schwerin—a plain quiet cenotaph, erected in the middle of a wide corn-field, on the very spot where he closed a long, faithful, and glorious career in arms. He fell here at eighty years of age, at the head of his own regiment, the standard of it waving in his hand. His seat was in the leathern saddle—his foot in the iron stirrup—his fingers reined the young war-horse to the last." —— *Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.*"

Thou didst fall in the field with thy silver hair,
And a banner in thy hand;
Thou wert laid to rest from thy battles there,
By a proudly mournful band.

In the camp, on the steed, to the bugle's blast,
Thy long bright years had sped;
And a warrior's bier was thine at last,
When the snows had crown'd thy head.

Many had fallen by thy side, old chief!
Brothers and friends, perchance;
But thou wert yet as the fadeless leaf,
And light was in thy glance.

The soldier's heart at thy step leap'd high,
And thy voice the war-horse knew;
And the first to arm, when the foe was nigh,
Wert thou, the bold and true.

Now may'st thou slumber—thy work is done—
  Thou of the well-worn sword!
From the stormy fight in thy fame thou'rt gone,
  But not to the festal board.

The corn sheaves whisper thy grave around,
  Where fiery blood hath flow'd:
Oh! lover of battle and trumpet-sound!
  That art couch'd in a still abode!

A quiet home from the noonday's glare,
  And the breath of the wintry blast—
Didst thou toil through the days of thy silvery hair,
  To win thee but *this* at last?

THE FALLEN LIME-TREE.

Oh, joy of the peasant! O stately lime!
Thou art fall'n in thy golden honey-time.
  Thou whose wavy shadows,
    Long and long ago,
  Screen'd our grey forefathers
    From the noontide's glow;
  Thou, beneath whose branches,
    Touch'd with moonlight gleams,
  Lay our early poets,
    Wrapt in fairy dreams.
  O tree of our fathers! O hallow'd tree!
  A glory is gone from our home with thee.

Where shall now the weary
Rest through summer eves?
Or the bee find honey,
As on thy sweet leaves?
Where shall now the ringdove
Build again her nest?
She so long the inmate
Of thy fragrant breast?
But the sons of the peasant have lost in thee
Far more than the ringdove, far more than the bee!

These may yet find coverts
Leafy and profound,
Full of dewy dimness,
Odour and soft sound:
But the gentle memories
Clinging all to thee,
When shall they be gather'd
Round another tree?
O pride of our fathers! O hallow'd tree!
The crown of the hamlet is fallen in thee!

SONGS OF CAPTIVITY.

These songs (with the exception of the fifth) have all been set to music by the author's sister, and are in the possession of Mr. Willis, by whose permission they are here published.

INTRODUCTION.

One hour for distant homes to weep
'Midst Afric's burning sands,
One silent sunset hour was given
To the slaves of many lands.

They sat beneath a lonely palm,
In the gardens of their lord;
And mingling with the fountain's tune,
Their songs of exile pour'd.

And strangely, sadly, did those lays
Of Alp and ocean sound,
With Afric's wild red skies above,
And solemn wastes around.

Broken with tears were oft their tones,
And most when most they tried
To breathe of hope and liberty,
From hearts that inly died.

So met the sons of many lands,
  Parted by mount and main;
So did they sing in brotherhood,
  Made kindred by the chain.

I.—THE BROTHER'S DIRGE.

In the proud old fanes of England
  My warrior-fathers lie,
Banners hang drooping o'er their dust
  With gorgeous blazonry.
    But thou, but *thou*, my brother!
      O'er thee dark billows sweep,
    The best and bravest heart of all
      Is shrouded by the deep.

In the old high wars of England
  My noble fathers bled;
For her lion-kings of lance and spear,
  They went down to the dead.
    But thou, but thou, my brother!
      Thy life-drops flow'd for me—
    Would I were with thee in thy rest,
      Young sleeper of the sea.

In a shelter'd home of England
  Our sister dwells alone,
With quick heart listening for the sound
  Of footsteps that are gone.

She little dreams, my brother!
Of the wild fate we have found;
I, 'midst the Afric sands a slave,
Thou, by the dark seas bound.

II.—THE ALPINE HORN.

The Alpine horn! the Alpine horn!
Oh! through my native sky,
Might I but hear its deep notes borne
Once more—but once—and die!

Yet, no! 'midst breezy hills thy breath,
So full of hope and morn,
Would win me from the bed of death—
O joyous Alpine horn!

But *here* the echo of that blast,
To many a battle known,
Seems mournfully to wander past,
A wild, shrill, wailing tone!

Haunt me no more! for slavery's air
Thy proud notes were not born;
The dream but deepens my despair—
Be hush'd, thou Alpine horn!

III.—O YE VOICES.

O ye voices round my own hearth singing!
As the winds of May to memory sweet,
Might I yet return, a worn heart bringing,
Would those vernal tones the wanderer greet,
Once again?

Never, never! Spring hath smiled and parted
Oft since then your fond farewell was said;
O'er the green turf of the gentle-hearted
Summer's hand the rose-leaves may have shed,
Oft again!

Or if still around my heart ye linger,
Yet, sweet voices! there must change have come;
Years have quell'd the free soul of the singer,
Vernal tones shall greet the wanderer home,
Ne'er again!

IV.—I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE.

I dream of all things free!
Of a gallant, gallant bark,
That sweeps through storm and sea,
Like an arrow to its mark!
Of a stag that o'er the hills
Goes bounding in his glee;
Of a thousand flashing rills—
Of all things glad and free.

I dream of some proud bird,
A bright-eyed mountain king!
In my visions I have heard
The rushing of his wing.
I follow some wild river,
On whose breast no sail may be;
Dark woods around it shiver—
I dream of all things free!

Of a happy forest child,
With the fawns and flowers at play;
Of an Indian 'midst the wild,
With the stars to guide his way:
Of a chief his warriors leading,
Of an archer's greenwood tree:—
My heart in chains is bleeding,
And I dream of all things free!

V.—FAR O'ER THE SEA.

WHERE are the vintage songs
Wandering in glee?
Where dance the peasant bands
Joyous and free?
Under a kind blue sky,
Where doth my birthplace lie?
—Far o'er the sea.

Where floats the myrtle-scent
O'er vale and lea,

When evening calls the dove
  Homewards to flee?
Where doth the orange gleam
Soft on my native stream?
  Far o'er the sea!

Where are sweet eyes of love
  Watching for me?
Where o'er the cabin roof
  Waves the green tree?
Where speaks the vesper-chime
Still of a holy time?
  Far o'er the sea.

Dance on, ye vintage bands,
  Fearless and free!
Still fresh and greenly wave,
  My father's tree!
Still smile, ye kind blue skies!
Though your son pines and dies
  Far o'er the sea!

VI.—THE INVOCATION.

Oh! art thou still on earth, my love?
  My only love!
Or smiling in a brighter home,
  Far, far above?

Oh! is thy sweet voice fled, my love?
  Thy light step gone?

And art thou not, in earth or heaven,
Still, still my own?

I see thee with thy gleaming hair,
In midnight dreams!
But cold, and clear, and spirit-like,
Thy soft eye seems.

Peace in thy saddest hour, my love!
Dwelt on thy brow;
But something mournfully divine
There shineth now!

And silent ever is thy lip,
And pale thy cheek;—
Oh! art thou earth's, or art thou heaven's,
Speak to me, speak!

VII.—THE SONG OF HOPE.

Droop not, my brothers! I hear a glad strain—
We shall burst forth like streams from the winter night's chain;
A flag is unfurl'd, a bright star of the sea,
A ransom approaches—we yet shall be free!

Where the pines wave, where the light chamois leaps,
Where the lone eagle hath built on the steeps;
Where the snows glisten, the mountain-rills foam,
Free as the falcon's wing, yet shall we roam.

Where the hearth shines, where the kind looks are
met,
Where the smiles mingle, our place shall be yet!
Crossing the desert, o'ersweeping the sea—
Droop not, my Brothers! we yet shall be free!

THE BIRD AT SEA.

Bird of the greenwood!
Oh! why art thou here?
Leaves dance not o'er thee,
Flowers bloom not near.
All the sweet waters
Far hence are at play—
Bird of the greenwood!
Away, away!

Where the mast quivers,
Thy place will not be,
As 'midst the waving
Of wild rose and tree.
How should'st thou battle
With storm and with spray?
Bird of the greenwood!
Away, away!

Or art thou seeking
Some brighter land,
Where by the south wind
Vine leaves are fann'd?

'Midst the wild billows
Why then delay?
Bird of the greenwood!
Away, away!

"Chide not my lingering
Where storms are dark;
A hand that hath nursed me
Is in the bark;
A heart that hath cherish'd
Through winter's long day,
So I turn from the greenwood,
Away, away!"

THE DYING GIRL AND FLOWERS.

"I desire as I look on these, the ornaments and children of earth, to know whether, indeed, such things I shall see no more?—whether they have no likeness, no archetype in the world in which my future home is to be cast? or whether they *have* their images above, only wrought in a more wondrous and delightful mould."—*Conversations with an ambitious Student in ill health.*

Bear them not from grassy dells
Where wild bees have honey-cells;
Not from where sweet water-sounds
Thrill the greenwood to its bounds;
Not to waste their scented breath
On the silent room of Death!

Kindred to the breeze they are,
And the glow-worm's emerald star,

And the bird, whose song is free,
And the many-whispering tree:
Oh! too deep a love, and vain,
They would win to earth again.

Spread them not before the eyes,
Closing fast on summer skies!
Woo thou not the spirit back,
From its lone and viewless track,
With the bright things which have birth
Wide o'er all the colour'd earth!

With the violet's breath would rise
Thoughts too sad for her who dies;
From the lily's pearl-cup shed,
Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed;
Dreams of youth—of spring-time eves—
Music—beauty—all she leaves!

Hush! 'tis thou that dreaming art,
Calmer is *her* gentle heart.
Yes! o'er fountain, vale, and grove,
Leaf and flower, hath gush'd her love;
But that passion, deep and true,
Knows not of a last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these,
In their fragile mould she sees;
Shadows of yet richer things,
Born beside immortal springs,
Into fuller glory wrought,
Kindled by surpassing thought!

Therefore, in the lily's leaf,
She can read no word of grief;
O'er the woodbine she can dwell,
Murmuring not—Farewell! farewell!
And her dim, yet speaking eye,
Greets the violet solemnly.

Therefore once, and yet again,
Strew them o'er her bed of pain;
From her chamber take the gloom
With a light and flush of bloom:
So should one depart, who goes
Where no death can touch the rose!

THE IVY-SONG.[1]

Oh! how could fancy crown with *thee*,
In ancient days, the God of Wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the Vine?
Ivy! *thy* home is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er,
Where song and beaker once went round,
But now are known no more,
Where long-fallen gods recline,
There the place is thine.

[1] This song, as originally written, the reader will have met with in an earlier part of this publication. Being afterwards completely remodelled by Mrs. Hemans, perhaps no apology is requisite for its re-insertion here.

The Roman, on his battle-plains,
Where kings before his eagles bent,
With thee, amidst exulting strains,
Shadow'd the victor's tent:
Though shining there in deathless green,
Triumphally thy boughs might wave,
Better thou lovest the silent scene
Around the victor's grave—
Urn and sculpture half divine
Yield their place to thine.

The cold halls of the regal dead,
Where lone the Italian sunbeams dwell,
Where hollow sounds the lightest tread—
Ivy! they know thee well!
And far above the festal vine,
Thou wavest where once-proud banners hung,
Where mouldering turrets crest the Rhine,
—The Rhine, still fresh and young!
Tower and rampart o'er the Rhine,
Ivy! all are thine!

High from the fields of air look down—
Those eyries of a vanish'd race,
Where harp, and battle, and renown,
Have pass'd, and left no trace.
But thou art there!—serenely bright,
Meeting the mountain storms with bloom,
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
Or crown the lowliest tomb!
Ivy, Ivy! all are thine,
Palace, hearth, and shrine.

'Tis still the same; our pilgrim tread
O'er classic plains, through deserts free,
On the mute path of ages fled,
Still meets decay and thee.
And still let man his fabrics rear,
August in beauty, stern in power,
—Days pass—thou Ivy never sere,[1]
And thou shalt have thy dower.
All are thine, or must be thine—
Temple, pillar, shrine!

THE MUSIC OF ST. PATRICK'S.

The choral music of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, is almost unrivalled in its combined powers of voice, organ, and scientific skill. The majestic harmony of effect thus produced, is not a little deepened by the character of the church itself; which though small, yet with its dark rich fretwork, knightly helmets and banners, and old monumental effigies, seems all filled and overshadowed by the spirit of chivalrous antiquity. The imagination never fails to recognise it as a fitting scene for high solemnities of old;—a place to witness the solitary vigil of arms, or to resound with the funeral march at the burial of some warlike king.

"All the choir
Sang Hallelujah, as the sound of seas."
MILTON.

AGAIN! oh, send that anthem peal again
Through the arch'd roof in triumph to the sky!
Bid the old tombs ring proudly to the strain,
The banners thrill as if with victory!

[1] "Ye myrtles brown, and ivy never sere." —— *Lycidas.*

Such sounds the warrior awestruck might have heard,
While arm'd for fields of chivalrous renown:
Such the high hearts of kings might well have stirr'd,
While throbbing still beneath the recent crown!

These notes once more!—they bear my soul away,
They lend the wings of morning to its flight;
No earthly passion in th' exulting lay,
Whispers one tone to win me from that height.

All is of Heaven!—Yet wherefore to mine eye
Gush the vain tears unbidden from their source?
Even while the waves of that strong harmony
Roll with my spirit on their sounding course!

Wherefore must rapture its full heart reveal
Thus by the burst of sorrow's token-shower?
—Oh! is it not, that humbly we may feel
Our nature's limit in its proudest hour?

KEENE, OR LAMENT OF AN IRISH MOTHER OVER HER SON.

This lament is intended to imitate the peculiar style of the Irish Keenes, many of which are distinguished by a wild and deep pathos, and other characteristics analogous to those of the national music.

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

There is blood upon the threshold
Whence thy step went forth at morn,
Like a dancer's in its fleetness,
Oh, my bright first-born!

At the glad sound of that footstep,
My heart within me smiled;
—Thou wert brought me back all silent
On thy bier, my child!

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

I thought to see thy children
Laugh on me with thine eyes;
But my sorrow's voice is lonely
Where my life's flower lies.

I shall go to sit beside thee,
Thy kindred's graves among;
I shall hear the tall grass whisper—
I shall hear it not long!

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

And I too shall find slumber
With my lost one, in the earth;
—Let none light up the ashes
Again on our hearth!

Let the roof go down!—let silence
On the home for ever fall,
Where my boy lay cold, and heard not
His lone mother's call!

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

FAR AWAY.[1]

Far away!—my home is far away,
Where the blue sea laves a mountain shore;
In the woods I hear my brothers play,
'Midst the flowers my sister sings once more,
Far away!

Far away! my dreams are far away,
When at midnight, stars and shadows reign;
"Gentle child," my mother seems to say,
"Follow me where home shall smile again!"
Far away!

Far away! my hope is far away,
Where love's voice young gladness may restore;
—O thou dove! now soaring through the day,
Lend me wings to reach that better shore,
Far away!

[1] This, and the five following songs, have been set to music of great merit, by J. Zeugheer Herrmann, and H. F. C., and are published in a set by Mr. Power, who has given permission for the appearance of the words in this volume.

THE LYRE AND FLOWER.

A LYRE its plaintive sweetness pour'd
Forth on the wild wind's track;
The stormy wanderer jarr'd the chord,
But gave no music back.
—Oh, child of song!
Bear hence to heaven thy fire!
What hopest thou from the reckless throng;
Be not like that lost lyre!
Not like that lyre!

A flower its leaves and odours cast
On a swift-rolling wave;
Th' unheeding torrent darkly pass'd,
And back no treasure gave.
—Oh! heart of love!
Waste not thy precious dower!
Turn to thine only home above,
Be not like that lost flower!
Not like that flower!

SISTER! SINCE I MET THEE LAST.

SISTER! since I met thee last,
O'er thy brow a change hath past,
In the softness of thine eyes,
Deep and still a shadow lies;

From thy voice there thrills a tone,
Never to thy childhood known;
Through thy soul a storm hath moved,
—Gentle sister, thou hast loved!

Yes! thy varying cheek hath caught
Hues too bright from troubled thought;
Far along the wandering stream,
Thou art follow'd by a dream:
In the woods and valleys lone
Music haunts thee, not thine own:
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?
—Sister, thou hast loved in vain!

Tell me not the tale, my flower!
On my bosom pour that shower!
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted;
Tell me not of young hopes blasted;
Wring not forth one burning word,
Let thy heart no more be stirr'd!
Home alone can give thee rest.
—Weep, sweet sister, on my breast!

THE LONELY BIRD.

From a ruin thou art singing,
Oh! lonely, lonely bird!
The soft blue air is ringing
By thy summer music stirr'd;

But all is dark and cold beneath,
Where harps no more are heard:
Whence winn'st thou that exulting breath,
Oh! lonely, lonely bird?

Thy song flows richly swelling,
To a triumph of glad sounds,
As from its cavern dwelling
A stream in glory bounds!
Though the castle echoes catch no tone
Of human step or word,
Though the fires be quench'd and the feasting done,
Oh! lonely, lonely bird!

How can that flood of gladness
Rush through thy fiery lay,
From the haunted place of sadness,
From the bosom of decay?
While dirge-notes in the breeze's moan,
Through the ivy garlands heard,
Come blent with thy rejoicing tone,
Oh! lonely, lonely bird!

There's many a heart, wild singer,
Like thy forsaken tower,
Where joy no more may linger,
Where love hath left his bower:
And there's many a spirit e'en like thee,
To mirth as lightly stirr'd,
Though it soar from ruins in its glee,
Oh! lonely, lonely bird!

[illegible] AT SEA.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] EVENING STAR.

[illegible]

Light of a thousand streams,
Gleaming far!
O soft star of the west,
Blessed star!

No bowery roof is mine,
No hearth of love and rest,
Yet guide me to my shrine,
O soft star of the west!
There, there my home shall be,
Heaven's dew shall cool my breast,
When prayer and tear gush free,
O soft star of the west!

O soft star of the west,
Gleaming far!
Thou'rt guiding all things home,
Gentle star!
Shine from thy rosy heaven,
Pour joy on earth and sea!
Shine on, though no sweet eyes
Look forth to watch for me!
Light of a thousand streams,
Gleaming far!
O soft star of the west!
Blessed star!

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

"We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short moments; and then days, months, years intervene, and we see and know nothing of each other." — WASHINGTON IRVING.

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea,
When calms had still'd the tide;
A few bright days of summer glee
There found them side by side.

And voices of the fair and brave
Rose mingling thence in mirth;
And sweetly floated o'er the wave
The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that lone Indian main
Cloudless and lovely slept;
While dancing step, and festive strain
Each deck in triumph swept.

And hands were link'd, and answering eyes
With kindly meaning shone;
Oh! brief and passing sympathies,
Like leaves together blown.

A little while such joy was cast
Over the deep's repose,
Till the loud singing winds at last
Like trumpet music rose.

And proudly, freely on their way
The parting vessels bore;
In calm or storm, by rock or bay,
To meet—oh, never more!

Never to blend in victory's cheer,
To aid in hours of woe;
And thus bright spirits mingle here,
Such ties are form'd below.

COME AWAY.[1]

Come away!—the child where flowers are springing,
Round its footsteps on the mountain slope,
Hears a glad voice from the upland singing,
Like the skylark's with its tone of hope:
Come away!

Bounding on, with sunny lands before him,
All the wealth of glowing life outspread,
Ere the shadow of a cloud comes o'er him,
By that strain the youth in joy is led:
Come away!

Slowly, sadly, heavy change is falling
O'er the sweetness of the voice within;
Yet its tones, on restless manhood calling,
Urge the hunter still to chase, to win:
Come away!

[1] This song is in the possession of Mr. Power, to be set to music.

Come away!—the heart, at last forsaken,
Smile by smile, hath proved each hope untrue;
Yet a breath can still those words awaken,
Though to other shores far hence they woo:
Come away!

In the light leaves, in the reed's faint sighing,
In the low sweet sounds of early spring,
Still their music wanders—till the dying
Hears them pass, as on a spirit's wing:
Come away!

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL.

"Fair Helen of Kirconnel," as she is called in the Scottish Minstrelsy, throwing herself between her betrothed lover and a rival by whom his life was assailed, received a mortal wound, and died in the arms of the former.

Hold me upon thy faithful heart,
Keep back my flitting breath;
'Tis early, early to depart,
Beloved!—yet this is death!

Look on me still:—let that kind eye
Be the last light I see!
Oh! sad it is in spring to die,
But yet I die for thee!

For thee, my own! thy stately head
Was never thus to bow—
Give tears when with me love hath fled,
True love, thou know'st it now!

Oh the free streams look'd bright, where'er
We in our gladness roved;
And the blue skies were very fair—
O friend! because we loved.

Farewell!—I bless thee—live thou on,
When this young heart is low!
Surely my blood thy life hath won—
Clasp me once more—I go!

MUSIC FROM SHORE.

A sound comes on the rising breeze,
A sweet and lovely sound!
Piercing the tumult of the seas
That wildly dash around.

From land, from sunny land it comes,
From hills with murmuring trees,
From paths by still and happy homes—
That sweet sound on the breeze.

Why should its faint and passing sigh
Thus bid my quick pulse leap?
No part in earth's glad melody
Is mine upon the deep.

Yet blessing, blessing on the spot
Whence those rich breathings flow!
Kind hearts, although they know me not,
Like mine there beat and glow.

And blessing, from the bark that roams
O'er solitary seas,
To those that far in happy homes
Give sweet sounds to the breeze!

‡ LOOK ON ME WITH THY CLOUDLESS EYES.

Look on me with thy cloudless eyes,
Truth in their dark transparence lies;
Their sweetness gives me back the tears,
And the free trust of early years—
My gentle child!

The spirit of my infant prayer
Shines in the depths of quiet there;
And home and love once more are mine,
Found in that dewy calm divine,
My gentle child!

Oh! heaven is with thee in thy dreams,
Its light by day around thee gleams:
Thy smile hath gifts from vernal skies;
Look on me with thy cloudless eyes,
My gentle child!

‡ The songs marked thus ‡ are in the possession of Mr. Willis, to be published by him with music.

IF THOU HAST CRUSH'D A FLOWER.

"O cast thou not
Affection from thee! In this bitter world
Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast;
Watch — guard it — suffer not a breath to dim
The bright gem's purity!"

If thou hast crush'd a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quench'd a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted:
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast loosed a bird
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee:
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave will bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its clusters yet may glow
Through the leaves their bloom revealing:
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
With a bright draught fill'd — oh! never
Shall earth give back that lavish'd wealth
To cool thy parch'd lips' fever!

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee;
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like that string of harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scatter'd:—
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords,
So soon for ever shatter'd.

‡ BRIGHTLY HAST THOU FLED.

Brightly, brightly hast thou fled,
Ere one grief had bow'd thy head,
Brightly did'st thou part!
With thy young thoughts pure from spot,
With thy fond love wasted not,
With thy bounding heart.

Ne'er by sorrow to be wet,
Calmly smiles thy pale cheek yet,
Ere with dust o'erspread:
Lilies ne'er by tempest blown,
White rose which no stain hath known,
Be about thee shed!

So we give thee to the earth,
And the primrose shall have birth
O'er thy gentle head;
Thou, that like a dewdrop borne
On a sudden breeze of morn,
Brightly thus hast fled!

‡THE BED OF HEATH.

Soldier, awake! the night is past;
Hear'st thou not the bugle's blast?
Feel'st thou not the day-spring's breath?
Rouse thee from thy bed of heath!
Arm, thou bold and strong!

Soldier, what deep spell hath bound thee?
Fiery steeds are neighing round thee;
Banners to the fresh wind play,—
Rise, and arm;—'tis day, 'tis day!
And thou hast slumber'd long.

"Brother, on the heathery lea
Longer yet my sleep must be;
Though the morn of battle rise,
Darkly night rolls o'er my eyes.
Brother, this is death!

"Call me not when bugles sound,
Call me not when wine flows round;
Name me but amidst the brave;
Give me but a soldier's grave—
But my bed of heath!"

‡ FAIRY SONG.

Have ye left the greenwood lone?
Are your steps for ever gone?
Fairy King and Elfin Queen,
Come ye to the sylvan scene,
From your dim and distant shore,
Never more?

Shall the pilgrim never hear
With a thrill of joy and fear,
In the hush of moonlight hours,
Voices from the folded flowers,
Faint sweet flute-notes as of yore,
Never more?

"Mortal! ne'er shall bowers of earth
Hear again our midnight mirth:
By our brooks and dingles green
Since unhallow'd steps have been,
Ours shall thread the forests hoar
Never more.

"Ne'er on earthborn lily's stem
Will we hang the dewdrop's gem;
Ne'er shall reed or cowslip's head
Quiver to our dancing tread,
By sweet fount or murmuring shore,
Never more!"

‡ WHAT WOKE THE BURIED SOUND.

What woke the buried sound that lay
In Memnon's harp of yore?
What spirit on its viewless way
Along the Nile's green shore?
Oh! not the night, and not the storm,
And not the lightning's fire,
But sunlight's torch, the kind, the warm,
This, this awoke the lyre.

What wins the heart's deep chords to pour
Thus music forth on life?
Like a sweet voice prevailing o'er
The truant sounds of strife.—
Oh! not the conflict 'midst the throng,
Not e'en the trumpet's hour;
Love is the gifted and the strong,
To wake that music's power!

‡ OH! IF THOU WILT NOT GIVE THINE HEART.

Oh! if thou wilt not give thine heart,
Give back mine own to me,[1]
Or bid thine image thence depart,
And leave me lone, but free.

[1] The first two lines of this song are literally translated from the German.

Yet no! this mournful love of mine,
I would not from me cast!
Let me but dream 'twill win me thine
By its deep truth at last.

Can aught so fond, so faithful, live
Through years without reply?
Oh! if thine heart thou wilt not give,
Give me a thought, a sigh!

‡ LOOK ON ME THUS NO MORE.

It is thy pity makes me weep,
My soul was strong before;
Silent, yet strong its griefs to keep
From vainly gushing o'er!
Turn from me, turn those gentle eyes—
In this fond gaze my spirit dies.
Look on me thus no more!

Too late that softness comes to bless,
My heart's glad life is o'er;
It will but break with tenderness,
Which cannot now restore!
The lyre-strings have been jarr'd too long,
Winter hath touch'd the source of song!
Look on me thus no more!

‡ SING TO ME, GONDOLIER!

Sing to me, Gondolier!
  Sing words from Tasso's lay;
While blue, and still, and clear,
  Night seems but softer day:
The gale is gently falling,
  As if it paused to hear
Some strain the past recalling—
  Sing to me, Gondolier!

"Oh, ask me not to wake
  The memory of the brave;
Bid no high numbers break
  The silence of the wave.
Gone are the noble-hearted,
  Closed the bright pageants here;
And the glad song is departed
  From the mournful Gondolier!"

O'ER THE FAR BLUE MOUNTAINS.[1]

O'er the far blue mountains,
  O'er the white sea foam,
Come, thou long parted one,
  Back to thine home!

When the bright fire shineth,
  Sad looks thy place,

[1] Set to music by the Author's sister.

While the true heart pineth
Missing thy face.

Music is sorrowful
Since thou art gone,
Sisters are mourning thee,
Come to thine own!

Hark! the home voices call
Back to thy rest;
Come to thy father's hall,
Thy mother's breast!

O'er the far blue mountains,
O'er the white sea foam,
Come, thou long parted one,
Back to thine home!

O THOU BREEZE OF SPRING![1]

O THOU breeze of spring!
Gladdening sea and shore,
Wake the woods to sing,
Wake my heart no more!
Streams have felt the sighing
Of thy scented wing,
Let each fount replying
Hail thee, breeze of spring,
Once more!

[1] Set to music by John Lodge, Esq.

O'er long buried flowers
  Passing not in vain,
Odours in soft showers
  Thou hast brought again.
—Let the primrose greet thee,
  Let the violet pour
Incense forth to meet thee—
  Wake my heart no more!
    No more!

From a funeral urn
  Bower'd in leafy gloom,
Even *thy* soft return
  Calls not song or bloom.
Leave my spirit sleeping
  Like that silent thing;
Stir the founts of weeping
  There, O breeze of spring,
    No more!

COME TO ME, DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

Come to me, dreams of heaven!
  My fainting spirit bear
On your bright wings, by morning given,
  Up to celestial air.
Away, far, far away,
  From bowers by tempests riven,
Fold me in blue, still, cloudless day,
  O blessed dreams of heaven!

Come but for one brief hour,
Sweet dreams! and yet again,
O'er burning thought and memory shower
Your soft effacing rain!
Waft me where gales divine,
With dark clouds ne'er have striven,
Where living founts for ever shine—
O blessed dreams of heaven![1]

GOOD-NIGHT.[2]

Day is past!
Stars have set their watch at last,
Founts that through the deep woods flow
Make sweet sounds, unheard till now,
Flowers have shut with fading light—
Good-night!

Go to rest!
Sleep sit dove-like on thy breast!
If within that secret cell
One dark form of memory dwell,
Be it mantled from thy sight—
Good-night!

Joy be thine!
Kind looks o'er thy slumbers shine!
Go, and in the spirit-land
Meet thy home's long parted band,

[1] Set to music by Miss Graves.
[2] For a melody of Eisenhofer's.

Be their eyes all love and light—
Good-night!

Peace to all!
Dreams of heaven on mourners fall!
Exile! o'er thy couch may gleams
Pass from thine own mountain streams;
Bard! away to worlds more bright—
Good-night!

LET HER DEPART.

Her home is far, oh! far away!
The clear light in her eyes
Hath nought to do with earthly day,
'Tis kindled from the skies.
Let her depart!

She looks upon the things of earth,
Even as some gentle star
Seems gazing down on grief or mirth,
How softly, yet how far!
Let her depart!

Her spirit's hope—her bosom's love—
Oh! could they mount and fly!
She never sees a wandering dove,
But for its wings to sigh.
Let her depart!

She never hears a soft wind bear
Low music on its way,

But deems it sent from heavenly air,
For her who cannot stay.
Let her depart!

Wrapt in a cloud of glorious dreams,
She breathes and moves alone,
Pining for those bright bowers and streams
Where her beloved is gone.
Let her depart!

HOW CAN THAT LOVE SO DEEP, SO LONE.

How can that love so deep, so lone,
So faithful unto death,
Thus fitfully in laughing tone,
In airy word, find breath?

Nay, ask how on the dark wave's breast,
The lily's cup may gleam,
Though many a mournful secret rest
Low in the unfathom'd stream.

That stream is like my hidden love,
In its deep cavern's power,
And like the play of words above,
That lily's trembling flower.

WATER-LILIES.

A FAIRY SONG.

Come away, elves! while the dew is sweet,
Come to the dingles where fairies meet;
Know that the lilies have spread their bells
O'er all the pools in our forest dells;
Stilly and lightly their vases rest
On the quivering sleep of the water's breast,
Catching the sunshine through leaves that throw
To their scented bosoms an emerald glow;
And a star from the depth of each pearly cup,
A golden star unto heaven looks up,
As if seeking its kindred where bright they lie,
Set in the blue of the summer sky.
—Come away! under arching boughs we'll float,
Making those urns each a fairy boat;
We'll row them with reeds o'er the fountains free,
And a tall flag-leaf shall our streamer be,
And we'll send out wild music so sweet and low,
It shall seem from the bright flower's heart to flow,
As if 'twere a breeze with a flute's low sigh,
Or water drops train'd into melody.
—Come away! for the midsummer sun grows strong,
And the life of the lily may not be long.

‡ THE BROKEN FLOWER.

Oh! wear it on thy heart, my love!
Still, still a little while!
Sweetness is lingering in its leaves,
Though faded be their smile.
Yet, for the sake of what hath been,
Oh, cast it not away!
'Twas born to grace a summer scene,
A long, bright, golden day,
My love!
A long, bright, golden day!

A little while around thee, love!
Its fragrance yet shall cling,
Telling, that on thy heart hath lain,
A fair, though faded thing.
But not even that warm heart hath power
To win it back from fate:
—Oh! *I* am like thy broken flower,
Cherish'd too late, too late,
My love!
Cherish'd, alas! too late!

‡ I WOULD WE HAD NOT MET AGAIN.

I would we had not met again!
I had a dream of thee,
Lovely, though sad, on desert plain,
Mournful on midnight sea.

What though it haunted me by night,
And troubled through the day?
It touched all earth with spirit-light,
It glorified my way!

Oh! what shall now my faith restore
In holy things and fair?
We met—I saw thy soul once more—
The world's breath had been there!

Yes! it was sad on desert-plain,
Mournful on midnight sea,
Yet would I buy with life again
That one deep dream of thee!

FAIRIES' RECALL.

While the blue is richest
In the starry sky,
While the softest shadows
On the greensward lie,
While the moonlight slumbers
In the lily's urn,
Bright elves of the wild wood!
Oh! return, return!

Round the forest fountain,
On the river shore,
Let your silvery laughter
Echo yet once more;

While the joyous bounding
Of your dewy feet
Rings to that old chorus:
"The daisy is so sweet!"[1]

Oberon, Titania,
Did your starlight mirth,
With the song of Avon,
Quit this work-day earth?
Yet while green leaves glisten,
And while bright stars burn,
By that magic memory,
Oh, return, return!

THE ROCK BESIDE THE SEA.

Oh! tell me not the woods are fair,
Now Spring is on her way;
Well, well I know how brightly there
In joy the young leaves play;
How sweet on winds of morn or eve
The violet's breath may be;—
Yet ask me, woo me not to leave
My lone rock by the sea.

The wild wave's thunder on the shore,
The curlew's restless cries,
Unto my watching heart are more
Than all earth's melodies.

[1] See the chorus of Fairies in the "Flower and the Leaf" of Chaucer.

Come back, my ocean rover! come!
There's but one place for me,
Till I can greet thy swift sail home—
My lone rock by the sea!

O YE VOICES GONE.[1]

Oh! ye voices gone,
Sounds of other years!
Hush that haunting tone,
Melt me not to tears!

. . . . .

All around forget,
All who loved you well,
Yet, sweet voices, yet
O'er my soul ye swell.

With the winds of spring,
With the breath of flowers,
Floating back, ye bring
Thoughts of vanish'd hours.

Hence your music take,
Oh! ye voices gone!
This lone heart ye make
But more deeply lone.

[1] Set to music by Miss H. Corbett.

‡ BY A MOUNTAIN STREAM AT REST.

By a mountain stream at rest,
We found the warrior lying,
And around his noble breast
A banner clasp'd in dying:
Dark and still
Was every hill,
And the winds of night were sighing.

Last of his noble race,
To a lonely bed we bore him;
'T was a green, still, solemn place,
Where the mountain-heath waves o'er him.
Woods alone
Seem to moan,
Wild streams to deplore him.

Yet, from festive hall and lay
Our sad thoughts oft are flying,
To those dark hills far away,
Where in death we found him lying;
On his breast
A banner press'd,
And the night-wind o'er him sighing.

‡ IS THERE SOME SPIRIT SIGHING.

Is there some spirit sighing
With sorrow in the air,

Can weary hearts be dying,
  Vain love repining *there?*
If not, then how can that wild wail,
  O sad Æolian lyre!
Be drawn forth by the wandering gale,
  From thy deep thrilling wire?

No, no!—thou dost not borrow
  That sadness from the wind,
Nor are those tones of sorrow
  In thee, O harp! enshrined;
But in our own hearts deeply set
  Lies the true quivering lyre,
Whence love, and memory, and regret,
  Wake answers from thy wire.

THE NAME OF ENGLAND.

The trumpet of the battle
  Hath a high and thrilling tone;
And the first deep gun of an ocean fight
  Dread music all its own.

But a mightier power, my England!
  Is in that name of thine,
To strike the fire from every heart
  Along the banner'd line.

Proudly it woke the spirits
  Of yore, the brave and true,

When the bow was bent on Cressy's field,
And the yeoman's arrow flew.

And proudly hath it floated
Through the battles of the sea,
When the red-cross flag o'er smoke wreaths play'd,
Like the lightning in its glee.

On rock, on wave, on bastion,
Its echoes have been known,
By a thousand streams the hearts lie low,
That have answer'd to its tone.

A thousand ancient mountains
Its pealing note hath stirr'd;
—Sound on, and on, for evermore,
O thou victorious word!

OLD NORWAY.[1]

A MOUNTAIN WAR-SONG.

"To a Norwegian the words *Gamlé Norgé* (Old Norway) have a spell in them immediate and powerful; they cannot be resisted. *Gamlé Norgé* is heard, in an instant, repeated by every voice; the glasses are filled, raised, and drained; not a drop is left; and then bursts forth the simultaneous chorus '*For Norgé!*' the national song of Norway. Here, (at Christiansand,) and in a hundred other instances in Norway, I have seen the character of a company entirely changed by the chance introduction of the expression *Gamlé Norgé*. The gravest discussion is instantly

[1] These words have been published, as arranged to the spirited national air of Norway, by Charles Graves, Esq.

interrupted; and one might suppose for the moment, that the party was a party of patriots assembled to commemorate some national anniversary of freedom. —— Derwent Conway's *Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway and Sweden.*

The following words were written to the national air, as contained in the work above cited.

Arise! old Norway sends the word
Of battle on the blast;
Her voice the forest-pines hath stirr'd,
As if a storm went past;
Her thousand hills the call have heard,
And forth their fire-flags cast.

Arm, arm, free hunters! for the chase,
The kingly chase of foes;
'T is not the bear or wild wolf's race
Whose trampling shakes the snows;
Arm, arm! 't is on a nobler trace
The northern spearman goes.

Our hills have dark and strong defiles,
With many an icy bed;
Heap there the rocks for funeral piles,
Above the invader's head!
Or let the seas, that guard our isles,
Give burial to his dead!

‡ COME TO ME, GENTLE SLEEP.

Come to me, gentle sleep!
I pine, I pine for thee;
Come with thy spells, the soft, the deep,
And set my spirit free!
Each lonely, burning thought,
In twilight languor steep—
Come to the full heart, long o'erwrought,
O gentle, gentle sleep!

Come with thine urn of dew,
Sleep, gentle sleep! yet bring
No voice, love's yearning to renew,
No vision on thy wing!
Come, as to folding flowers,
To birds in forests deep;
—Long, dark, and dreamless be thine hours,
O gentle, gentle sleep!

THE

LEAGUE OF THE ALPS;

OR,

THE MEETING ON THE FIELD OF GRUTLI.

(115)

ADVERTISEMENT.

It was in the year 1308, that the Swiss rose against the tyranny of the Bailiffs appointed over them by Albert of Austria. The field called the Grütli, at the foot of the Seelisberg, and near the boundaries of Uri and Unterwalden, was fixed upon by three spirited yeomen, Walter Fürst, (the father-in-law of William Tell,) Werner Stauffacher, and Erni (or Arnold) Melchthal, as their place of meeting to deliberate on the accomplishment of their projects.

"Hither came Fürst and Melchthal, along secret paths over the heights, and Stauffacher in his boat across the Lake of the Four Cantons. On the night preceding the 11th of November, 1307, they met here, each with ten associates, men of approved worth; and while at this solemn hour they were wrapt in the contemplation that on their success depended the fate of their whole posterity, Werner, Walter, and Arnold held up their hands to heaven, and in the name of the Almighty, who has created man to an inalienable degree of freedom, swore jointly and strenuously to defend that freedom. The thirty associates heard the oath with awe; and with uplifted hands attested the same God, and all his saints, that they were firmly bent on offering up their lives for the defence of their injured liberty. They then calmly agreed on their future proceedings, and for the present, each returned to his hamlet."—*Planta's History of the Helvetic Confederacy.*

On the first day of the year 1308, they succeeded in throwing off the Austrian yoke, and "it is well attested," says the same author, "that not one drop of blood was shed on this memorable occasion, nor had one proprietor to lament the loss of a claim, a privilege, or an inch of land. The Swiss met on the succeeding sabbath, and once more confirmed by oath their ancient, and (as they fondly named it) their perpetual league."

THE

LEAGUE OF THE ALPS.

I.

'Twas night upon the Alps.—The Senn's (1) wild horn,
Like a wind's voice, had pour'd its last long tone,
Whose pealing echoes through the larch-woods borne,
To the low cabins of the glens made known
That welcome steps were nigh. The flocks had gone,
By cliff and pine-bridge, to their place of rest;
The chamois slumber'd, for the chase was done;
His cavern-bed of moss the hunter press'd,
And the rock-eagle couch'd, high on his cloudy nest.

II.

Did the land sleep?—the woodman's axe had ceased
Its ringing notes upon the beech and plane;
The grapes were gather'd in; the vintage feast
Was closed upon the hills, the reaper's strain
Hush'd by the streams; the year was in its wane,
The night in its mid-watch; it was a time
E'en mark'd and hallow'd unto slumber's reign.
But thoughts were stirring, restless and sublime,
And o'er his white Alps moved the spirit of the clime.

III.

For there, where snows, in crowning glory spread,
High and unmark'd by mortal footstep lay;
And there, where torrents, 'mid the ice-caves fed,
Burst in their joy of light and sound away:
And there, where freedom, as in scornful play,
Had hung man's dwellings 'midst the realms of air,
O'er cliffs the very birth-place of the day—
Oh! who would dream that tyranny could dare
To lay her withering hand on God's bright works e'en there?

IV.

Yet thus it was—amidst the fleet streams gushing
To bring down rainbows o'er their sparry cell,
And the glad heights, through mist and tempest rushing
Up where the sun's red fire-glance earliest fell,
And the fresh pastures where the herd's sweet bell
Recall'd such life as Eastern patriarchs led;
There peasant-men their free thoughts might not tell
Save in the hour of shadows and of dread,
And hollow sounds that wake to Guilt's dull stealthy tread.

V.

But in a land of happy shepherd homes,
On its green hills in quiet joy reclining
With their bright hearth-fires 'midst the twilight glooms,
From bowery lattice through the fir-woods shining;
A land of legends and wild songs, entwining

Their memory with all memories loved and blest—
In such a land there dwells a power, combining
The strength of many a calm, but fearless breast;
—And woe to him who breaks the Sabbath of its rest!

VI.

A sound went up—the wave's dark sleep was broken—
On Uri's lake was heard a midnight oar—
Of man's brief course a troubled moment's token
Th' eternal waters to their barriers bore;
And then their gloom a flashing image wore
Of torch-fires streaming out o'er crag and wood,
And the wild falcon's wing was heard to soar
In startled haste—and by that moonlight flood,
A band of patriot-men on Grütli's verdure stood.

VII.

They stood in arms—the wolf-spear and the bow
Had waged their war on things of mountain race;
Might not their swift stroke reach a mail-clad foe?
—Strong hands in harvest, daring feet in chase,
True hearts in fight, were gather'd on that place
Of secret council,—Not for fame or spoil
So met those men in Heaven's majestic face;—
To guard free hearths they rose, the sons of toil,
The hunter of the rocks, the tiller of the soil.

VIII.

O'er their low pastoral valleys might the tide
Of years have flow'd, and still, from sire to son,
Their names and records on the green earth died,
As cottage-lamps, expiring one by one,
In the dim glades, when midnight hath begun

To hush all sound.—But silent on its height,
The snow-mass, full of death, while ages run
Their course, may slumber, bathed in rosy light,
Till some rash voice or step disturb its brooding might.

IX.

So were *they* roused—th' invading step had past
Their cabin thresholds, and the lowly door
Which well had stood against the Föhnwind's(2) blast,
Could bar Oppression from their home no more,
—Why, what had *she* to do where all things wore
Wild grandeur's impress?—In the storm's free way,
How dared *she* lift her pageant crest before
Th' enduring and magnificent array
Of sovereign Alps, that wing'd their eagles with the day!

X.

This might not long be borne—the tameless hills
Have voices from the cave and cataract swelling,
Fraught with His name, whose awful presence fills
Their deep lone places, and for ever telling
That He hath made man free!—and they whose dwelling
Was on those ancient fastnesses, gave ear;
The weight of sufferance from their hearts repelling,
They rose—the forester—the mountaineer—
Oh! what hath earth more strong than the good peasant-spear?

XI.

Sacred be Grütli's field—their vigil keeping
Through many a blue and starry summer-night,
There, while the sons of happier lands were sleeping,

Had those brave Switzers met; and in the sight
Of the just God, who pours forth burning might
To gird the oppress'd, had given their deep thoughts way,
And braced their spirits for the patriot-fight
With lovely images of homes that lay
Bower'd 'midst the rustling pines, or by the torrent spray.

XII.

Now had endurance reach'd its bounds!—They came
With courage set in each bright earnest eye,
The day, the signal, and the hour to name,
When they should gather on their hills to die,
Or shake the Glaciers with their joyous cry
For the land's freedom.—'T was a scene, combining
All glory in itself — the solemn sky,
The stars, the waves their soften'd light enshrining,
And man's high soul supreme o'er mighty Nature shining.

XIII.

Calmly they stood, and with collected mien,
Breathing their souls in voices firm but low,
As if the spirit of the hour and scene,
With the wood's whisper and the waves' sweet flow,
Had temper'd in their thoughtful hearts the glow
Of all indignant feeling. To the breath
Of Dorian flute, and lyre-note soft and slow,
E'en thus, of old, the Spartan from its sheath
Drew his devoted sword, and girt himself for death.

XIV.

And three, that seem'd as chieftains of the band,
Were gather'd in the midst on that lone shore

By Uri's lake—a father of the land, (3)
One on his brow the silent record wore
Of many days whose shadows had pass'd o'er
His path among the hills, and quench'd the dreams
Of youth with sorrow.—Yet from memory's lore
Still his life's evening drew its loveliest gleams,
For he had walk'd with God, beside the mountain streams.

XV.

And his grey hairs, in happier times, might well
To their last pillow silently have gone,
As melts a wreath of snow.—But who shall tell
How life may task the spirit?—He was one,
Who from its morn a freeman's work had done,
And reap'd his harvest, and his vintage press'd,
Fearless of wrong; and now, at set of sun,
He bow'd not to his years, for on the breast
Of a still chainless land he deem'd it much to rest.

XVI.

But for such holy rest strong hands must toil,
Strong hearts endure!—By that pale elder's side,
Stood one that seem'd a monarch of the soil,
Serene and stately in his manhood's pride,
Werner, (4) the brave and true!—If men have died,
Their hearths and shrines inviolate to keep,
He was a mate for such.—The voice, that cried
Within his breast, "Arise!" came still and deep
From his far home, that smiled e'en then in moonlight sleep.

XVII.

It was a home to die for!—As it rose
Through its vine-foliage, sending forth a sound
Of mirthful childhood, o'er the green repose
And laughing sunshine of the pastures round;
And he whose life to that sweet spot was bound,
Raised unto Heaven a glad yet thoughtful eye,
And set his free step firmer on the ground,
When o'er his soul its melodies went by,
As through some Alpine pass, a breeze of Italy.

XVIII.

But who was he, that on his hunting-spear
Lean'd with a prouder and more fiery bearing?
—His was a brow for tyrant hearts to fear,
Within the shadow of its dark locks wearing
That which they may not tame—a soul declaring
War against earth's oppressors.—'Midst that throng,
Of other mould he seem'd, and loftier daring,
One whose blood swept high impulses along,
One that should pass, and leave a name for warlike song.

XIX.

A memory on the mountains!—one to stand,
When the hills echoed with the deepening swell
Of hostile trumpets, foremost for the land,
And in some rock defile, or savage dell,
Array her peasant-children to repel
Th' invader, sending arrows for his chains!
Ay, one to fold around him, as he fell,
Her banner with a smile—for through his veins
The joy of danger flow'd, as torrents to the plains.

XX.

There was at times a wildness in the light
Of his quick-flashing eye; a something, born
Of the free Alps, and beautifully bright,
And proud, and tameless, laughing Fear to scorn!
It well might be!—Young Erni's (5) step had worn
The mantling snows on their most regal steps,
And track'd the lynx above the clouds of morn,
And follow'd where the flying chamois leaps
Across the dark-blue rifts, th' unfathom'd glacier deeps.

XXI.

He was a creature of the Alpine sky,
A being whose bright spirit had been fed
'Midst the crown'd heights with joy and liberty,
And thoughts of power.—He knew each path which led
To the rock's treasure-caves, whose crystals shed
Soft light o'er secret fountains.—At the tone
Of his loud horn, the Lämmer-Geyer (6) had spread
A startled wing; for oft that peal had blown
Where the free cataract's voice was wont to sound alone.

XXII.

His step had track'd the waste, his soul had stirr'd
The ancient solitudes—his voice had told
Of wrongs to call down Heaven. (7) That tale was heard
In Hasli's dales, and where the shepherds fold
Their flocks in dark ravine and craggy hold
On the bleak Oberland; and where the light
Of Day's last footstep bathes in burning gold

Great Righi's cliffs; and where Mount Pilate's height
Casts o'er his glassy lake the darkness of his might.

XXIII.

Nor was it heard in vain.—There all things press
High thoughts on man. The fearless hunter pass'd,
And, from the bosom of the wilderness,
There leapt a spirit and a power to cast
The weight of bondage down—and bright and fast,
As the clear waters, joyously and free,
Burst from the desert rock, it rush'd at last,
Through the far valleys; till the patriot three
Thus with their brethren stood, beside the Forest Sea. (8)

XXIV.

They link'd their hands,—they pledged their stainless faith,
In the dread presence of attesting Heaven—
They bound their hearts to suffering and to death,
With the severe and solemn transport given
To bless such vows.—How man had striven,
How man *might* strive, and vainly strive, they knew,
And call'd upon their God, whose arm had riven
The crest of many a tyrant, since He blew
The foaming sea-wave on, and Egypt's might o'erthrew.

XXV.

They knelt, and rose in strength.—The valleys lay
Still in their dimness, but the peaks which darted
Into the bright mid-air, had caught from day

A flush of fire, when those true Switzers parted,
Each to his glen or forest, steadfast-hearted,
And full of hope. Not many suns had worn
Their setting glory, ere from slumber started
Ten thousand voices, of the mountains born—
So far was heard the blast of Freedom's echoing horn!

XXVI.

The ice-vaults trembled, when that peal came rending
The frozen stillness which around them hung;
From cliff to cliff the avalanche descending,
Gave answer, till the sky's blue hollows rung;
And the flame-signals through the midnight sprung,
From the Surennen rocks like banners streaming
To the far Seelisberg; whence light was flung
On Grütli's field, till all the red lake gleaming
Shone out, a meteor-heaven in its wild splendour seeming.

XXVII.

And the winds toss'd each summit's blazing crest,
As a host's plumage; and the giant pines,
Fell'd where they waved o'er crag and eagle's nest,
Heap'd up the flames. The clouds grew fiery signs,
As o'er a city's burning towers and shrines
Reddening the distance. Wine-cups, crown'd and bright,
In Werner's dwelling flow'd; through leafless vines
From Walter's hearth stream'd forth the festive light,
And Erni's blind old sire gave thanks to Heaven that night.

XXVIII.

Then on the silence of the snows there lay
A Sabbath's quiet sunshine,—and its bell
Fill'd the hush'd air awhile, with lonely sway;
For the stream's voice was chain'd by Winter's spell,
The deep wood-sounds had ceased.—But rock and dell
Rung forth, ere long, when strains of jubilee
Peal'd from the mountain-churches, with a swell
Of praise to him who stills the raging sea,—
For now the strife was closed, the glorious Alps were free!

NOTES.

Note 1.

———*The Senn's wild horn.*

Senn, the name given to a herdsman among the Swiss Alps.

Note 2.

———*Against the Föhnwind's blast.*

Föhnwind, the South-east wind, which frequently lays waste the country before it.

Note 3.

———*A father of the land.*

Walter Fürst, the father-in-law of Tell.

Note 4.

Werner, the brave and true! &c.

Werner Stauffacher, who had been urged by his wife to rouse and unite his countrymen for the deliverance of Switzerland.

Note 5.

——Young Erni's step had worn, &c.

Erni, Arnold Melchthal.

Note 6.

——The Lämmer-Geyer had spread, &c.

The Lämmer-Geyer, the largest kind of Alpine eagle.

Note 7.

Of wrongs to call down Heaven, &c.

The eyes of his aged father had been put out, by the orders of the Austrian Governor.

Note 8.

——Beside the Forest-Sea.

Forest-Sea. The Lake of the Four Cantons is frequently so called.

SCENES AND HYMNS OF LIFE;

WITH OTHER

RELIGIOUS POEMS.

(190)

TO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Esq.

IN TOKEN OF

DEEP RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER,

AND

FERVENT GRATITUDE FOR MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL BENEFIT

DERIVED FROM

REVERENTIAL COMMUNION WITH THE SPIRIT OF HIS POETRY,

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED, BY

FELICIA HEMANS.

PREFACE.

I TRUST I shall not be accused of presumption for the endeavour which I have here made to enlarge, in some degree, the sphere of Religious Poetry, by associating with its themes more of the emotions, the affections, and even the purer imaginative enjoyments of daily life, than may have been hitherto admitted within the hallowed circle.

It has been my wish to portray the religious spirit, not alone in its meditative joys and solitary aspirations, (the poetic embodying of which seems to require from the reader a state of mind already separated and exalted,) but likewise in those active influences upon human life, so often called into victorious energy by trial and conflict, though too often also, like the upward-striving flame of a mountain watch-fire, borne down by tempest showers, or swayed by the current of opposing winds.

I have sought to represent that spirit as penetrating the gloom of the prison and the deathbed, bearing "healing on its wings" to the agony of parting love — strengthening the heart of the wayfarer for "perils in the wilderness" — gladdening the domestic walk through field and woodland—and spring-

ing to life in the soul of childhood, along with its earliest rejoicing perceptions of natural beauty.

Circumstances not altogether under my own control, have, for the present, interfered to prevent the fuller development of a plan which I yet hope more worthily to mature; and I lay this little volume before the public with that deep sense of deficiency which cannot be more impressively taught to human powers, than by their reverential application to things divine.

F. H.

1834.

SCENES AND HYMNS OF LIFE.

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

A SCENE OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.

> Thy face
> Is all at once spread over with a calm
> More beautiful than sleep, or mirth, or joy.
> I am no more disconsolate. —— *Wilson.*

Scene in a Prison.

EDITH, *alone.*

Edith. Morn once again! Morn in the lone dim cell,
The cavern of the prisoner's fever dream,
And morn on all the green rejoicing hills,
And the bright waters round the prisoner's home,
Far, far away! Now wakes the early bird
That in the lime's transparent foliage sings,
Close to my cottage lattice—he awakes,
To stir the young leaves with his gushing soul,
And to call forth rich answers of delight
From voices buried in a thousand trees,
Through the dim starry hours. Now doth the lake

Darken and flash in rapid interchange
Unto the matin breeze; and the blue mist
Rolls, like a furling banner, from the brows
Of the forth-gleaming hills and woods that rise
As if new-born. Bright world! and I am here!
And thou, O thou! th' awakening thought of whom
Was more than day-spring, dearer than the sun,
Herbert! the very glance of whose clear eye
Made my soul melt away to one pure fount
Of living, bounding gladness!—where art *thou?*
My friend! my only and my blessed love!
Herbert, my soul's companion!

[GOMEZ, *a Spanish priest, enters.*

Gomez. Daughter, hail!
I bring thee tidings.

Edith. Heaven will aid my soul
Calmly to meet whate'er thy lips announce.

Gomez. Nay, lift a song of thanksgiving to Heaven,
And bow thy knee down for deliverance won!
Hast thou not pray'd for life? and wouldst thou not
Once more be free?

Edith. Have I not pray'd for life!
I, that am so beloved! that love again
With such a heart of tendrils? Heaven! *thou* know'st
The gushings of my prayer! And would I not
Once more be free? I, that have been a child
Of breezy hills, a playmate of the fawn
In ancient woodlands, from mine infancy!
A watcher of the clouds and of the stars,
Beneath the adoring silence of the night;
And a glad wanderer with the happy streams,
Whose laughter fills the mountains! Oh! to hear
Their blessed sounds again!

Gomez. Rejoice! rejoice!
Our Queen hath pity, maiden, on thy youth;
She wills not thou shouldst perish.—I am come
To loose thy bonds.

Edith. And shall I see *his* face,
And shall I listen to *his* voice again,
And lay my head upon his faithful breast,
Weeping there in my gladness? *Will* this be?—
Blessings upon thee, father! my quick heart
Hath deem'd thee stern—say, wilt thou not forgive
The wayward child, too long in sunshine rear'd,
Too long unused to chastening? Wilt thou not?—
But Herbert, Herbert! Oh, my soul hath rush'd
On a swift gust of sudden joy away,
Forgetting all beside? Speak, father, speak!
Herbert—is he too free?

Gomez. His freedom lies
In his own choice—a boon like thine.

Edith. Thy words
Fall changed and cold upon my boding heart.
Leave not this dim suspense o'ershadowing me,
Let all be told.

Gomez. The monarchs of the earth
Shower not their mighty gifts without a claim
Unto some token of true vassalage,
Some mark of homage.

Edith. Oh! unlike to *Him*,
Who freely pours the joy of sunshine forth,
And the bright quickening rain, on those who serve
And those who heed him not!

Gomez, (*laying a paper before her.*) Is it so much
That thine own hand should set the crowning seal

To thy deliverance? Look, thy task is here!
Sign but these words for liberty and life.

Edith, (*examining and then throwing it from her.*)
Sign but these words! and wherefore saidst thou not,
"Be but a traitor to God's light within?"—
Cruel, oh, cruel! thy dark sport hath been
With a young bosom's hope! Farewell, glad life!
Bright opening path to love and home, farewell!
And thou—now leave me with my God alone!

Gomez. Dost thou reject Heaven's mercy?

Edith. Heaven's! doth *Heaven*
Woo the free spirit for dishonour'd breath
To sell its birthright? doth *Heaven* set a price
On the clear jewel of unsullied faith,
And the bright calm of conscience? Priest, away!
God hath been with me 'midst the holiness
Of England's mountains—not in sport alone
I trod their heath-flowers—but high thoughts rose up
From the broad shadow of the enduring rocks,
And wander'd with me into solemn glens,
Where my soul felt the beauty of His word.
I have heard voices of immortal truth,
Blent with the everlasting torrent-sounds
That make the deep hills tremble.—Shall I quail?
Shall England's daughter sink?—No! He who there
Spoke to my heart in silence and in storm
Will not forsake his child!

Gomez, (*turning from her.*) Then perish! lost
In thine own blindness!

Edith, (*suddenly throwing herself at his feet.*)
Father! hear me yet!
Oh! if the kindly touch of human love
Hath ever warm'd thy breast——

Gomez. Away—away!
I know not love.
Edith. Yet hear! if thou hast known
The tender sweetness of a mother's voice—
If the true vigil of affection's eye
Hath watch'd thy childhood—if fond tears have e'er
Been shower'd upon thy head—if parting words
E'er pierced thy spirit with their tenderness—
Let me but look upon *his* face once more,
Let me but say—Farewell, my soul's beloved!
And I will bless thee still!
Gomez, (aside.) Her soul may yield,
Beholding him in fetters; woman's faith
Will bend to woman's love—
Thy prayer is heard:
Follow, and I will guide thee to his cell.
Edith. Oh! stormy hour of agony and joy!
But I shall see him—I shall hear his voice!
[*They go out.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Prison.

HERBERT—EDITH.

Edith. Herbert, my Herbert! is it thus we meet?
Herbert. The voice of my own Edith! Can such joy
Light up this place of death? And do I feel
Thy breath of love once more upon my cheek,
And the soft floating of thy gleamy hair,
My blessed Edith! Oh! so pale! so changed!

My flower, my blighted flower! thou that wert made
For the kind fostering of sweet summer airs,
How hath the storm been with thee!—Lay thy head
On this true breast again, my gentle one!
And tell me all.

Edith. Yes, take me to thy heart,
For I am weary, weary! Oh! that heart!
The kind, the brave, the tender!—how my soul
Hath sicken'd in vain yearnings for the balm
Of rest on that warm heart!—full, deep repose!
One draught of dewy stillness after storm!
And God hath pitied me, and I am here—
Yet once before I die!

Herbert. They *cannot* slay
One, young and meek, and beautiful as thou!
My broken lily! Surely the long days
Of the dark cell have been enough for *thee!*
Oh! thou shalt live, and raise thy gracious head
Yet in calm sunshine.

Edith. Herbert! I have cast
The snare of proffer'd mercy from my soul,
This very hour. God to the weak hath given
Victory o'er life and death!—The tempter's price
Hath been rejected—Herbert, I must die.

Herbert. O Edith! Edith! I, that led thee first
From the old path wherein thy fathers trod—
I, that received it as an angel's task,
To pour the fresh light on thine ardent soul,
Which drank it as a sun-flower—*I* have been
Thy guide to death!

Edith. To Heaven! my guide to Heaven,
My noble and my blessed! Oh! look up,
Be strong, rejoice, my Herbert! But for *thee,*

How could my spirit have sprung up to God,
Through the dark cloud which o'er its vision hung
The night of fear and error? thy dear hand
First raised that veil, and show'd the glorious world,
My heritage beyond—Friend! love and friend!
It was as if thou gavest me mine own soul
In those bright days! Yes! a new earth and heaven,
And a new sense for all their splendours born,
These were thy gifts! and shall I not rejoice
To die, upholding their immortal worth,
Even for *thy* sake? Yes, fill'd with nobler life
By thy pure love, made holy to the truth,
Lay me upon the altar of thy God,
The first fruits of thy ministry below;
Thy work, thine own!

Herbert. My love, my sainted love!
Oh! I *can* almost yield thee unto heaven;
Earth would but sully thee! Thou must depart,
With the rich crown of thy celestial gifts
Untainted by a breath! And yet, alas!
Edith! what dreams of holy happiness,
Even for *this* world, were ours! the low, sweet home—
The pastoral dwelling, with its ivied porch,
And lattice gleaming through the leaves—and thou,
My life's companion!—Thou, beside my hearth
Sitting with thy meek eyes, or greeting me
Back from brief absence with thy bounding step,
In the green meadow path, or by my side
Kneeling—thy calm uplifted face to mine,
In the sweet hush of prayer! and now—oh! now—
How have we loved—how fervently, how long!
And *this* to be the close!

Edith. Oh! bear me up
Against the unutterable tenderness
Of earthly love, my God! in the sick hour
Of dying human hope, forsake me not!
Herbert, my Herbert! even from that sweet home
Where it had been too much of Paradise
To dwell with thee—even thence the oppressor's hand
Might soon have torn us; or the touch of death
Might one day there have left a widow'd heart,
Pining alone. We will go hence, beloved!
To the bright country, where the wicked cease
From troubling, where the spoiler hath no sway;
Where no harsh voice of worldliness disturbs
The Sabbath-peace of love. We will go hence,
Together with our wedded souls, to Heaven:
No solitary lingering, no cold void,
No dying of the heart! Our lives have been
Lovely through faithful love, and in our deaths
We will not be divided.

Herbert. Oh! the peace
Of God is lying far within thine eyes,
Far underneath the mist of human tears,
Lighting those blue still depths, and sinking thence
On my worn heart. Now am I girt with strength
Now I can bless thee, my true bride for Heaven!

Edith. And let me bless *thee*, Herbert! in this hour
Let my soul bless thee with prevailing might!
Oh! thou hast loved me nobly! thou didst take
An orphan to thy heart, a thing unprized
And desolate; and thou didst guard her there,
That lone and lowly creature, as a pearl
Of richest price; and thou didst fill her soul
With the high gifts of an immortal wealth.—

I bless, I bless thee! Never did thine eye
Look on me but in glistening tenderness,
My gentle Herbert! Never did thy voice
But in affection's deepest music speak
To thy poor Edith! Never was thy heart
Aught but the kindliest sheltering home to mine,
My faithful, generous Herbert! Woman's peace
Ne'er on a breast so tender and so true
Reposed before.—Alas! thy showering tears
Fall fast upon my cheek—forgive, forgive!
I should not melt thy noble strength away
In such an hour.

Herbert. Sweet Edith, no! my heart
Will fail no more; God bears me up through thee,
And, by thy words, and by the heavenly light
Shining around thee, through thy very tears,
Will yet sustain me! Let us call on him!
Let us kneel down, as we have knelt so oft,
Thy pure cheek touching mine, and call on Him,
Th' all-pitying One, to aid.

[*They kneel.*

O, look on us,
Father above! in tender mercy look
On us, thy children! through th' o'ershadowing cloud
Of sorrow and mortality, send aid,
Save or we perish! we would pour our lives
Forth as a joyous offering to thy truth.
But we are weak—we, the bruised reeds of earth,
Are sway'd by every gust. Forgive, O God!
The blindness of our passionate desires,
The fainting of our hearts, the lingering thoughts,
Which cleave to dust! Forgive the strife; accept

The sacrifice, though dim with mortal tears,
From mortal pangs wrung forth! And if our souls,
In all the fervent dreams, the fond excess,
Of their long-clasping love, have wander'd not,
Holiest! from thee; oh! take them to thyself,
After the fiery trial, take them home
To dwell, in that imperishable bond
Before thee link'd, for ever. Hear, through Him
Who meekly drank the cup of agony,
Who pass'd through death to victory, hear and save!
Pity us, Father! we are girt with snares;
Father in Heaven! we have no help but thee.

[*They rise.*

Is thy soul strengthen'd, my beloved one?
O Edith! couldst thou lift up thy sweet voice,
And sing me that old solemn-breathing hymn
We loved in happier days—the strain which tells
Of the dread conflict in the olive shade?

[*She sings.*

He knelt, the Saviour knelt and pray'd,
When but his Father's eye
Look'd through the lonely garden's shade
On that dread agony;
The Lord of All above, beneath,
Was bow'd with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour,
The stars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to o'ershadow HIM!
That He who gave man's breath, might know
The very depths of human woe.

He proved them all! the doubt, the strife,
The faint perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All gather'd round his head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray—
Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away!

It pass'd not—though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It pass'd not—though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead.
But there was sent him from on high
A gift of strength for man to die.

And was the sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may *we* meet our conflict yet,
In the dark narrow way?
Thro' Him—thro' Him, that path who trod
Save, or we perish, Son of God!

Hark! hark! the parting signal.
[*Prison attendants enter.*
Fare-thee-well!
O thou unutterably loved, farewell!
Let our hearts bow to God!
Herbert. One last embrace—
On earth the last!—We have eternity
For love's communion yet!—Farewell—farewell!—
[*She is led out.*
'Tis o'er—the bitterness of death is past!

FLOWERS AND MUSIC IN A ROOM OF SICKNESS.

Once, when I look'd along the laughing earth,
Up the blue heavens, and through the middle air,
Joyfully ringing with the sky-lark's song,
I wept! and thought how sad for one so young,
To bid farewell to so much happiness.
But Christ hath call'd me from this lower world,
Delightful though it be. —— *Wilson.*

Apartment in an English Country-House. — LILIAN *reclining, as sleeping on a couch. Her Mother watching beside her. Her Sister enters with flowers.*

Mother. Hush, lightly tread! still tranquilly she sleeps,
As, when a babe, I rock'd her on my heart.
I've watch'd, suspending e'en my breath, in fear
To break the heavenly spell. Move silently!
And oh! those flowers! dear Jessy, bear them hence—
Dost thou forget the passion of quick tears
That shook her trembling frame, when last we brought
The roses to her couch? Dost thou not know
What sudden longings for the woods and hills,
Where once her free steps moved so buoyantly,
These leaves and odours with strange influence wake
In her fast-kindled soul?

Jessy. Oh! she would pine,
Were the wild scents and glowing hues withheld,
Mother! far more than *now* her spirit yearns

For the blue sky, the singing birds and brooks,
And swell of breathing turf, whose lightsome spring
Their blooms recall.

Lilian, (*raising herself.*) Is that my Jessy's voice?
It woke me not, sweet mother! I had lain
Silently, visited by waking dreams,
Yet conscious of thy brooding watchfulness,
Long ere I heard the sound. Hath she brought flowers?
Nay, fear not now thy fond child's waywardness,
My thoughtful mother!—in her chasten'd soul
The passion-colour'd images of life,
Which, with their sudden startling flush, awoke
So oft those burning tears, have died away;
And night is there—still, solemn, holy night,
With all her stars, and with the gentle tune
Of many fountains, low and musical,
By day unheard.

Mother. And wherefore *night*, my child?
Thou art a creature all of life and dawn,
And from thy couch of sickness yet shalt rise,
And walk forth with the day-spring.

Lilian. Hope it not!
Dream it no more, my mother! there are things
Known but to God, and to the parting soul,
Which feels his thrilling summons.
But my words
Too much o'ershadow those kind loving eyes.
Bring me thy flowers, dear Jessy! Ah! thy step,
Well do I see, hath not alone explored
The garden bowers, but freely visited
Our wilder haunts. This foam-like meadow sweet
Is from the cool green shadowy river nook,
Where the stream chimes around th' old mossy stones

With sounds like childhood's laughter. Is that spot
Lovely as when our glad eyes hail'd it first?
Still doth the golden willow bend, and sweep
The clear brown wave with every passing wind?
And thro' the shallower waters, where they lie
Dimpling in light, do the vein'd pebbles gleam
Like bedded gems? And the white butterflies,
From shade to sun-streak are they glancing still
Among the poplar-boughs?

Jessy. All, all is there
Which glad midsummer's wealthiest hours can bring:
All, save the *soul* of all, thy lightening smile!
Therefore I stood in sadness, 'midst the leaves,
And caught an under-music of lament
In the stream's voice; but Nature waits thee still,
And for thy coming piles a fairy throne
Of richest moss.

Lilian. Alas! it may not be!
My soul hath sent her farewell voicelessly,
To all these blessed haunts of song and thought;
Yet not the less I love to look on these,
Their dear memorials: strew them o'er my couch,
Till it grow like a forest-bank in spring,
All flush'd with violets and anemones.
Ah! the pale brier rose! touch'd so tenderly,
As a pure ocean-shell, with faintest red,
Melting away to pearliness!—I know
How its long light festoons o'erarching hung
From the grey rock, that rises altar-like,
With its high waving crown of mountain ash,
'Midst the lone grassy dell. And this rich bough
Of honey'd woodbine, tells me of the oak
Whose deep midsummer gloom sleeps heavily,

Shedding a verdurous twilight o'er the face
Of the glade's pool. Methinks I see it now;
I look up through the stirring of its leaves
Unto the intense blue crystal firmament.
The ring-dove's wing is flitting o'er my head,
Casting at times a silvery shadow down
'Midst the large water-lilies. Beautiful!
How beautiful is all this fair free world
Under God's open sky!

Mother. Thou art o'erwrought
Once more, my child! The dewy trembling light
Presaging tears, again is in thine eye.
O, hush, dear Lilian! turn thee to repose.

Lilian. Mother, I cannot. In my soul the thoughts
Burn with too subtle and too swift a fire;
Importunately to my lips they throng,
And with their earthly kindred seek to blend
Ere the veil drop between. When I am gone—
(For I *must* go)—then the remember'd words
Wherein these wild imaginings flow forth,
Will to thy fond heart be as amulets
Held there with life and love. And weep not thus!
Mother! dear sister! kindest, gentlest ones!
Be comforted that now *I* weep no more
For the glad earth and all the golden light
Whence I depart.
No! God hath purified my spirit's eye,
And in the folds of this consummate rose
I read bright prophecies. I see not there,
Dimly and mournfully, the word "*farewell*"
On the rich petals traced:—No—in soft veins
And characters of beauty, I can read—
"*Look up, look heavenward!*"

Blessed God of Love!
I thank thee for these gifts, the precious links
Whereby my spirit unto thee is drawn!
I thank thee that the loveliness of earth
Higher than earth can raise me! Are not these
But germs of things unperishing, that bloom
Beside th' immortal streams? Shall I not find
The lily of the field, the Saviour's flower,
In the serene and never-moaning air,
And the clear starry light of angel eyes,
A thousand-fold more glorious? Richer far
Will not the violet's dusky purple glow,
When it hath ne'er been press'd to broken hearts,
A record of lost love?

Mother. My Lilian! thou
Surely in *thy* bright life hast little known
Of lost things or of changed!

Lilian. Oh! little yet,
For *thou* hast been my shield! But had it been
My lot on this world's billows to be thrown
Without thy love—O mother! there are hearts
So perilously fashion'd, that for them
God's touch alone hath gentleness enough
To waken, and not break, their thrilling strings!—
We will not speak of this!
By what strange spell
Is it, that ever, when I gaze on flowers,
I dream of music? Something in their hues
As melting into colour'd harmonies,
Wafts a swift thought of interwoven chords,
Of blended singing-tones, that swell and die
In tenderest falls away.—O, bring thy harp,
Sister! a gentle heaviness at last

Hath touch'd mine eyelids: sing to me, and sleep
Will come again.

Jessy. What wouldst thou hear? Th' Italian
Peasant's Lay,
Which makes the desolate Campagna ring
With "*Roma, Roma!*" or the Madrigal
Warbled on moonlight seas of Sicily?
Or the old ditty left by Troubadours
To girls of Languedoc?

Lilian. Oh, no! not these.

Jessy. What then? the Moorish melody still known
Within the Alhambra city? or those notes
Born of the Alps, which pierce the exile's heart
Even unto death?

Lilian. No, sister, nor yet these.—
Too much of dreamy love, of faint regret,
Of passionately fond remembrance, breathes
In the caressing sweetness of their tones,
For one who dies:—They would but woo me back
To glowing life with those Arcadian sounds—
And vainly, vainly—No! a loftier strain,
A deeper music!—Something that may bear
The spirit up on slow yet mighty wings,
Unsway'd by gusts of earth: something, all fill'd
With solemn adoration, tearful prayer.—
Sing me that antique strain which once I deem'd
Almost too sternly simple, too austere
In its grave majesty! I love it now—
Now it seems fraught with holiest power, to hush
All billows of the soul, e'en like His voice
That said of old—"Be still!" Sing me that strain—
"The Saviour's dying hour."

[JESSY *sings to the Harp.*

O Son of Man!
In thy last mortal hour
Shadows of earth closed round thee fearfully!
All that on us is laid,
All the deep gloom,
The desolation and th' abandonment,
The dark amaze of death;
All upon *thee* too fell,
Redeemer! Son of Man!

But the keen pang
Wherewith the silver cord
Of earth's affection from the soul is wrung;
Th' uptearing of those tendrils which have grown
Into the quick strong heart;
This, *this*, the passion and the agony
Of battling love and death,
Surely was not for *thee*,
Holy One! Son of God!

Yes, my Redeemer!
Ev'n this cup was thine!
Fond wailing voices call'd thy spirit back;
E'en 'midst the mighty thoughts
Of that last crowning hour;
E'en on thine awful way to victory,
Wildly they call'd thee back!
And weeping eyes of love
Unto thy heart's deep core,
Pierced thro' the folds of death's mysterious veil—
Sufferer! thou Son of Man!

Mother-tears were mingled
With thy costly blood-drops,
the shadow of th' atoning cross;
And the friend, the faithful,
He that on thy bosom,
ince imbibing heavenly love, had lain—
He, a pale sad watcher—
Met with looks of anguish,
the anguish in *thy* last meek glance—
Dying Son of Man!

Oh! therefore unto thee,
That thou hast known all woes
nd in the girdle of mortality!
Thou that wilt lift the reed
Which storms have bruised,
thee may sorrow through each conflict cry,
l, in that tempest-hour when love and life
Mysteriously must part,
When tearful eyes
Are passionately bent
drink earth's last fond meaning from our gaze,
Then, then forsake us not!
Shed on our spirits then
: faith and deep submissiveness of thine!
Thou that didst love,
Thou that didst weep and die—
u that didst rise, a victor glorified!
Conqueror! thou Son of God!

CATHEDRAL HYMN.

"They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here."
Wordsworth.

A DIM and mighty minster of old time!
A temple shadowy with remembrances
Of the majestic past!—the very light
Streams with a colouring of heroic days
In every ray, which leads through arch and aisle
A path of dreamy lustre, wandering back
To other years;—and the rich fretted roof,
And the wrought coronals of summer leaves,
Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured rose—
The tenderest image of mortality—
Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts
Cluster like stems in corn-sheaves—all these things
Tell of a race that nobly, fearlessly,
On their heart's worship pour'd a wealth of love!
Honour be with the dead!—The people kneel
Under the helms of antique chivalry,
And in the crimson gloom from banners thrown,
And 'midst the forms, in pale proud slumber carved,
Of warriors on their tombs.—The people kneel
Where mail-clad chiefs have knelt; where jewell'd crowns
On the flush'd brows of conquerors have been set;

Where the high anthems of old victories
Have made the dust give echoes. — Hence, vain
thoughts!
Memories of power and pride, which, long ago
Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk
In twilight depths away. — Return, my soul!
The cross recalls thee. — Lo! the blessed cross!
High o'er the banners and the crests of earth,
Fix'd in its meek and still supremacy!
And lo! the throng of beating human hearts,
With all their secret scrolls of buried grief,
All their full treasures of immortal hope,
Gather'd before their God! — Hark! how the flood
Of the rich organ harmony bears up
Their voice on its high waves! — a mighty burst!
A forest-sounding music! — every tone
Which the blasts call forth with their harping wings
From gulfs of tossing foliage there is blent:
And the old minster — forest-like itself —
With its long avenues of pillar'd shade,
Seems quivering all with spirit, as that strain
O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not
One tomb unthrill'd by the strong sympathy
Answering the electric notes. — Join, join, my soul!
In thine own lowly, trembling consciousness,
And thine own solitude, the glorious hymn.

Rise like an altar-fire!
In solemn joy aspire,
Deepening thy passion still, O choral strain!
On thy strong rushing wind
Bear up from human kind
Thanks and implorings — be they not in vain!

Father, which art on high!
Weak is the melody
Of harp or song to reach thine awful ear,
Unless the heart be there,
Winging the words of prayer,
With its own fervent faith or suppliant fear.

Let, then, thy spirit brood
Over the multitude—
Be thou amidst them through that heavenly Guest!
So shall their cry have power
To win from thee a shower
Of healing gifts for every wounded breast.

What griefs that make no sign,
That ask no aid but thine,
Father of Mercies! here before thee swell,
As to the open sky,
All their dark waters lie
To thee reveal'd, in each close bosom cell.

The sorrow for the dead
Mantling its lonely head
From the world's glare, is, in thy sight, set free;
And the fond, aching love
Thy minister, to move
All the wrung spirit, softening it for thee.

And doth not thy dread eye
Behold the agony
In that most hidden chamber of the heart,
Where darkly sits remorse,
Beside the secret source
Of fearful visions, keeping watch apart?

Yes! here before thy throne
Many—yet each alone—
To thee that terrible unveiling make;
And still small whispers clear
Are startling many an ear,
As if a trumpet bade the dead awake.

How dreadful is this place!
The glory of thy face
Fills it too searchingly for mortal sight:
Where shall the guilty flee?
Over what far-off sea?
What hills, what woods, may shroud him from that light?

Not to the cedar shade
Let his vain flight be made;
Nor the old mountains, nor the desert sea;
What, but the cross, can yield
The hope—the stay—the shield?
Thence may the Atoner lead him up to Thee!

Be thou, be thou his aid!
Oh! let thy love pervade
The haunted caves of self-accusing thought!
There let the living stone
Be cleft—the seed be sown—
The song of fountains from the silence brought!

So shall thy breath once more
Within the soul restore
Thine own first image—Holiest and most High!
As a clear lake is fill'd
With hues of Heaven, instill'd
Down to the depths of its calm purity.

And if, amidst the throng
Link'd by the ascending song,
There are, whose thoughts in trembling rapture soar;
Thanks, Father! that the power
Of joy, man's early dower,
Thus, e'en 'midst tears, can fervently adore!

Thanks for each gift divine!
Eternal praise be thine,
Blessing and love, O Thou that hearest prayer!
Let the hymn pierce the sky,
And let the tombs reply!
For seed, that waits thy harvest-time, is there.

WOOD WALK AND HYMN.

Move along these shades
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
Touch — for there is a spirit in the woods.
Wordsworth.

FATHER — CHILD.

Child. There are the aspens, with their silvery leaves
Trembling, for ever trembling! though the lime
And chestnut boughs, and those long arching sprays
Of eglantine, hang still, as if the wood
Were all one picture!
Father. Hast thou heard, my boy,
The peasant's legend of that quivering tree?

Child. No, father; doth he say the fairies dance
Amidst the branches?
Father. Oh! a cause more deep,
More solemn far, the rustic doth assign
To the strange restlessness of those wan leaves!
The cross, he deems, the blessed cross, whereon
The meek Redeemer bow'd his head to death,
Was framed of aspen wood; and since that hour,
Through all its race the pale tree hath sent down
A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,
Making them tremulous, when not a breeze
Disturbs the airy thistle down, or shakes
The light lines of the shining gossamer.
Child, (*after a pause.*) Dost thou believe it, father?
Father. Nay, my child,
We walk in clearer light. But yet, even now,
With something of a lingering love, I read
The characters, by that mysterious hour,
Stamp'd on the reverential soul of man
In visionary days; and thence thrown back
On the fair forms of nature. Many a sign
Of the great sacrifice which won us Heaven,
The woodman and the mountaineer can trace
On rock, on herb, and flower. And be it so!
They do not wisely that, with hurried hand,
Would pluck these salutary fancies forth
From their strong soil within the peasant's breast,
And scatter them—far, far too fast!—away
As worthless weeds:—Oh! little do we know
When they have soothed, when saved!
But come, dear boy!
My words grow tinged with thought too deep for thee.
Come—let us search for violets.

Child. Know you not
More of the legends which the woodmen tell
Amidst the trees and flowers?

Father. Wilt thou know more?
Bring then the folding leaf, with dark brown stains,
There—by the mossy roots of yon old beech,
'Midst the rich tuft of cowslips—see'st thou not?
There is a spray of woodbine from the tree
Just bending o'er it, with a wild bee's weight.

Child. The Arum leaf?

Father. Yes, these deep inwrought marks,
The villager will tell thee (and with voice
Lower'd in his true heart's reverent earnestness)
Are the flower's portion from th' atoning blood
On Calvary shed. Beneath the cross it grew;
And, in the vase-like hollow of its leaf,
Catching from that dread shower of agony
A few mysterious drops, transmitted thus
Unto the groves and hills, their sealing stains,
A heritage, for storm or vernal wind
Never to waft away!
And hast thou seen
The passion-flower?—It grows not in the woods,
But 'midst the bright things brought from other climes.

Child. What, the pale star-shaped flower, with purple streaks
And light green tendrils?

Father. Thou hast mark'd it well.
Yes, a pale, starry, dreamy-looking flower,
As from a land of spirits!—To mine eye
Those faint wan petals—colourless—and yet
Not white, but shadowy—with the mystic lines

(As letters of some wizard language gone)
Into their vapour-like transparence wrought,
Bear something of a strange solemnity,
Awfully lovely!—and the Christian's thought
Loves, in their cloudy pencilling, to find
Dread symbols of his Lord's last mournful pangs,
Set by God's hand—The coronal of thorns—
The cross—the wounds—with other meanings deep,
Which I will teach thee when we meet again
That flower, the chosen for the martyr's wreath,
The Saviour's holy flower.
But let us pause:
Now have we reach'd the very inmost heart
Of the old wood.—How the green shadows close
Into a rich, clear, summer darkness round,
A luxury of gloom!—Scarce doth one ray,
Even when a soft wind parts the foliage, steal
O'er the bronzed pillars of these deep arcades;
Or if it doth, 'tis with a mellow'd hue
Of glow-worm colour'd light.
Here, in the days
Of pagan visions, would have been a place
For worship of the wood nymphs! Through these oaks
A small, fair gleaming temple might have thrown
The quivering image of its Dorian shafts
On the stream's bosom; or a sculptured form
Dryad, or fountain-goddess of the gloom
Have bow'd its head o'er that dark crystal down,
Drooping with beauty, as a lily droops
Under bright rain:—but *we*, my child, are here
With God, our God, a Spirit; who requires
Heart-worship, given in spirit and in truth;
And this high knowledge—deep, rich, vast enough

To fill and hallow all the solitude,
Makes consecrated earth where'er we move,
Without the aid of shrines.
What! dost thou feel
The solemn whispering influence of the scene
Oppressing thy young heart, that thou dost draw
More closely to my side, and clasp my hand
Faster in thine? Nay, fear not, gentle child!
'Tis love, not fear, whose vernal breath pervades
The stillness round. Come, sit behind me here,
Where brooding violets mantle this green slope
With dark exuberance—and beneath these plumes
Of wavy fern, look where the cup-moss holds
In its pure crimson goblets, fresh and bright,
The starry dews of morning. Rest awhile,
And let me hear once more the woodland verse
I taught thee late—'twas made for such a scene.
[*Child speaks.*

WOOD HYMN.

Broods there some spirit here?
The summer leaves hang silent as a cloud;
And o'er the pools, all still and darkly clear,
The wild wood-hyacinth with awe seems bow'd;
And something of a tender cloistral gloom
Deepens the violet's bloom.

The very light that streams
Through the dim dewy veil of foliage round,
Comes tremulous with emerald-tinted gleams,
As if it knew the place were holy ground.
And would not startle with too bright a burst,
Flowers, all divinely nursed.

Wakes there some spirit here?
A swift wind, fraught with change, comes rushing by,
And leaves and waters, in its wild career,
Shed forth sweet voices—each a mystery!
Surely some awful influence must pervade
These depths of trembling shade!

Yes, lightly, softly move!
There *is* a power, a presence in the woods;
A viewless being, that, with life and love,
Informs the reverential solitudes;
The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod—
Thou, *thou* art here, my God!

And if with awe we tread
The minster floor, beneath the storied pane,
And 'midst the mouldering banners of the dead,
Shall the green voiceful wild seem *less* thy fane,
Where thou alone hast built?—whose arch and roof
Are of thy living woof.

The silence and the sound,
In the lone places, breathe alike of thee;
The temple twilight of the gloom profound,
The dew-cup of the frail anemone
The reed by every wandering whisper thrill'd—
All, all with thee are fill'd!

Oh! purify mine eyes,
More and yet more, by love and lowly thought,
Thy presence, holiest One! to recognize,
In these majestic aisles which thou hast wrought!
And 'midst their sea-like murmurs, teach mine ear
Ever thy voice to hear!

And sanctify my heart
To meet the awful sweetness of that tone
With no faint thrill or self-accusing start,
But a deep joy the heavenly guest to own—
Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious bowers
Ere sin had dimm'd the flowers.

Let me not know the change
O'er nature thrown by guilt!—the boding sky,
The hollow leaf-sounds ominous and strange,
The weight wherewith the dark tree shadows lie!
Father! oh! keep my footsteps pure and free,
To walk the woods with thee!

PRAYER OF THE LONELY STUDENT.

Soul of our souls! and safeguard of the world!
Sustain—*Thou* only canst—the sick at heart,
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto thee and thine.
Wordsworth.

NIGHT—holy night!—the time
For mind's free breathings in a purer clime!
Night! when in happier hour the unveiling sky
Woke all my kindled soul,
To meet its revelations, clear and high,
With the strong joy of immortality;

Now hath strange sadness wrapt me—strange and
deep—
And my thoughts faint, and shadows o'er them roll,
E'en when I deem'd them seraph-plumed, to sweep
Far beyond earth's control.

Wherefore is this?—I see the stars returning,
Fire after fire in Heaven's rich temple burning—
Fast shine they forth—my spirit friends, my guides,
Bright rulers of my being's inmost tides;
They shine—but faintly, through a quivering haze—
Oh! is the dimness *mine* which clouds those rays?
They from whose glance my childhood drank delight!
A joy unquestioning—a love intense—
They, that unfolding to more thoughtful sight,
The harmony of their magnificence,
Drew silently the worship of my youth
To the grave sweetness on the brow of truth;
Shall they shower blessings, with their beams divine,
Down to the watcher on the stormy sea,
And to the pilgrim toiling for his shrine
Through some wild pass of rocky Apennine,
And to the wanderer lone
On wastes of Afric thrown,
And not to *me?*

Am I a thing forsaken,
And is the gladness taken
From the bright-pinion'd nature which hath soar'd
Through realms by royal eagle ne'er explored,
And, bathing there in streams of fiery light,
Found strength to gaze upon the Infinite?

And now an alien!—wherefore must this be?
How shall I rend the chain!
How drink rich life again
From those pure urns of radiance, swelling free?
Father of Spirits! let me turn to thee!

Oh! if too much exulting in her dower,
My soul not yet to lowly thought subdued,
Hath stood without thee on her hill of power—
A fearful and a dazzling solitude!
And therefore from that haughty summit's crown,
To dim desertion is by thee cast down;
Behold! thy child submissively hath bow'd—
Shine on him through the cloud!

Let the now darken'd earth and curtain'd heaven
Back to his vision with thy face be given!
Bear him on high once more,
But in thy strength to soar,
And wrapt and still by that o'ershadowing might,
Forth on the empyreal blaze to look with chastened sight.

Or if it be, that like the ark's lone dove,
My thoughts go forth, and find no resting-place,
No sheltering home of sympathy and love,
In the responsive bosoms of my race,
And back return, a darkness and a weight,
Till my unanswer'd heart grows desolate—
Yet, yet sustain me, Holiest!—I am vow'd
To solemn service high;
And shall the spirit, for thy tasks endow'd,
Sink on the threshold of the sanctuary,
Fainting beneath the burden of the day,

Because no human tone,
Unto the altar-stone,
that pure spousal fane inviolate,
here it should make eternal truth its mate,
ıy cheer the sacred solitary way?

ı! be the whisper of thy voice within
ıough to strengthen! Be the hope to win
more deep-seeing homage for thy name,
r, far beyond the burning dream of fame!
ıke me thine only! Let me add but one
› those refulgent steps all undefiled,
Which glorious minds have piled
ıro' bright self-offering, earnest, child-like, lone,
For mounting to thy throne!
And let my soul, upborne
On wings of inner morn,
ıd, in illumined secrecy, the sense
' that blest work, its own high recompense.

The dimness melts away,
That on your glory lay,
ye majestic watchers of the skies!
Through the dissolving veil,
Which made each aspect pale,
›ur gladd'ning fires once more I recognize;
And once again a shower
Of hope, and joy, and power,
reams on my soul from your immortal eyes.

ıd, if that splendour to my sober'd sight
›me tremulous, with more of pensive light—
›mething, though beautiful, yet deeply fraught,
ith more that pierces thro' each fold of thought

Than I was wont to trace
On Heaven's unshadow'd face—
Be it e'en so!—be mine, though set apart
Unto a radiant ministry, yet still
A lowly, fearful, self-distrusting heart;
Bow'd before thee, O Mightiest! whose blest will
All the pure stars rejoicingly fulfil.

THE TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG.

FATHER, guide me! Day declines,
Hollow winds are in the pines;
Darkly waves each giant bough
O'er the sky's last crimson glow;
Hush'd is now the convent's bell,
Which erewhile with breezy swell
From the purple mountains bore
Greeting to the sunset-shore.
Now the sailor's vesper-hymn
Dies away.
Father! in the forest dim,
Be my stay!

In the low and shivering thrill
Of the leaves that late hung still;
In the dull and muffled tone
Of the sea-wave's distant moan;
In the deep tints of the sky,
There are signs of tempest nigh.

Ominous, with sullen sound,
Falls the closing dusk around.
Father! through the storm and shade
O'er the wild,
Oh! be *Thou* the lone one's aid—
Save thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume
Homewards, through the boding gloom,
O'er my way hath flitted fast,
Since the farewell sunbeam pass'd
From the chestnut's ruddy bark,
And the pools, now lone and dark,
Where the wakening night-winds sigh
Through the long reeds mournfully.
Homeward, homeward, all things haste—
God of might!
Shield the homeless 'midst the waste,
Be his light!

In his distant cradle nest,
Now my babe is laid to rest;
Beautiful his slumber seems
With a glow of heavenly dreams,
Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,
Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
Where his mother bends to pray,
For the loved and far away.—
Father! guard that household bower,
Hear that prayer!
Back, through thine all-guiding power,
Lead me there!

Darker, wilder, grows the night—
Not a star sends quivering light
Through the massy arch of shade
By the stern old forest made.
Thou! to whose unslumbering eyes
All my pathway open lies,
By thy Son, who knew distress
In the lonely wilderness,
Where no roof to that blest head
Shelter gave—
Father! through the time of dread,
Save, oh! save!

BURIAL OF AN EMIGRANT'S CHILD IN THE FORESTS.

SCENE.—*The banks of a solitary river in an American Forest. A tent under pine-trees in the foreground.* AGNES *sitting before the tent with a child in her arms, apparently sleeping.*

Agnes. Surely 'tis all a dream—a fever-dream!
The desolation and the agony—
The strange red sunrise—and the gloomy woods,
So terrible with their dark giant boughs,
And the broad lonely river! all a dream!
And my boy's voice will wake me, with its clear,
Wild, singing tones, as they were wont to come,
Through the wreath'd sweet-brier at my lattice panes,
In happy, happy England! Speak to me!

Speak to thy mother, bright one! she hath watch'd
All the dread night beside thee, till her brain
Is darken'd by swift waves of fantasies,
And her soul faint with longing for thy voice.
Oh! I *must* wake him with one gentle kiss
On his fair brow!

(*Shudderingly*) The strange damp thrilling touch!
The marble chill! Now, now it rushes back—
Now I know all!—dead—*dead!*—a fearful word!
My boy hath left me in the wilderness,
To journey on without the blessed light
In his deep loving eyes—he's gone—he's gone!

[*Her* HUSBAND *enters.*

Husband. Agnes, my Agnes! hast thou look'd thy last
On our sweet slumberer's face? The hour is come—
The couch made ready for his last repose.

Agnes. Not yet! thou canst not take him from me yet!
If he but left me for a few short days,
This were too brief a gazing time, to draw
His angel image into my fond heart,
And fix its beauty there. And now—oh! *now,*
Never again the laughter of his eye
Shall send its gladd'ning summer through my soul,
Never on earth again. Yet, yet delay!
Thou canst not take him from me.

Husband. My beloved!
Is it not God hath taken him? the God
That took our first-born, o'er whose early grave
Thou didst bow down thy saint-like head, and say,
"His will be done!"

Agnes. Oh! that near household grave,
Under the turf of England, seem'd not half,

Not half so much to part me from my child
As these dark woods. It lay beside our home,
And I could watch the sunshine, through all hours,
Loving and clinging to the grassy spot,
And I could dress its greensward with fresh flowers—
Familiar, meadow flowers. O'er *thee*, my babe,
The primrose will not blossom! Oh! that now,
Together, by thy fair young sister's side,
We lay 'midst England's valleys!

Husband. Dost thou grieve,
Agnes! that thou hast follow'd o'er the deep
An exile's fortunes? If it *thus* can be,
Then, after many a conflict cheerily met,
My spirit sinks at last.

Agnes. Forgive, forgive!
My Edmund, pardon me! Oh! grief is wild—
Forget its words, quick spray-drops from a fount
Of unknown bitterness! Thou art my home!
Mine only and my blessed one! Where'er
Thy warm heart beats in its true nobleness,
There is my country! *there* my head shall rest,
And throb no more. Oh! still, by thy strong love,
Bear up the feeble reed!

[*Kneeling with the child in her arms.*

And thou, my God!
Hear my soul's cry from this dread wilderness,
Oh! hear, and pardon me! If I have made
This treasure, sent from thee, too much the ark
Fraught with mine earthward-clinging happiness,
Forgetting Him who gave, and might resume,
Oh, pardon me!
If nature hath rebell'd,
And from thy light turn'd wilfully away,

Making a midnight of her agony
When the despairing passion of her clasp
Was from its idol stricken at one touch
Of thine Almighty hand—oh, pardon me!
By thy Son's anguish, pardon! In the soul
The tempests and the waves will know thy voice—
Father, say "Peace, be still!"

[*Giving the child to her husband.*

Farewell, my babe!
Go from my bosom now to other rest!
With this last kiss on thine unsullied brow,
And on thy pale calm cheek these contrite tears,
I yield thee to thy Maker!

Husband. Now, my wife,
Thine own meek holiness beams forth once more
A light upon my path. Now shall I bear,
From thy dear arms, the slumberer to repose—
With a calm, trustful heart.

Agnes. My Edmund! where—
Where wilt thou lay him?

Husband. Seest thou where the spire
Of yon dark cypress reddens in the sun
To burning gold?—there—o'er yon willow-tuft?
Under that native desert monument
Lies his lone bed. Our Hubert, since the dawn,
With the grey mosses of the wilderness
Hath lined it closely through; and there breathed forth,
E'en from the fullness of his own pure heart,
A wild, sad forest hymn—a song of tears,
Which thou wilt learn to love. I heard the boy
Chanting it o'er his solitary task,
As wails a wood-bird to the thrilling leaves,
Perchance unconsciously.

Agnes. My gentle son!
Th' affectionate, the gifted!—With what joy—
Edmund, rememberest thou?—with what bright joy
His baby brother ever to his arms
Would spring from rosy sleep, and playfully
Hide the rich clusters of his gleaming hair
In that kind youthful breast!—Oh! now no more—
But strengthen me, my God! and melt my heart,
Even to a well-spring of adoring tears,
For many a blessing left.
(*Bending over the child.*) Once more, farewell!
Oh! the pale piercing sweetness of that look!
How can it be sustain'd? Away, away!
[*After a short pause.*
Edmund, my woman's nature still is weak—
I cannot see thee render dust to dust!
Go thou, my husband, to thy solemn task;
I will rest here, and still my soul with prayer
Till thy return.
Husband. Then strength be with thy prayer!
Peace on thy bosom! Faith and heavenly hope
Unto thy spirit! Fare thee well awhile!
We must be pilgrims of the woods again,
After this mournful hour.

[*He goes out with the child.* AGNES *kneels in prayer. After a time, voices without are heard singing.*

THE FUNERAL HYMN.

Where the long reeds quiver,
Where the pines make moan,
By the forest river,
Sleeps our babe alone.

England's field flowers may not deck his grave,
Cypress shadows o'er him darkly wave.

Woods unknown receive him,
'Midst the mighty wild;
Yet with God we leave him,
Blessed, blessed child!
And our tears gush o'er his lovely dust,
Mournfully, yet still from hearts of trust.

Though his eye hath brighten'd
Oft our weary way,
And his clear laugh lighten'd
Half our heart's dismay;
Still in hope we give back what was given,
Yielding up the beautiful to Heaven.

And to her who bore him,
Her who long must weep,
Yet shall Heaven restore him
From his pale, sweet sleep!
Those blue eyes of love and peace again
Through her soul will shine, undimm'd by pain.

Where the long reeds quiver,
Where the pines make moan,
Leave we by the river,
Earth to earth alone!
God and Father! may our journeyings on
Lead to where the blessed boy is gone!

From the exile's sorrow,
From the wanderer's dread
Of the night and morrow,
Early, brightly fled:

Thou hast call'd him to a sweeter home
Than our lost one o'er the ocean's foam.

Now let thought behold him
With his angel look,
Where those arms enfold him,
Which benignly took
Israel's babes to their Good Shepherd's breast,
When his voice their tender meekness blest.

Turn thee now, fond mother!
From thy dead, oh, turn!
Linger not, young brother,
Here to dream and mourn:
Only kneel once more around the sod,
Kneel, and bow submitted hearts to God!

EASTER DAY

IN A MOUNTAIN CHURCH-YARD.

There is a wakening on the mighty hills,
A kindling with the spirit of the morn!
Bright gleams are scatter'd from the thousand rills,
And a soft visionary hue is born
On the young foliage, worn
By all the embosom'd woods—a silvery green,
Made up of spring and dew, harmoniously serene.

And lo! where floating through a glory, sings
The lark, alone amidst a crystal sky!
Lo! where the darkness of his buoyant wings,
Against a soft and rosy cloud on high,
Trembles with melody!
While the far-echoing solitudes rejoice
To the rich laugh of music in that voice.

But purer light than of the early sun
Is on you cast, O mountains of the earth!
And for your dwellers nobler joy is won
Than the sweet echoes of the skylark's mirth,
By this glad morning's birth!
And gifts more precious by its breath are shed
Than music on the breeze, dew on the violet's head.

Gifts for the *soul*, from whose illumined eye,
O'er nature's face, the colouring glory flows;
Gifts from the fount of immortality,
Which, fill'd with balm, unknown to human woes,
Lay hush'd in dark repose,
Till thou, bright day-spring! mad'st its waves our own,
By thine unsealing of the burial-stone.

Sing, then, with all your choral strains, ye hills!
And let a full victorious tone be given,
By rock and cavern, to the wind which fills
Your urn-like depths with sound! The tomb is riven,
The radiant gate of Heaven
Unfolded—and the stern, dark shadow cast
By death's o'ersweeping wing, from the earth's bosom past.

And you, ye graves! upon whose turf I stand,
Girt with the slumber of the hamlet's dead,
Time with a soft and reconciling hand
The covering mantle of bright moss hath spread
O'er every narrow bed:
But not by time, and not by nature sown
Was the celestial seed, whence round you peace hath grown.

Christ hath arisen! oh! not one cherish'd head
Hath, 'midst the flowery sods, been pillow'd here
Without a hope, (howe'er the heart hath bled
In its vain yearnings o'er the unconscious bier.)
A hope, upspringing clear
From those majestic tidings of the morn,
Which lit the living way to all of woman born.

Thou hast wept mournfully, O human love!
E'en on this greensward; night hath heard thy cry,
Heart-stricken one! thy precious dust above,
Night, and the hills, which sent forth no reply
Unto thine agony!
But He who wept like thee, thy Lord, thy guide,
Christ hath arisen, O love! thy tears shall all be dried.

Dark must have been the gushing of those tears,
Heavy the unsleeping phantom of the tomb
On thine impassion'd soul, in elder years
When, burden'd with the mystery of its doom,
Mortality's thick gloom
Hung o'er the sunny world, and with the breath
Of the triumphant rose came blending thoughts of death.

By thee, sad Love, and by thy sister, Fear,
Then, was the ideal robe of beauty wrought
To veil that haunting shadow, still too near,
Still ruling secretly the conqueror's thought,
And where the board was fraught
With wine and myrtles in the summer-bower,
Felt, e'en when disavow'd, a presence and a power.

But that dark night is closed: and o'er the dead,
Here, where the gleamy primrose tufts have blown,
And where the mountain heath a couch has spread,
And, settling oft on some grey-letter'd stone,
The red-breast warbles lone;
And the wild bee's deep, drowsy murmurs pass
And a low thrill of harp-strings through the grass.

Here, 'midst the chambers of the Christian's sleep,
We o'er death's gulf may look with trusting eye,
For hope sits, dove-like, on the gloomy deep,
And the green hills wherein these valleys lie
Seem all one sanctuary
Of holiest thought—nor needs their fresh bright sod,
Urn, wreath or shrine, for tombs all dedicate to God.

Christ hath arisen!—O mountain peaks! attest,
Witness, resounding glen and torrent-wave,
The immortal courage in the human breast
Sprung from that victory—tell how oft the brave
To camp 'midst rock and cave,
Nerved by those words, their struggling faith have borne,
Planting the cross on high above the clouds of morn.

The Alps have heard sweet hymnings for to-day—
Ay, and wild sounds of sterner, deeper tone,
Have thrill'd their pines, when those that knelt to pray
Rose up to arm! the pure, high snows have known
A colouring not their own,
But from true hearts which by that crimson stain
Gave token of a trust that call'd no suffering vain.

Those days are past—the mountains wear no more
The solemn splendour of the martyr's blood,
And may that awful record, as of yore,
Never again be known to field or flood!
E'en though the faithful stood,
A noble army, in the exulting sight
Of earth and heaven, which blest their battle for the right!

But many a martyrdom by hearts unshaken
Is yet borne silently in homes obscure;
And many a bitter cup is meekly taken;
And, for the strength whereby the just and pure
Thus steadfastly endure,
Glory to Him whose victory won that dower,
Him, from whose rising stream'd that robe of spirit power.

Glory to Him! Hope to the suffering breast!
Light to the nations! He hath roll'd away
The mists, which, gathering into deathlike rest,
Between the soul and Heaven's calm ether lay—
His love hath made it day
With those that sat in darkness.—Earth and sea!
Lift up glad strains for man by truth divine made free!

THE

CHILD READING THE BIBLE.

"A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, to waylay.
* * * *
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death."

Wordsworth.

I saw him at his sport erewhile,
The bright exulting boy,
Like summer's lightning came the smile
Of his young spirit's joy;
A flash that wheresoe'er it broke,
To life undreamt-of beauty woke.

His fair locks waved in sunny play,
By a clear fountain's side,
Where jewel-colour'd pebbles lay
Beneath the shallow tide;
And pearly spray at times would meet
The glancing of his fairy feet.

He twined him wreaths of all spring-flowers,
Which drank that streamlet's dew;
He flung them o'er the wave in showers,
Till, gazing, scarce I knew
Which seem'd more pure, or bright, or wild,
The singing fount or laughing child.

To look on all that joy and bloom
Made earth one festal scene,

Where the dull shadow of the tomb
  Seem'd as it ne'er had been.
How could one image of decay,
Steal o'er the dawn of such clear day?

I saw once more that aspect bright—
  The boy's meek head was bow'd
In silence o'er the Book of Light,
  And like a golden cloud,
The still cloud of a pictured sky—
His locks droop'd round it lovingly.

And if my heart had deem'd him fair,
  When in the fountain glade,
A creature of the sky and air,
  Almost on wings he play'd;
Oh! how much holier beauty now
Lit the young human being's brow!

The being born to toil, to die,
  To break forth from the tomb,
Unto far nobler destiny
  Than waits the sky-lark's plume!
I saw him, in that thoughtful hour,
Win the first knowledge of his dower.

The *soul*, the awakening *soul* I saw,
  My watching eye could trace
The shadows of its new-born awe,
  Sweeping o'er that fair face:
As o'er a flower might pass the shade
By some dread angel's pinion made!

The soul, the mother of deep fears,
  Of high hopes infinite,

Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears,
Of sleepless inner sight;
Lovely, but solemn, it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.

The red-leaved tablets,[1] undefiled,
As yet, by evil thought—
Oh! little dream'd the brooding child,
Of what within me wrought,
While *his* young heart first burn'd and stirr'd,
And quiver'd to the eternal word.

And reverently my spirit caught
The reverence of *his* gaze;
A sight with dew of blessing fraught
To hallow after-days;
To make the proud heart meekly wise,
By the sweet faith in those calm eyes.

It seem'd as if a temple rose
Before me brightly there,
And in the depths of its repose
My soul o'erflow'd with prayer,
Feeling a solemn presence nigh—
The power of infant sanctity!

O Father! mould my heart once more,
By thy prevailing breath!
Teach me, oh! teach me to adore
E'en with that pure one's faith;
A faith, all made of love and light,
Child-like, and, therefore, full of might!

[1] "All this, and more than this, is now engraved upon the *red-leaved tablets* of my heart."—*Haywood.*

A POET'S DYING HYMN.

Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise thee with impassion'd voice!
Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine
In such a temple as we now behold,
Rear'd for thy presence; therefore am I bound
To worship, here and everywhere.

Wordsworth.

THE blue, deep, glorious heavens!—I lift mine eye,
And bless thee, O my God! that I have met
And own'd thine image in the majesty
Of their calm temple still!—that never yet
There hath thy face been shrouded from my sight
By noontide blaze, or sweeping storm of night:
I bless thee, O my God!

That now still clearer, from their pure expanse,
I see the mercy of thine aspect shine,
Touching death's features with a lovely glance
Of light, serenely, solemnly divine,
And lending to each holy star a ray
As of kind eyes, that woo my soul away:
I bless thee, O my God!

That I have heard thy voice, nor been afraid,
In the earth's garden—'midst the mountains old,
And the low thrillings of the forest shade,
And the wild sounds of waters uncontroll'd,
And upon many a desert plain and shore—
No solitude—for there I felt *thee* more:
I bless thee, O my God!

And if thy spirit on thy child hath shed
The gift, the vision of the unseal'd eye,
To pierce the mist o'er life's deep meanings spread,
To reach the hidden fountain-urns that lie
Far in man's heart—if I have kept it free
And pure—a consecration unto thee:
I bless thee, O my God!

If my soul's utterance hath by thee been fraught
With an awakening power—if thou hast made,
Like the wing'd seed, the breathings of my thought,
And by the swift winds bid them be convey'd
To lands of other lays, and there become
Native as early melodies of home:
I bless thee, O my God!

Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath,
Not for a place 'midst kingly minstrels dead,
But that, perchance, a faint gale of thy breath,
A still small whisper in my song hath led
One struggling spirit upwards to thy throne,
Or but one hope, one prayer:—for this alone
I bless thee, O my God!

That I have loved—that I have known the love
Which troubles in the soul the tearful springs,
Yet, with a colouring halo from above,
Tinges and glorifies all earthly things,
Whate'er its anguish or its woe may be,
Still weaving links for intercourse with thee;
I bless thee, O my God!

That by the passion of its deep distress,
And by the o'erflowing of its mighty prayer,
And by the yearning of its tenderness,
Too full for words upon their stream to bear,
I have been drawn still closer to thy shrine,
Well-spring of love, the unfathom'd, the divine;
I bless thee, O my God!

That hope hath ne'er my heart or song forsaken,
High hope, which even from mystery, doubt, or dread,
Calmly, rejoicingly, the things hath taken,
Whereby its torchlight for the race was fed;
That passing storms have only fann'd the fire,
Which pierced them still with its triumphal spire,
I bless thee, O my God!

Now art thou calling me in every gale,
Each sound and token of the dying day:
Thou leav'st me not, though early life grows pale,
I am not darkly sinking to decay;
But, hour by hour, my soul's dissolving shroud
Melts off to radiance, as a silvery cloud.
I bless thee, O my God!

And if this earth, with all its choral streams,
And crowning woods, and soft or solemn skies,
And mountain sanctuaries for poet's dreams,
Be lovely still in my departing eyes—
'Tis not that fondly I would linger here,
But that thy foot-prints on its dust appear:
I bless thee, O my God!

And that the tender shadowing I behold,
The tracery veining every leaf and flower,
Of glories cast in more consummate mould,
No longer vassals to the changeful hour;
That life's last roses to my thoughts can bring
Rich visions of imperishable spring:
I bless thee, O my God!

Yes! the young vernal voices in the skies
Woo me not back, but, wandering past mine ear,
Some heralds of th' eternal melodies,
The spirit-music, imperturb'd and clear;
The full of soul, yet passionate no more—
Let *me* too, joining those pure strains, adore!
I bless thee, O my God!

Now aid, sustain me still!—to thee I come,
Make thou my dwelling where thy children are!
And for the hope of that immortal home,
And for thy Son, the bright and morning star,
The sufferer and the victor-king of death,
I bless thee with my glad song's dying breath!
I bless thee, O my God!

THE

FUNERAL DAY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Many an eye
May wail the dimming of our shining star.
Shakspeare.

A GLORIOUS voice hath ceased!—
Mournfully, reverently—the funeral chant
Breathe reverently!—There is a dreamy sound,
A hollow murmur of the dying year,
In the deep woods! Let it be wild and sad!
A more Æolian melancholy tone
Than ever wail'd o'er bright things perishing!
For *that* is passing from the darken'd land,
Which the green summer will not bring us back—
Though all her songs return—The funeral chant
Breathe reverently!—They bear the mighty forth,
The kingly ruler in the realms of mind—
They bear him through the household paths, the groves,
Where every tree had music of its own
To his quick ear of knowledge taught by love—
And he is silent!—Past the living stream
They bear him now; the stream, whose kindly voice
On alien shores his true heart burn'd to hear—
And he is silent. O'er the heathery hills,
Which his own soul had mantled with a light
Richer than autumn's purple, now they move—
And he is silent!—he, whose flexile lips

Were but unseal'd, and, lo! a thousand forms,
From every pastoral glen and fern-clad height,
In glowing life upsprang:—Vassal and chief,
Rider and steed, with shout and bugle-peal,
Fast rushing through the brightly troubled air,
Like the wild huntsman's band. And still they live,
To those fair scenes imperishably bound,
And, from the mountain mist still flashing by,
Startle the wanderer who hath listen'd there
To the seer's voice: phantoms of colour'd thought,
Surviving him who raised.—O eloquence!
O power, whose breathings thus could wake the dead!
Who shall wake *thee?* lord of the buried past!
And art thou *there*—to those dim nations join'd,
Thy subject host so long?—The wand is dropp'd,
The bright lamp broken which the gifted hand
Touch'd and the genii came!—Sing reverently
The funeral chant!—The mighty is borne home—
And who shall be his mourners?—Youth and age,
For each hath felt his magic—love and grief,
For he hath communed with the heart of each;
Yes—the free spirit of humanity
May join the august procession, for to him
Its mysteries have been tributary things,
And all its accents known:—from field or wave,
Never was conqueror on his battle bier,
By the vail'd banner and the muffled drum,
And the proud drooping of the crested head,
More nobly follow'd home.—The last abode,
The voiceless dwelling of the bard is reach'd:
A still majestic spot! girt solemnly
With all th' imploring beauty of decay;
A stately couch 'midst ruins! meet for him

With his bright fame to rest in, as a king
Of other days, laid lonely with his sword
Beneath his head. Sing reverently the chant
Over the honour'd grave!—the *grave!*—oh, say
Rather the shrine!—An altar for the love,
The light, soft pilgrim steps, the votive wreaths
Of years unborn—a place where leaf and flower,
By that which dies not of the sovereign dead,
Shall be made holy things—where every weed
Shall have its portion of th' inspiring gift
From buried glory breathed. And now, what strain,
Making victorious melody ascend
High above sorrow's dirge, befits the tomb
Where he that sway'd the nations thus is laid—
The crown'd of men?
A lowly, lowly song.

Lowly and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine!

A spirit on its way,
Sceptred the earth to sway,
From thee was sent:
Now call'st thou back thine own—
Hence is that radiance flown—
To earth but lent.

Watching in breathless awe,
The bright head bow'd we saw,
Beneath thy hand!

Fill'd by one hope, one fear,
Now o'er a brother's bier,
Weeping we stand.

How hath he pass'd!—the lord
Of each deep bosom chord,
To meet thy sight,
Unmantled and alone,
On thy blest mercy thrown,
O Infinite!

So, from his harvest home,
Must the tired peasant come;
So, in one trust,
Leader and king must yield
The naked soul, reveal'd
To thee, All Just!

The sword of many a fight—
What *then* shall be its might?
The lofty lay,
That rush'd on eagle wing—
What shall its memory bring?
What hope, what stay?

O Father! in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down—
Sustain us, Thou!

By Him who bow'd to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;

From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away!
Aid us, O God!

Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father, divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only thine!

THE

PRAYER IN THE WILDERNESS.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF CORREGIO'S.

In the deep wilderness unseen she pray'd,
The daughter of Jerusalem; alone,
With all the still small whispers of the night,
And with the searching glances of the stars,
And with her God, alone:—she lifted up
Her sweet, sad voice, and, trembling o'er her head,
The dark leaves thrill'd with prayer—the tearful prayer
Of woman's quenchless, yet repentant love.

Father of Spirits, hear!
Look on the inmost heart to thee reveal'd,
Look on the fountain of the burning tear,
Before thy sight in solitude unseal'd!

Hear, Father! hear, and aid!
If I have loved too well, if I have shed,
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head,
Gifts, on thy shrine, my God! more fitly laid.

If I have sought to live
But in *one* light, and made a human eye
The lonely star of mine idolatry,
Thou that art Love! oh, pity and forgive!

Chasten'd and school'd at last,
No more, no more my struggling spirit burns,
But fix'd on thee, from that wild worship turns—
What have I said?—the deep dream is not past!

Yet hear!—if *still* I love,
Oh! still too fondly—if, for ever seen,
An earthly image comes, my heart between,
And thy calm glory, Father! throned above!

If still a voice is near,
(E'en while I strive these wanderings to control,)
An earthly voice, disquieting my soul
With its deep music, too intensely dear.

O Father draw to thee
My lost affections back!—the dreaming eyes
Clear from their mist—sustain the heart that dies,
Give the worn soul once more its pinions free!

I must love on, O God!
This bosom must love on! but let thy breath
Touch and make pure the flame that knows no death,
Bearing it up to Heaven!—Love's own abode!

Ages and ages past, the wilderness,
With its dark cedars, and the thrilling night,
With her clear stars, and the mysterious winds,
That waft all sound, were conscious of those prayers.
How many such hath woman's bursting heart
Since then, in silence and in darkness breathed,
Like the dim night-flower's odour, up to God!

HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS IN TIMES OF PERSECUTION.

"Thanks be to God for the mountains!"
Howitt's Book of the Seasons.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast fix'd our ark of refuge,
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
'Midst the silence of the sky:
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by thy rod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark resounding caverns,
Where thy still, small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by thy breath are stirr'd;
For the storms, on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master,
Seeks there his wild delights;
But we, for *thy* communion,
Have sought the mountain sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

The banner of the chieftain,
Far, far below us waves;
The war-horse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves:
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the shadow of thy presence,
Round our camp of rock outspread;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead;
For the snows and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

PRISONERS' EVENING SERVICE.

A SCENE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.[1]

From their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down;
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
Princes and emperors, and the crown and palms
Of all the mighty, wither'd and consumed!
Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
Long to protect her own.

Wordsworth.

SCENE—*Prison of the Luxembourg, in Paris, during the Reign of Terror.*

D'AUBIGNE, *an aged Royalist*—BLANCHE, *his Daughter, a young girl.*

Blanche. What was our doom, my father?—In thine arms
I lay unconsciously through that dread hour.
Tell me the sentence!—Could our judges look,
Without relenting, on thy silvery hair?
Was there not mercy, father?—Will they not
Restore us to our home.

D'Aubigné. Yes, my poor child!
They send us home.

[1] The last days of two prisoners in the Luxembourg, Sillery and La Source, so affectingly described by Helen Maria Williams, in her Letters from France, gave rise to this little scene. These two victims had composed a simple hymn, which they every night sung together in a low and restrained voice.

Blanche. Oh! shall we gaze again,
On the bright Loire?—Will the old hamlet spire,
And the grey turret of our own château,
Look forth to greet us through the dusky elms?
Will the kind voices of our villagers,
The loving laughter in their children's eyes,
Welcome us back at last?—But how is this?—
Father! thy glance is clouded—on thy brow
There sits no joy!

D'Aubigné. Upon my brow, dear girl,
There sits, I trust, such deep and solemn peace
As may befit the Christian, who receives
And recognizes, in submissive awe,
The summons of his God.

Blanche. Thou dost not mean—
No, no! it cannot be!—Didst thou not say
They sent us *home?*

D'Aubigné. Where is the spirit's home?—
Oh! most of all, in these dark evil days,
Where should it be—but in that world serene,
Beyond the sword's reach, and the tempest's power—
Where, but in Heaven?

Blanche. My father!

D'Aubigné. *We must die,*
We must look up to God, and calmly die.—
Come to my heart, and weep there!—for awhile
Give Nature's passion way, then brightly rise
In the still courage of a woman's heart!
Do I not know thee?—Do I ask too much
From mine own noble Blanche?

Blanche, (*falling on his bosom.*) Oh! clasp me fast!
Thy trembling child!—Hide, hide me in thine arms!—
Father!

D'Aubigné. Alas! my flower, thou 'rt young to go—
Young, and so fair!—Yet were it worse, methinks,
To leave thee where the gentle and the brave,
The loyal-hearted and the chivalrous,
And they that loved their God, have all been swept,
Like the sere leaves, away.—For them no hearth
Through the wide land was left inviolate,
No altar holy; therefore did they fall,
Rejoicing to depart.—The soil is steep'd
In noble blood! the temples are gone down;
The voice of prayer is hush'd, or fearfully
Mutter'd, like sounds of guilt.—Why, who would live!
Who hath not panted, as a dove, to flee,
To quit for ever the dishonour'd soil,
The burden'd air?—Our God upon the cross—
Our king upon the scaffold[1]—let us think
Of *these*—and fold endurance to our hearts,
And bravely die!

Blanche. A dark and fearful way!
An evil doom for thy dear honour'd head!
Oh! thou, the kind, the gracious!—whom all eyes
Bless'd, as they look'd upon!—Speak yet again—
Say, will they part us?

D'Aubigné. No, my Blanche; in death
We shall not be divided.

---

[1] A French royalist officer, dying upon a field of battle, and hearing some one near him uttering the most plaintive lamentations, turned towards the sufferer, and thus addressed him: "My friend, whoever you may be, remember that your God expired upon the cross—your king upon the scaffold—and he who now speaks to you has had his limbs shot from under him. Meet your fate as becomes a man."

Blanche. Thanks to God!
He, by thy glance, will aid me—I shall see
His light before me to the last.—And when—
Oh! pardon these weak shrinkings of thy child!—
When shall the hour befall?

D'Aubigné. Oh! swiftly now,
And suddenly, with brief dread interval,
Comes down the mortal stroke.—But of that hour
As yet I know not.—Each low throbbing pulse
Of the quick pendulum may usher in
Eternity!

Blanche, (*kneeling before him.*) My father! lay thy hand
On thy poor Blanche's head, and once again
Bless her with thy deep voice of tenderness,
Thus breathing saintly courage through her soul,
Ere we are call'd.

D'Aubigné. If I may speak through tears!—
Well may I bless thee, fondly, fervently,
Child of my heart!—thou who dost look on me
With thy lost mother's angel eyes of love!
Thou that hast been a brightness in my path,
A guest of Heaven unto my lonely soul,
A stainless lily in my widow'd house,
There springing up—with soft light round thee shed—
For immortality!—Meek child of God!
I bless thee—He will bless thee!—In his love
He calls thee now from this rude stormy world
To thy Redeemer's breast.—And thou wilt die!
As thou hast lived—my duteous, holy Blanche!
In trusting and serene submissiveness,
Humble, yet full of heaven.

Blanche, (*rising.*) Now is there strength

Infused through all my spirit.—I can rise
And say, "Thy will be done!"

D'Aubigné, (*pointing upwards.*) See'st thou, my child,
Yon faint light in the west? The signal star
Of our due vesper service, gleaming in
Through the close dungeon grating! Mournfully
It seems to quiver; yet shall this night pass,
This night alone, without the lifted voice
Of adoration in our narrow cell,
As if unworthy Fear or wavering Faith
Silenced the strain?—No! let it waft to Heaven
The prayer, the hope of poor mortality,
In its dark hour once more!—And we will sleep—
Yes—calmly sleep, when our last rite is closed.

[*They sing together.*

PRISONERS' EVENING HYMN.

We see no more in thy pure skies,
How soft, O God! the sunset dies:
How every colour'd hill and wood
Seems melting in the golden flood:
Yet, by the precious memories won
From bright hours now for ever gone,
Father! o'er all thy works, we know,
Thou still art shedding beauty's glow;
Still touching every cloud and tree
With glory, eloquent of Thee;
Still feeding all thy flowers with light,
Though man hath barr'd it from our sight.
We know Thou reign'st, the Unchanging One, th' All Just!
And bless thee still with free and boundless trust!

We read no more, O God! thy ways
On earth, in these wild evil days,
The red sword in th' oppressor's hand
Is ruler of the weeping land;
Fallen are the faithful and the pure,
No shrine is spared, no hearth secure.
Yet, by the deep voice from the past,
Which tells us these things cannot last—
And by the hope which finds no ark,
Save in thy breast, when storms grow dark—
We trust thee!—As the sailor knows
That in its place of bright repose
His pole-star burns, though mist and cloud
May veil it with a midnight shroud,
'e know thou reign'st!—All Holy One, All Just!
nd bless thee still with love's own boundless trust.

We feel no more that aid is nigh,
When our faint hearts within us die.
We suffer—and we know our doom
Must be one suffering till the tomb.
Yet, by the anguish of thy Son
When his last hour came darkly on—
By his dread cry, the air which rent
In terror of abandonment—
And by his parting word, which rose
Through faith victorious o'er all woes—
We know that Thou mayst wound, mayst break
The spirit, but wilt ne'er forsake!
Sad suppliants whom our brethren spurn,
In our deep need to Thee we turn!
o whom but Thee?—All Merciful, All Just!
i life, in death, we yield thee boundless trust.

PRAYER AT SEA AFTER VICTORY.

The land shall never rue,
So England to herself do prove but true.
Shakspeare

THROUGH evening's bright repose
A voice of prayer arose,
When the sea-fight was done:
The sons of England knelt,
With hearts that now could melt:
For on the wave her battle had been won.

Round their tall ship, the main
Heaved with a dark red stain,
Caught not from sunset's cloud:
While with the tide swept past
Pennon and shiver'd mast,
Which to the Ocean-Queen that day had bow'd.

But free and fair on high,
A native of the sky,
Her streamer met the breeze;
It flow'd o'er fearless men,
Though hush'd and child-like then,
Before their God they gather'd on the seas.

Oh! did not thoughts of home
O'er each bold spirit come
As from the land, sweet gales?
In every word of prayer
Hath not some hearth a share,
Some bower, inviolate 'midst England's vales?

Yes! bright green spots that lay
In beauty far away,
Hearing no billows roar;
Safer from touch of spoil,
For that day's fiery toil,
ose on high hearts, that now with love gush'd o'er.

A solemn scene, and dread!
The victors and the dead,
The breathless burning sky!
And, passing with the race
Of waves, that keep no trace,
he wild, brief signs of human victory!

A stern, yet holy scene!
Billows where strife hath been,
Sinking to awful sleep:
And words that breathe the sense
Of God's omnipotence,
aking a minster of that silent deep.

Borne through such hours afar,
Thy flag hath been a star,
Where eagle's wing ne'er flew:—
England! the unprofaned,
Those of the hearths unstain'd,
h! to the banner and the shrine be true!

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A MORAVIAN MISSIONARY.[1]

But by my wrongs and by my wrath,
To-morrow Areouski's breath
That fires yon Heaven with storms of death,
Shall guide me to the foe!
Indian Song in "Gertrude of Wyoming."

SCENE—*The shore of a Lake surrounded by deep woods. A solitary cabin on its banks, overshadowed by maple and sycamore trees.* HERRMANN, *the missionary, seated alone before the cabin. The hour is evening twilight.*

Herrmann. Was that the light from some lone swift canoe
Shooting across the waters?—No, a flash
From the night's first quick fire-fly, lost again
In the deep bay of cedars. Not a bark
Is on the wave; no rustle of a breeze
Comes through the forest. In this new, strange world,
Oh! how mysterious, how eternal, seems
The mighty melancholy of the woods!
The desert's own great spirit, infinite!
Little they know, in mine own father-land,
Along the castled Rhine, or e'en amidst

[1] Circumstances similar to those on which this scene is founded, are recorded in Carne's Narrative of the Moravian Missions in Greenland, and gave rise to the dramatic sketch.

The wild Harz mountains, or the sylvan glades
Deep in the Odenwald, they little know
Of what is solitude! In hours like this,
There, from a thousand nooks, the cottage hearths
Pour forth red light through vine-hung lattices,
To guide the peasant, singing cheerily,
On the home path; while round his lowly porch
With eager eyes awaiting his return,
The cluster'd faces of his children shine
To the clear harvest moon. Be still, fond thoughts!
Melting my spirit's grasp from heavenly hope
By your vain earthward yearnings. O my God!
Draw me still nearer, closer unto thee,
Till all the hollow of these deep desires
May with thyself be fill'd!—Be it enough
At once to gladden and to solemnize
My lonely life, if for thine altar here
In this dread temple of the wilderness,
By prayer, and toil, and watching, I may win
The offering of one heart, one human heart,
Bleeding, repenting, loving!
Hark! a step,
An Indian tread! I know the stealthy sound—
'Tis on some quest of evil, through the grass
Gliding so serpent-like.

[*He comes forward and meets an Indian warrior armed.*

Enonio, is it thou? I see thy form
Tower stately through the dusk, yet scarce mine eye
Discerns thy face.

Enonio. My father speaks my name.

Herrmann. Are not the hunters from the chase
return'd?
The night-fires lit? Why is my son abroad?
Enonio. The warrior's arrow knows of nobler prey
Than elk or deer. Now let my father leave
The lone path free.
Herrmann. The forest way is long
From the red chieftain's home. Rest thee awhile
Beneath my sycamore, and we will speak
Of these things further.
Enonio. Tell me not of rest!
My heart is sleepless, and the dark night swift.—
I must begone.
Herrmann, (*solemnly.*) No, warrior, thou must stay!
The Mighty One hath given me power to search
Thy soul with piercing words—and thou must stay,
And hear me, and give answer! If thy heart
Be grown thus restless, is it not because
Within its dark folds thou hast mantled up
Some burning thought of ill?—
Enonio, (*with sudden impetuosity.*) How should I
rest?—
Last night the spirit of my brother came,
An angry shadow in the moonlight streak,
And said, "*Avenge me!*"—In the clouds this morn,
I saw the frowning colour of his blood—
And that, too, had a voice.—I lay at noon
Alone beside the sounding waterfall,
And through its thunder-music spake a tone—
A low tone piercing all the roll of waves—
And said, "*Avenge me!*"—Therefore have I raised
The tomahawk, and strung the bow again,
That I may send the shadow from my couch,

And take the strange sound from the cataract,
And sleep once more.

Herrmann. A better path, my son,
Unto the still and dewy land of sleep,
My hand in peace can guide thee — e'en the way
Thy dying brother trod. — Say, didst thou love
That lost one well?

Enonio. Know'st thou not we grew up
Even as twin roses 'midst the wilderness?
Unto the chase we journey'd in one path;
We stemm'd the lake in one canoe; we lay
Beneath one oak to rest. — When fever hung
Upon my burning lips, my brother's hand
Was still beneath my head; my brother's robe
Cover'd my bosom from the chill night air.
Our lives were girdled by one belt of love,
Until he turn'd him from his fathers' gods,
And then my soul fell from him — then the grass
Grew in the way between our parted homes,
And wheresoe'er I wander'd, then it seem'd
That all the woods were silent. — I went forth —
I journey'd, with my lonely heart, afar,
And so return'd — and where was he? — the earth
Own'd him no more.

Herrmann. But thou thyself, since then,
Hast turn'd thee from the idols of thy tribe,
And, like thy brother, bow'd the suppliant knee
To the one God.

Enonio. Yes, I have learn'd to pray
With my white father's words, yet all the more
My heart, that shut against my brother's love,
Hath been within me as an arrowy fire,
Burning my sleep away. — In the night hush,

'Midst the strange whispers and dim shadowy things
Of the great forests, I have call'd aloud,
"Brother! forgive, forgive!"—He answer'd not—
His deep voice, rising from the land of souls,
Cries but "*Avenge me!*"—and I go forth now
To slay his murderer, that when next his eyes
Gleam on me mournfully from that pale shore,
I may look up, and meet their glance, and say,
"I *have* avenged thee."

Herrmann. Oh! that human love
Should be the root of this dread bitterness,
Till heaven through all the fever'd being pours
Transmuting balsam!—Stay, Enonio, stay!
Thy brother calls thee not!—The spirit world
Where the departed go, sends back to earth
No visitants for evil.—'Tis the might
Of the strong passion, the remorseful grief
At work in thine own breast, which lends the voice
Unto the forest and the cataract,
The angry colour to the clouds of morn,
The shadow to the moonlight.—Stay, my son!
Thy brother is at peace.—Beside his couch,
When of the murderer's poison'd shaft he died,
I knelt and pray'd; he named his Saviour's name,
Meekly, beseechingly; he spoke of thee
In pity and in love.

Enonio, (*hurriedly.*) Did he not say
My arrow should avenge him?

Herrmann. His last words
Were all forgiveness.

Enonio. What! and shall the man
Who pierced him with the shaft of treachery,
Walk fearless forth in joy?

Herrmann. Was he not once
Thy brother's friend?—Oh! trust me, not in *joy*
He walks the frowning forest. Did keen love,
Too late repentant of its heart estranged,
Wake in *thy* haunted bosom, with its train
Of sounds and shadows—and shall *he* escape?
Enonio, dream it not!—Our God, the All Just,
Unto himself reserves this royalty—
The secret chastening of the guilty heart,
The fiery touch, the scourge that purifies,
Leave it with him!—Yet make it not thy *hope*—
For that strong heart of thine!—oh! listen yet—
Must, in its depths, o'ercome the very wish
For death or torture to the guilty one
Ere it can sleep again.
Enonio. My father speaks
Of change, for man too mighty.
Herrmann. I but speak
Of that which hath been, and again must be,
If thou wouldst join thy brother, in the life
Of the bright country, where, I well believe,
His soul rejoices.—*He* had known such change.
He died in peace. He, whom his tribe once named
The Avenging Eagle, took to his meek heart,
In its last pangs, the spirit of those words
Which, from the Saviour's cross, went up to heaven—
"*Forgive them, for they know not what they do,*
"*Father, forgive!*"—And o'er the eternal bounds
Of that celestial kingdom, undefiled,
Where evil may not enter, he, I deem,
Hath to his Master pass'd.—He waits thee there—
For love, we trust, springs heavenward from the grave,
Immortal in its holiness.—He calls

His brother to the land of golden light,
And ever-living fountains — couldst thou hear
His voice o'er those bright waters, it would say,
"My brother! oh! be pure, be merciful!
That we may meet again."
Enonio, (hesitating.) Can I return
Unto my tribe, and unavenged?
Herrmann. To Him,
To Him return, from whom thine erring steps
Have wander'd far and long!—Return, my son,
To thy Redeemer!—died he not in love—
The sinless, the divine, the Son of God—
Breathing forgiveness 'midst all agonies,
And *we*, dare *we* be ruthless?—By His aid
Shalt thou be guided to thy brother's place
'Midst the pure spirits.—Oh! retrace the way
Back to thy Saviour! he rejects no heart
E'en with the dark stains on it, if true tears
Be o'er them shower'd.—Ay, weep, thou Indian chief!
For by the kindling moonlight, I behold
Thy proud lip's working—weep, relieve thy soul!
Tears will not shame thy manhood, in the hour
Of its great conflict.
Enonio, (giving up his weapons to Herrmann.)
Father, take the bow.
Keep the sharp arrows till the hunters call
Forth to the chase once more.—And let me dwell
A little while, my father! by thy side,
That I may hear the blessed words again—
Like water-brooks amidst the summer hills—
From thy true lips flow forth; for in my heart
The music and the memory of their sound
Too long have died away.

Herrmann. O, welcome back,
Friend, rescued one!—Yes, thou shalt be my guest,
And we will pray beneath my sycamore
Together, morn and eve; and I will spread
Thy couch beside my fire, and sleep at last—
After the visiting of holy thoughts—
With dewy wing shall sink upon thine eyes—
Enter my home, and welcome, welcome back
To peace, to God, thou lost and found again!

[*They go into the cabin together*—HERRMANN, *lingering for a moment on the threshold, looks up to the starry skies.*

Father! that from amidst yon glorious worlds
Now look'st on us, thy children! make this hour
Blessed for ever! May it see the birth
Of thine own image in the unfathom'd deep
Of an immortal soul;—a thing to name
With reverential thought, a solemn world!
To Thee more precious than those thousand stars,
Burning on high in thy majestic Heaven!

THE DAY OF FLOWERS.

A MOTHER'S WALK WITH HER CHILD.

One spirit — His
Who wore the platted thorn with bleeding brows,
Rules universal nature. — Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, freak, or stain,
Of his unrivall'd pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar.—
Happy who walks with him.

Cowper.

Come to the woods, my boy!
Come to the streams and bowery dingles forth,
My happy child! The spirit of bright hours
Wooes us in every wind; fresh wild-leaf scents
From thickets where the lonely stock-dove broods,
Enter our lattice; fitful songs of joy
Float in with each soft current of the air;
And we will hear their summons; we will give
One day to flowers, and sunshine, and glad thoughts,
And thou shalt revel 'midst free nature's wealth,
And, for thy mother, twine wild wreaths; while she
From thy delight, wins to her own fond heart
The vernal ecstasy of childhood back;—
Come to the woods, my boy!
What! wouldst thou lead already to the path
Along the copsewood brook? Come, then! in truth
Meet playmate for a child, a blessed child,
Is a glad singing stream, heard, or unheard,
Singing its melody of happiness

Amidst the reeds, and bounding in free grace
To that sweet chime.—With what a sparkling life
It fills the shadowy dingle! now the wing
Of some low-skimming swallow shakes bright spray
Forth to the sunshine from its dimpled wave;
Now, from some pool of crystal darkness deep,
The trout springs upward, with a showery gleam
And plashing sound of waters. What swift rings
Of mazy insects o'er the shallow tide
Seem, as they glance, to scatter sparks of light
From burnish'd films! And mark yon silvery line
Of gossamer, so tremulously hung
Across the narrow current, from the tuft
Of hazels to the hoary poplar's bough!
See, in the air's transparence, how it waves,
Quivering and glistening with each faintest gale,
Yet breaking not—a bridge for fairy shapes,
How delicate, how wondrous!
Yes, my boy!
Well may we make the stream's bright winding vein
Our woodland guide, for He who made the stream
Made it a clue to haunts of loveliness,
For ever deepening. O, forget him not,
Dear child! that airy gladness which thou feel'st
Wafting thee after bird and butterfly,
As 'twere a breeze within thee, is not less
His gift, his blessing on thy spring-time hours,
Than this rich outward sunshine, mantling all
The leaves, and grass, and mossy tinted stones
With summer glory. Stay thy bounding step,
My merry wanderer! let us rest awhile
By this clear pool, where, in the shadow flung
From alder boughs and osiers o'er its breast,

The soft red of the flowing willow-herb
So vividly is pictured. Seems it not
E'en melting to a more transparent glow
In that pure glass? Oh! beautiful are streams!
And, through all ages, human hearts have loved
Their music, still accordant with each mood
Of sadness or of joy. And love hath grown
Into vain worship, which hath left its trace
On sculptured urn and altar, gleaming still
Beneath dim olive boughs, by many a fount
Of Italy and Greece. But we will take
Our lesson e'en from erring hearts, which bless'd
The river Deities or fountain Nymphs,
For the cool breeze, and for the freshening shade,
And the sweet water's tune. The One supreme,
The all-sustaining, ever-present God,
Who dower'd the soul with immortality,
Gave also *these* delights, to cheer on earth
Its fleeting passage; therefore let us greet
Each wandering flower scent as a boon from Him,
Each bird-note, quivering 'midst light summer leaves,
And every rich celestial tint unnamed,
Wherewith transpierced, the clouds of morn and eve
Kindle and melt away!
And now, in love,
In grateful thoughts rejoicing, let us bend
Our footsteps onward to the dell of flowers
Around the ruin'd mansion. Thou, my boy,
Not yet, I deem, hast visited that lorn
But lovely spot, whose loveliness for *thee*
Will wear no shadow of subduing thought—
No colouring from the past. This way our path
Winds through the hazels;—mark how brightly shoots

The dragon-fly along the sunbeam's line,
Crossing the leafy gloom. How full of life,
The life of song, and breezes, and free wings,
Is all the murmuring shade! and thine, O *thine!*
Of all the brightest and the happiest here,
My blessed child! *my* gift of God! that mak'st
My heart o'erflow with summer!
Hast thou twined
Thy wreath so soon! yet will we loiter not,
Though here the blue-bell wave, and gorgeously
Round the brown twisted roots of yon scathed oak
The heath-flower spread its purple. We must leave
The copse, and through yon broken avenue,
Shadow'd by drooping walnut foliage, reach
The ruin's glade.
And, lo! before us, fair,
Yet desolate, amidst the golden day,
It stands, that house of silence! wedded now
To verdant nature by the o'ermantling growth
Of leaf and tendril, which fond woman's hands
Once loved to train. How the rich wall-flower scent
From every niche and mossy cornice floats,
Embalming its decay! The bee alone
Is murmuring from its casement, whence no more
Shall the sweet eyes of laughing children shine,
Watching some homeward footstep. See! unbound
From the old fetter'd stone-work, what thick wreaths
Of jasmine, borne by waste exuberance down,
Trail through the grass their gleaming stars, and load
The air with mournful fragrance, for it speaks
Of life gone hence; and the faint southern breath
Of myrtle leaves from yon forsaken porch,
Startles the soul with sweetness! Yet rich knots

Of garden flowers, far wandering, and self-sown
Through all the sunny hollow, spread around
A flush of youth and joy, free nature's joy,
Undimm'd by human change. How kindly here,
With the low thyme and daisies they have blent!
And, under arches of wild eglantine,
Drooping from this tall elm, how strangely seems,
The frail gumcistus o'er the turf to snow
Its pearly flower-leaves down!—Go, happy boy!
Rove thou at will amidst these roving sweets,
Whilst I, beside this fallen dial-stone,
Under the tall moss rose-tree, long unpruned,
Rest where thick clustering pansies weave around
Their many-tinged mosaic, 'midst dark grass,
Bedded like jewels.
He hath bounded on,
Wild with delight!—The crimson on his cheek
Purer and richer e'en than that which lies
In this deep-hearted rose-cup!—Bright moss-rose!
Though not so lorn, yet surely, gracious tree!
Once thou wert cherish'd! and, by human love,
Through many a summer duly visited
For thy bloom-offerings, which, o'er festal board,
And youthful brow, and e'en the shaded couch
Of long-secluded sickness, may have shed
A joy, now lost.
Yet shall there still be joy,
Where God hath pour'd forth beauty, and the voice
Of human love shall still be heard in praise
Over his glorious gifts!—O Father, Lord!
The All Beneficent! I bless thy name,
That thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers,
Linking our hearts to nature! By the love

Of their wild blossoms, our young footsteps first
Into her deep recesses are beguiled,
Her minster cells; dark glen and forest bower,
Where, thrilling with its earliest sense of thee,
Amidst the low religious whisperings
And shivery leaf-sounds of the solitude,
The spirit wakes to worship, and is made
Thy living temple. By the breath of flowers,
Thou callest us, from city throngs and cares,
Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain streams,
That sing of Thee! back to free childhood's heart,
Fresh with the dews of tenderness!—Thou bidd'st
The lilies of the field with placid smile
Reprove man's feverish strivings, and infuse
Through his worn soul a more unworldly life,
With their soft holy breath. Thou hast not left
His purer nature, with its fine desires,
Uncared for in this universe of thine!
The glowing rose attests it, the beloved
Of poet hearts, touch'd by their fervent dreams
With spiritual light, and made a source
Of heaven-ascending thoughts. E'en to faint age
Thou lend'st the vernal bliss:—The old man's eye
Falls on the kindling blossoms, and his soul
Remembers youth and love, and hopefully
Turns unto thee, who call'st earth's buried germs
From dust to splendour; as the mortal seed
Shall, at thy summons, from the grave spring up
To put on glory, to be girt with power,
And fill'd with immortality. Receive
Thanks, blessings, love, for these, thy lavish boons,
And, most of all, their heavenward influences,
O Thou that gav'st us flowers!

Return, my boy,
With all thy chaplets and bright bands, return!
See, with how deep a crimson eve hath touch'd
And glorified the ruin! glow-worm light
Will twinkle on the dew-drops, ere we reach
Our home again. Come, with thy last sweet prayer
At thy bless'd mother's knee, to-night shall thanks
Unto our Father in his Heaven arise,
For all the gladness, all the beauty shed
O'er one rich day of flowers!

EVENING SONG OF THE WEARY.

Father of Heaven and Earth!
I bless thee for the night,
The soft, still night!
The holy pause of care and mirth,
Of sound and light!

Now far in glade and dell,
Flower-cup, and bud, and bell,
Have shut around the sleeping woodlark's nest—
The bee's long murmuring toils are done,
And I, the o'erwearied one,
O'erwearied and o'erwrought,
Bless thee, O God, O Father of the oppress'd,
With my last waking thought,
In the still night!

Yes, ere I sink to rest,
By the fire's dying light,
Thou Lord of Earth and Heaven!
I bless thee, who hast given
Unto life's fainting travellers, the night,
The soft, still, holy night!

HYMN OF THE TRAVELLER'S HOUSEHOLD ON HIS RETURN.

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Joy! the lost one is restored!
Sunshine comes to hearth and board,
From the far-off countries old
Of the diamond and red gold;
From the dusky archer bands,
Roamers of the fiery sands;
From the desert winds, whose breath
Smites with sudden silent death;
He hath reach'd his home again,
Where we sing
In thy praise a fervent strain,
God our King!

Mightiest! unto Thee he turn'd,
When the noon-day fiercest burn'd;
When the fountain springs were far,
And the sounds of Arab war

Swell'd upon the sultry blast,
And the sandy columns past,
Unto Thee he cried! and Thou,
Merciful! didst hear his vow!
Therefore unto Thee again
Joy shall sing,
Many a sweet and thankful strain,
God our King!

Thou wert with him on the main,
And the snowy mountain-chain,
And the rivers, dark and wide,
Which through Indian forests glide,
Thou didst guard him from the wrath
Of the lion in his path,
And the arrows on the breeze,
And the dropping poison trees:
Therefore from our household train
Oft shall spring
Unto Thee a blessing strain,
God our King!

Thou to his lone watching wife
Hast brought back the light of life!
Thou hast spared his loving child
Home to greet him from the wild.
Though the suns of eastern skies
On his cheek have set their dyes,
Though long toils and sleepless cares
On his brow have blanch'd the hairs,
Yet the night of fear is flown,
He is living, and our own!—
Brethren! spread his festal board,
Hang his mantle on his sword,

With the armour on the wall,
While this long, long silent hall
Joyfully doth hear again
Voice and string
Swell to Thee the exulting strain,
God our King!

THE PAINTER'S LAST WORK.[1]

Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of life, while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat, oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just—
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hope of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs when I am laid in dust!

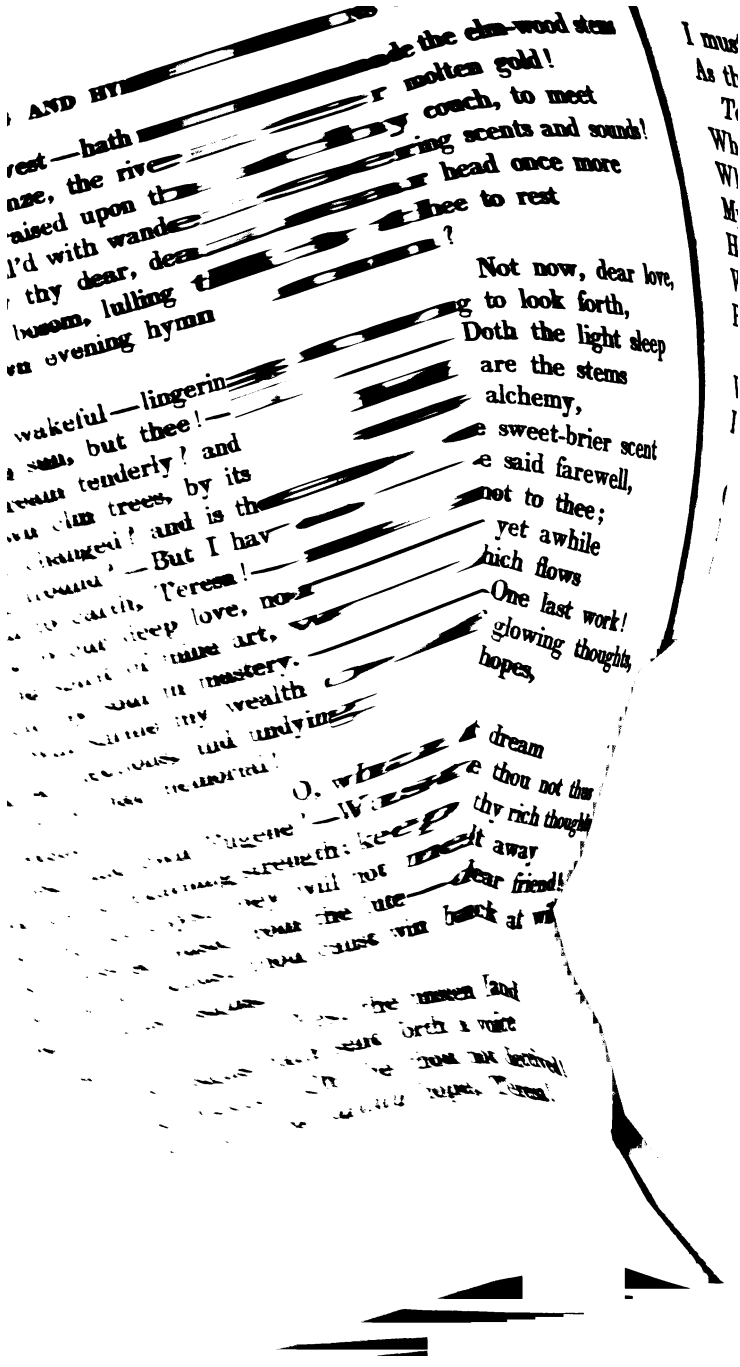
Campbell.

The scene is in an English cottage. The lattice opens upon a landscape at sunset.

EUGENE—TERESA.

Teresa. The fever's hue hath left thy cheek, beloved!
Thine eyes, that make the day-spring in my heart,
Are clear and still once more!—Wilt thou look forth?
Now, while the sunset, with low streaming light—

[1] Suggested by the closing scene in the life of the painter Blake, which is beautifully related by Allan Cunningham.



e thee!—Yet be strong, my love,
been gentle.
O Eugene!
m world be to me, Eugene,
y bright soul, the life of all?
!—How can I bear on?
t? We that have loved so well,
rits link'd so long by grief,
'er?
E'en *therefore* we can part,
l trust, that such high love
› perish.
Let me leave
f its ethereal flame
gh death's cold shadow. Once again,
neek hands folded on thy breast,
il'd, in thine own soul absorb'd
ngs, ere I sink to sleep;
he bending flower-like grace
, and the still sweetness throned
w, and in that quivering smile
a life that shall outlast
rthly being. There! thy head
ı beauty, and with tenderness,
ıt—even thus—my own Teresa!
ancing radiance and bright bloom
l thee hung, have melted now
light—but holier far,
yet lovelier in mine eyes,
mmer flush! For by my couch,
rene devotedness,
those rich hues and sunny smiles
to me. Oh! I may give

The light thou lovest—hath made the elm-wood stems
All burning bronze, the river molten gold!
Wilt thou be raised upon thy couch, to meet
The rich air fill'd with wandering scents and sounds!
Or shall I lay thy dear, dear head once more
On this true bosom, lulling thee to rest
With our own evening hymn?

Eugene. Not now, dear love,
My soul is wakeful—lingering to look forth,
Not on the sun, but thee!—Doth the light sleep
On the stream tenderly? and are the stems
Of our own elm trees, by its alchemy,
So richly changed? and is the sweet-brier scent
Floating around?—But I have said farewell,
Farewell to earth, Teresa!—not to thee;
Nor yet to our deep love, nor yet awhile
Unto the spirit of mine art, which flows
Back on my soul in mastery.—One last work!
And I will shrine my wealth of glowing thoughts,
Clinging affections, and undying hopes,
All, all in that memorial!

Teresa. O, what dream
Is this, mine own Eugene?—Waste thou not thus
Thy scarce returning strength; keep thy rich thoughts
For happier days! they will not melt away
Like passing music from the lute—dear friend!
Dearest of friends! thou canst win back at will
The glorious visions.

Eugene. Yes! the unseen land
Of glorious visions hath sent forth a voice
To call me hence.—Oh! be thou not deceived!
Bind to thy heart no *earthly* hope, Teresa!

I must, *must* leave thee!—Yet be strong, my love,
As thou hast still been gentle.

Teresa. O Eugene!
What will this dim world be to me, Eugene,
When wanting thy bright soul, the life of all?
My only sunshine!—How can I bear on?
How can we part? We that have loved so well,
With clasping spirits link'd so long by grief,
By tears, by prayer?

Eugene. E'en *therefore* we can part,
With an immortal trust, that such high love
Is not of things to perish.
Let me leave
One record still of its ethereal flame
Brightening through death's cold shadow. Once again,
Stand with thy meek hands folded on thy breast,
And eyes half veil'd, in thine own soul absorb'd
As in thy watchings, ere I sink to sleep;
And I will give the bending flower-like grace
Of that soft form, and the still sweetness throned
On that pale brow, and in that quivering smile
Of voiceless love, a life that shall outlast
Their delicate earthly being. There! thy head
Bow'd down with beauty, and with tenderness,
And lowly thought—even thus—my own Teresa!
Oh! the quick glancing radiance and bright bloom
That once around thee hung, have melted now
Into more solemn light—but holier far,
And dearer, and yet lovelier in mine eyes,
Than all that summer flush! For by my couch,
In patient and serene devotedness,
Thou hast made those rich hues and sunny smiles
Thine offering unto me. Oh! I may give

Those pensive lips, that clear Madonna brow,
And the sweet earnestness of that dark eye,
Unto the canvas;—I may catch the flow
Of all those drooping locks, and glorify
With a soft halo what is imaged thus—
But how much rests unbreathed! my faithful one!
What thou hast been to me! This bitter world,
This cold unanswering world, that hath no voice
To greet the gentle spirit, that drives back
All birds of Eden, which would sojourn here
A little while—how have I turn'd away
From its keen soulless air, and in thy heart,
Found ever the sweet fountain of response,
To quench my thirst for home!
The dear work grows
Beneath my hand,—the last!
Teresa, (falling on his neck in tears.)
Eugene, Eugene!
Break not my heart with thine excess of love!—
Oh! must I lose thee—thou that hast been still
The tenderest—best—
Eugene. Weep, weep not thus, beloved!
Let my true heart o'er thine retain its power
Of soothing to the last!—Mine own Teresa!
Take strength from strong affection!—Let our souls,
Ere this brief parting, mingle in one strain
Of deep, full thanksgiving, for God's rich boon—
Our perfect love!—Oh! blessed have we been
In that high gift! Thousands o'er earth may pass
With hearts unfreshen'd by the heavenly dew,
Which hath kept *ours* from withering.—Kneel, true wife!
And lay thy hands in mine.—

(She kneels beside the couch; he prays.

O, thus receive
Thy children's thanks, Creator! for the love
Which thou hast granted, through all earthly woes,
To spread heaven's peace around them; which hath bound
Their spirits to each other and to thee,
With links whereon unkindness ne'er hath breathed,
Nor wandering thought. We thank thee, gracious God!
For all its treasured memories! tender cares,
Fond words, bright, bright sustaining looks unchanged
Through tears and joy. O Father! most of all
We thank, we bless Thee, for the priceless trust,
Through Thy redeeming Son vouchsafed, to those
That love in Thee, of union, in Thy sight,
And in Thy heavens, immortal!—Hear our prayer!
Take home our fond affections, purified
To spirit-radiance from all earthly stain;
Exalted, solemnized, made fit to dwell,
Father! where all things that are lovely meet,
And all things that are pure—for evermore,
With Thee and Thine!

A PRAYER OF AFFECTION.

Blessings, O Father, shower!
Father of mercies! round his precious head!
On his lone walks and on his thoughtful hour,
And the pure visions of his midnight bed,
Blessings be shed!

Father! I pray Thee not
For earthly treasure to that most beloved,
Fame, fortune, power;—oh! be his spirit proved
By these, or by their absence, at Thy will!
But let Thy peace be wedded to his lot,
Guarding his inner life from touch of ill,
With its dove-pinion still!

Let such a sense of Thee,
Thy watching presence, thy sustaining love,
His bosom guest inalienably be,
That wheresoe'er he move,
A heavenly light serene
Upon his heart and mien
May sit undimm'd! a gladness rest his own,
Unspeakable, and to the world unknown!
Such as from childhood's morning land of dreams,
Remember'd faintly, gleams,
Faintly remember'd, and too swiftly flown!

So let him walk with Thee,
Made by Thy spirit free;
And when Thou call'st him from his mortal place,
To his last hour be still that sweetness given,
That joyful trust! and brightly let him part,
With lamp clear burning, and unlingering heart,
Mature to meet in heaven
His Saviour's face!

MOTHER'S LITANY BY THE SICK-BED OF A CHILD.

Saviour that of woman born,
Mother-sorrow didst not scorn,
Thou, with whose last anguish strove
One dear thought of earthly love;
Hear and aid!

Low he lies, my precious child,
With his spirit wandering wild
From its gladsome tasks and play,
And its bright thoughts far away:—
Saviour, aid!

Pain sits heavy on his brow,
E'en though slumber seal it now;
Round his lip is quivering strife,
In his hand unquiet life;
Aid, oh! aid.

Saviour! loose the burning chain
From his fever'd heart and brain,
Give, oh! give his young soul back
Into his own cloudless track!
Hear and aid!

Thou that said'st, "*awake, arise!*"
E'en when death had quench'd the eyes,
In this hour of grief's deep sighing,
When o'erwearied hope is dying!
Hear and aid!

Yet, oh! make him thine, all thine,
Saviour! whether Death's or mine!
Yet, oh! pour on human love,
Strength, trust, patience, from above!
Hear and aid!

NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

THE WORDS WRITTEN FOR A MELODY BY FELTON.

Night sinks on the wave,
Hollow gusts are sighing,
Sea-birds to their cave
Through the gloom are flying.
Oh! should storms come sweeping,
Thou, in Heaven unsleeping,
O'er thy children vigil keeping,
Hear, hear, and save!

Stars look o'er the sea,
Few, and sad, and shrouded!
Faith our light must be,
When all else is clouded.
Thou, whose voice came thrilling,
Wind and billow stilling,
Speak once more! our prayer fulfilling—
Power dwells with Thee!

FEMALE CHARACTERS OF SCRIPTURE.

A SERIES OF SONNETS.[1]

Your tents are desolate; your stately steps,
Of all their choral dances, have not left
One trace beside the fountains; your full cup
Of gladness and of trembling, each alike
Is broken: yet, amidst undying things,
The mind still keeps your loveliness, and still
All the fresh glories of the early world
Hang round you in the spirit's pictured halls,
Never to change!

I.

INVOCATION.

As the tired voyager on stormy seas
  Invokes the coming of bright birds from shore,
To waft him tidings with the gentler breeze,
  Of dim sweet woods that hear no billows roar;
  So from the depth of days, when earth yet wore
Her solemn beauty and primeval dew,
  I call you, gracious Forms! Oh! come, restore
Awhile that holy freshness, and renew
Life's morning dreams. Come with the voice, the lyre,
  Daughters of Judah! with the timbrel rise!
  Ye of the dark prophetic eastern eyes,
Imperial in their visionary fire;
Oh! steep my soul in that old glorious time,
When God's own whisper shook the cedars of your clime!

[1] Suggested by the perusal of Mrs. Sandford's *Woman*.

II.

INVOCATION CONTINUED.

And come, ye faithful! round Messiah seen,
With a soft harmony of tears and light
Streaming through all your spiritual mien,
As in calm clouds of pearly stillness bright,
Showers weave with sunshine, and transpierce their slight
Ethereal cradle.—From *your* heart subdued
All haughty dreams of power had wing'd their flight,
And left high place for martyr fortitude,
True faith, long suffering love.—Come to me, come!
And, as the seas beneath your master's tread
Fell into crystal smoothness, round him spread
Like the clear pavement of his heavenly home:
So in your presence, let the soul's great deep
Sink to the gentleness of infant sleep.

III.

THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

A song for Israel's God!—Spear, crest, and helm,
Lay by the billows of the old Red Sea,
When Miriam's voice, o'er that sepulchral realm
Sent on the blast a hymn of jubilee;
With her lit eye, and long hair floating free,
Queen-like she stood, and glorious was the strain,
E'en as instinct with the tempestuous glee
Of the dark waters, tossing o'er the slain.
A song for God's own victory!—O, thy lays,
Bright Poesy! were holy in their birth:—
How hath it died, thy seraph note of praise,
In the bewildering melodies of earth!
Return from troubling bitter founts—return,
Back to the life-springs of thy native urn!

IV.

RUTH.

The plume-like swaying of the auburn corn,
By soft winds to a dreamy motion fann'd,
Still brings me back thine image—Oh! forlorn,
Yet not forsaken, Ruth!—I see thee stand
Lone, 'midst the gladness of the harvest band—
Lone as a wood-bird on the ocean's foam,
Fall'n in its weariness. Thy father-land
Smiles far away! yet to the sense of home,
That finest, purest, which can recognize
Home in affection's glance, for ever true
Beats thy calm heart; and if thy gentle eyes
Gleam tremulous through tears, 'tis not to rue
Those words, immortal in their deep Love's tone,
"Thy people and thy God shall be mine own!"

V.

THE VIGIL OF RIZPAH.

"And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven; and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night."—2 *Sam.* xxi. 10.

Who watches on the mountain with the dead,
Alone before the awfulness of night?—
A seer awaiting the deep spirit's might?
A warrior guarding some dark pass of dread?
No, a lorn woman!—On her drooping head,
Once proudly graceful, heavy beats the rain;
She recks not—living for the unburied slain,
Only to scare the vulture from their bed.
So, night by night, her vigil hath she kept
With the pale stars, and with the dews hath wept;—

Oh! surely some bright Presence from above
On those wild rocks the lonely one must aid!—
E'en so; a strengthener through all storm and shade,
Th' unconquerable Angel, mightiest Love!

VI.

THE REPLY OF THE SHUNAMITE WOMAN.

"And she answered, I dwell among mine own people."—2 *Kings*, iv. 13.

"I dwell among mine own,"—Oh! happy thou!
Not for the sunny clusters of the vine,
Nor for the olives on the mountain's brow;
Nor the flocks wandering by the flowery line
Of streams, that make the green land where they shine
Laugh to the light of waters—not for these,
Nor the soft shadow of ancestral trees,
Whose kindly whisper floats o'er thee and thine—
Oh! not for *these* I call thee richly blest,
But for the meekness of thy woman's breast,
Where that sweet depth of still contentment lies;
And for thy holy household love, which clings
Unto all ancient and familiar things,
Weaving from each some link for home's dear charities.

VII.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Lowliest of women, and most glorified!
In thy still beauty sitting calm and lone,
A brightness round thee grew—and by thy side
Kindling the air, a form ethereal shone,
Solemn, yet breathing gladness.—From her throne
A queen had risen with more imperial eye,
A stately prophetess of victory

From her proud lyre had struck a tempest's tone,
For such high tidings as to *thee* were brought,
Chosen of Heaven! that hour;—but thou, O thou!
E'en as a flower with gracious rains o'erfraught,
Thy virgin head beneath its crown didst bow,
And take to thy meek breast th' all holy word,
And own thyself *the handmaid of the Lord.*

VIII.

THE SONG OF THE VIRGIN.

Yet, as a sun-burst flushing mountain snow,
Fell the celestial touch of fire ere long
On the pale stillness of thy thoughtful brow,
And thy calm spirit lighten'd into song.
Unconsciously perchance, yet free and strong
Flow'd the majestic joy of tuneful words,
Which living harps the quires of Heaven among
Might well have link'd with their divinest chords.
Full many a strain, borne far on glory's blast,
Shall leave, where once its haughty music pass'd,
No more to memory than a reed's faint sigh;
While thine, O childlike virgin! through all time
Shall send its fervent breath o'er every clime,
Being of God, and therefore not to die.

IX.

THE PENITENT ANOINTING CHRIST'S FEET.

There was a mournfulness in angel eyes,
That saw thee, woman! bright in this world's train,
Moving to pleasure's airy melodies,
Thyself the idol of the enchanted strain.

But from thy beauty's garland, brief and vain,
When one by one the rose-leaves had been torn,
When thy heart's core had quiver'd to the pain
Through every life-nerve sent by arrowy scorn;
When thou didst kneel to pour sweet odours forth
On the Redeemer's feet, with many a sigh,
And showering tear-drop, of yet richer worth
Than all those costly balms of Araby;
Then was there joy, a song of joy in Heaven,
For thee, the child won back, the penitent forgiven!

X.

MARY AT THE FEET OF CHRIST.

Oh! blest beyond all daughters of the earth!
What were the Orient's thrones to that low seat,
Where thy hush'd spirit drew celestial birth?
Mary! meek listener at the Saviour's feet!
No feverish cares to that divine retreat
Thy woman's heart of silent worship brought,
But a fresh childhood, heavenly truth to meet,
With love, and wonder, and submissive thought.
Oh! for the holy quiet of thy breast,
'Midst the world's eager tones and footsteps flying!
Thou, whose calm soul was like a well-spring lying
So deep and still in its transparent rest,
That e'en when noontide burns upon the hills,
Some one bright solemn star all its lone mirror fills.

XI.

THE SISTERS OF BETHANY AFTER THE DEATH OF LAZARUS.

One grief, one faith, O sisters of the dead!
Was in your bosoms—thou, whose steps, made fleet
By keen hope fluttering in the heart which bled,
Bore thee, as wings, the Lord of Life to greet;

And thou, that duteous in thy still retreat
Didst wait his summons—then with reverent love
Fall weeping at the blest Deliverer's feet,
Whom e'en to heavenly tears thy woe could move,
And which to *Him*, the All Seeing and All Just,
Was loveliest, that quick zeal, or lowly trust?
Oh! question not, and let no law be given
To those unveilings of its deepest shrine,
By the wrong spirit made in outward sign:
Free service from the heart is all in all to Heaven.

XII.

THE MEMORIAL OF MARY.

"Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."—*Matthew*, xxvi. 13.—See also *John*, xii. 3.

Thou hast thy record in the monarch's hall;
And on the waters of the far mid sea;
And where the mighty mountain-shadows fall,
The Alpine hamlet keeps a thought of thee:
Where'er beneath some Oriental tree,
The Christian traveller rests—where'er the child
Looks upward from the English mother's knee,
With earnest eyes in wondering reverence mild,
There art thou known—where'er the Book of Light
Bears hope and healing, there, beyond all blight,
Is borne thy memory, and all praise above;
Oh! say what deed so lifted thy sweet name,
Mary! to that pure silent place of fame?
One lowly offering of exceeding love:

XIII.

THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM AT THE CROSS.

Like those pale stars of tempest hours, whose gleam
  Waves calm and constant on the rocking mast,
Such by the Cross doth your bright lingering seem,
  Daughters of Zion! faithful to the last!
  Ye, through the darkness o'er the wide earth cast
By the death-cloud within the Saviour's eye,
  E'en till away the heavenly spirit pass'd,
Stood in the shadow of his agony.
O blessed faith; a guiding lamp, that hour,
Was lit for woman's heart; to her, whose dower
  Is all of love and suffering from her birth;
Still hath your act a voice—through fear, through strife,
  Bidding her bind each tendril of her life,
To that which her deep soul hath proved of holiest worth.

XIV.

MARY MAGDALENE AT THE SEPULCHRE.

Weeper! to thee how bright a morn was given
  After thy long, long vigil of despair,
When that high voice which burial rocks had riven,
  Thrill'd with immortal tones the silent air!
Never did clarion's royal blast declare
Such tale of victory to a breathless crowd,
  As the deep sweetness of *one* word could bear
Into thy heart of hearts, O woman! bow'd
By strong affection's anguish!—one low word—
  "*Mary!*"—and all the triumph wrung from death
Was thus reveal'd! and thou, that so hadst err'd,
  So wept, and been forgiven, in trembling faith

Didst cast thee down before th' all conquering Son,
Awed by the mighty gift thy tears and love had won!

XV.

MARY MAGDALENE BEARING TIDINGS OF THE RESURRECTION.

Then was a task of glory all thine own,
Nobler than e'er the still small voice assign'd
To lips in awful music making known
The stormy splendours of some prophet's mind.
"Christ is arisen!" by thee, to wake mankind,
First from the sepulchre those words were brought!
Thou wert to send the mighty rushing wind
First on its way, with those high tidings fraught—
"*Christ is arisen!*"—Thou, *thou*, the sin enthrall'd,
Earth's outcast, Heaven's own ransom'd one, wert call'd
In human hearts to give that rapture birth:
Oh! raised from shame to brightness!—there doth lie
The tenderest meaning of *His* ministry,
Whose undespairing love still own'd the spirit's worth.

THE TWO MONUMENTS.

Oh! blest are they who live and die like "him,"
Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourn'd!
Wordsworth.

Banners hung drooping from on high
In a dim cathedral's nave,
Making a gorgeous canopy
O'er a noble, noble grave!

And a marble warrior's form beneath,
With helm and crest array'd,
As on his battle bed of death,
Lay in their crimson shade.

Triumph yet linger'd in his eye,
Ere by the dark night seal'd,
And his head was pillow'd haughtily
On standard and on shield.

And shadowing that proud trophy pile
With the glory of his wing
An eagle sat;—yet seem'd the while
Panting through Heaven to spring.

He sat upon a shiver'd lance,
There by the sculptor bound;
But in the light of his lifted glance
Was *that* which scorn'd the ground.

And a burning flood of gem-like hues
From a storied window pour'd,
There fell, there centred, to suffuse
The conqueror and his sword.

A flood of hues!—but *one* rich dye
O'er all supremely spread,
With a purple robe of royalty
Mantling the mighty dead.

Meet was that robe for *him* whose name
Was a trumpet note in war,
His pathway still the march of fame,
His eye the battle star.

But faintly, tenderly was thrown
From the colour'd light one ray,
Where a low and pale memorial stone
By the couch of glory lay.

Few were the fond words chisell'd *there,*
Mourning for parted worth;
But the very heart of love and prayer
Had given their sweetness forth.

They spoke of one whose life had been
As a hidden streamlet's course,
Bearing on health and joy unseen,
From its clear mountain source:

Whose young pure memory, lying deep
'Midst rock, and wood, and hill,

Dwelt in the homes where poor men sleep,[1]
A soft light meek and still:

Whose gentle voice too early call'd
Unto Music's land away,
Had won for God the earth's enthrall'd,
By words of silvery sway.

These were *his* victories—yet enroll'd
In no high song of fame,
The pastor of the mountain-fold
Left but to Heaven his name.

To Heaven and to the peasant's hearth,
A blessed household sound—
And finding lowly love on earth,
Enough, enough, he found!

Bright and more bright before me gleam'd
That sainted image still;
Till one sweet moonlight memory seem'd
The regal fane to fill.

Oh! how my silent spirit turn'd
From those proud trophies nigh;
How my full heart within me burn'd
Like *Him* to live and die!

---

[1] Love had he seen in huts where poor men lie.
Wordsworth.

THE COTTAGE GIRL.

A CHILD beside a hamlet's fount at play,
Her fair face laughing at the sunny day;
A gush of waters tremulously bright,
Kindling the air to gladness with their light;
And a soft gloom beyond, of summer trees,
Darkening the turf, and shadow'd o'er by these,
A low, dim, woodland cottage—this was all!
What had the scene for memory to recall
With a fond look of love! What secret spell
With the heart's pictures made its image dwell?

What but the spirit of the joyous child,
That freshly forth o'er stream and verdure smiled,
Casting upon the common things of earth
A brightness, born and gone with infant mirth!

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

I LOOK'D on the field where the battle was spread,
When thousands stood forth in their glancing array;
And the beam from the steel of the valiant was shed
Through the dun-rolling clouds that o'ershadow'd the fray.

I saw the dark forest of lances appear,
As the ears of the harvest unnumber'd they stood,
I heard the stern shout as the foemen drew near,
Like the storm that lays low the proud pines of the wood.

Afar, the harsh notes of the war-drum were roll'd,
Uprousing the wolf from the depth of his lair;
On high to the gust stream'd the banner's red fold,
O'er the death-close of hate, and the scowl of despair.

I look'd on the field of contention again,
When the sabre was sheath'd and the tempest had past;
The wild weed and thistle grew rank on the plain,
And the fern softly sigh'd in the low wailing blast.

Unmoved lay the lake in its hour of repose,
And bright shone the stars through the sky's deepen'd blue;
And sweetly the song of the night-bird arose,
Where the fox-glove lay gemm'd with its pearl-drops of dew.

But where swept the ranks of that dark frowning host,
As the ocean in might—as the storm-cloud in speed!
Where now were the thunders of victory's boast—
The slayer's dread wrath, and the strength of the steed?

Not a time-wasted cross, not a mouldering stone,
To mark the lone scene of their shame or their pride;
One grass-cover'd mound told the traveller alone,
Where thousands lay down in their anguish, and died!

Oh, glory! behold thy famed guerdon's extent:
For this, toil thy slaves through their earth-wasting lot;
A name like the mist, when the night-beams are spent—
A grave with its tenants unwept and forgot!

A PENITENT'S RETURN.

Can guilt or misery ever enter here?
Ah! no, the spirit of domestic peace,
Though calm and gentle as the brooding dove,
And ever murmuring forth a quiet song,
Guards, powerful as the sword of Cherubim,
The hallow'd Porch. She hath a heavenly smile,
That sinks into the sullen soul of vice,
And wins him o'er to virtue.

Wilson.

My father's house once more,
In its own moonlight beauty! Yet around,
Something amidst the dewy calm profound,
Broods, never mark'd before!

Is it the brooding night,
Is it the shivery creeping on the air,
That makes the home, so tranquil and so fair,
O'erwhelming to my sight?

All solemnized it seems,
And still, and darken'd in each time-worn hue,
Since the rich clustering roses met my view,
As now, by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last
I stood and linger'd—where my sisters made
Our mother's bower—I deem'd not that it cast
So far and dark a shade!

How spirit-like a tone
Sighs through yon tree! My father's place was there
At evening hours, while soft winds waved his hair!
Now those grey locks are gone!

My soul grows faint with fear;
Even as if angel steps had mark'd the sod.
I tremble where I move—the voice of God
Is in the foliage here!

Is it indeed the night
That makes my home so awful? Faithless-hearted!
'T is that from thine own bosom hath departed
The inborn gladd'ning light!

No outward thing is changed;
Only the joy of purity is fled,
And, long from nature's melodies estranged,
Thou hear'st their tones with dread.

Therefore, the calm abode,
By the dark spirit, is o'erhung with shade;
And, therefore, in the leaves, the voice of God
Makes thy sick heart afraid!

The night-flowers round that door,
Still breathe pure fragrance on the untainted air;
Thou, thou alone art worthy now no more
To pass, and rest thee there.

And must I turn away?—
Hark, hark!—it is my mother's voice I hear—
Sadder than once it seem'd—yet soft and clear—
Doth she not seem to pray?

My name!—I caught the sound!
Oh! blessed tone of love—the deep, the mild—
Mother, my mother! Now receive thy child,
Take back the lost and found!

A THOUGHT OF PARADISE.

We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world allow'd
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd;
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
Enveloping the earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

Coleridge.

GREEN spot of holy ground!
If thou couldst yet be found,
Fai in deep woods, with all thy starry flowers;
If not one sullying breath
Of time, or change, or death
Had touch'd the vernal glory of thy bowers;

Might our tired pilgrim-feet,
Worn by the desert's heat,
On the bright freshness of thy turf repose?
Might our eyes wander there
Through heaven's transparent air,
And rest on colours of the immortal rose?

Say, would thy balmy skies
And fountain-melodies
Our heritage of lost delight restore?
Could thy soft honey-dews
Through all our veins diffuse
The early, child-like trustful sleep once more?

And might we, in the shade
By thy tall cedars made,
With angel voices high communion hold?
Would their sweet solemn tone
Give back the music gone,
Our Being's harmony, so jarr'd of old?

Oh! no—thy sunny hours
Might come with blossom showers,
All thy young leaves to spirit lyres might thrill;
But *we*—should we not bring
Into thy realms of spring
The shadows of our souls to haunt us still?

What could *thy* flowers and airs
Do for our earth-born cares?
Would the world's chain melt off and leave us free!
No!—past each living stream,
Still would some fever dream
Track the lorn wanderers, meet no more for thee!

Should we not shrink with fear,
If angel steps were near,
Feeling our burden'd souls within us die?
How might our passions brook
The still and searching look,
The star-like glance of seraph purity?

Thy golden-fruited grove
Was not for pining love;
Vain sadness would but dim thy crystal skies!
Oh! *Thou* wert but a part
Of what man's exiled heart
Hath lost—the dower of *inborn* Paradise!

LET US DEPART.

It is mentioned by Josephus, that, a short time previously to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, the priests, going by night into the inner court of the temple to perform their sacred ministrations at the feast of Pentecost, felt a quaking, and heard a rushing noise, and, after that, a sound as of a great multitude saying, "Let us depart hence."

NIGHT hung on Salem's towers,
And a brooding hush profound
Lay where the Roman eagle shone,
High o'er the tents around.

The tents that rose by thousands,
In the moonlight glimmering pale;
Like white waves of a frozen sea,
Filling an Alpine vale.

And the temple's massy shadow
Fell broad, and dark, and still,
In peace, as if the Holy One
Yet watch'd his chosen hill.

But a fearful sound was heard
In that old fane's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a dread voice raised the cry,
"Let us depart!"

Within the fated city
E'en then fierce discord raved,
Though o'er night's heaven the comet sword
Its vengeful token waved.

There were shouts of kindred warfare
Through the dark streets ringing high,
Though every sign was full which told
Of the bloody vintage nigh.

Though the wild red spears and arrows
Of many a meteor host,
Went flashing o'er the holy stars,
In the sky now seen, now lost.

And that fearful sound was heard
In the temple's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a voice cried mournfully,
"Let us depart!"

But within the fated city
There was revelry that night;
The wine-cup and the timbrel note,
And the blaze of banquet light.

The footsteps of the dancer
Went bounding through the hall,
And the music of the dulcimer
Summon'd to festival.

While the clash of brother weapons
Made lightning in the air,
And the dying at the palace gates
Lay down in their despair.

And that fearful sound was heard
At the Temple's thrilling heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a dread voice raised the cry,
"Let us depart!"

ON A PICTURE OF CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS.

PAINTED BY VELASQUEZ.[1]

By the dark stillness brooding in the sky,
Holiest of sufferers! round thy path of woe,
And by the weight of mortal agony
Laid on thy drooping form and pale meek brow,
My heart was awed: the burden of thy pain
Sank on me with a mystery and a chain.

I look'd once more, and, as the virtue shed
Forth from thy robe of old, so fell a ray
Of victory from thy mien! and round thy head,
The halo, melting spirit-like away,
Seem'd of the very soul's bright rising born,
To glorify all sorrow, shame, and scorn.

And upwards, through transparent darkness gleaming,
Gazed, in mute reverence, woman's earnest eye,
Lit, as a vase whence inward light is streaming,
With quenchless faith, and deep love's fervency;
Gathering, like incense round some dim-veil'd shrine,
About the Form, so mournfully divine!

[1] This picture is in the possession of the Viscount Harberton, Merrion Square, Dublin.

Oh! let thine image, as e'en then it rose,
  Live in my soul for ever, calm and clear,
Making itself a temple of repose,
  Beyond the breath of human hope or fear!
A holy place, where through all storms may lie
One living beam of day-spring from on high.

COMMUNINGS WITH THOUGHT.

> Could we but keep our spirits to that height,
> We might be happy: but this clay will sink
> Its spark immortal.
>
> *Byron.*

Return, my thoughts, come home!
Ye wild and wing'd! what do ye o'er the deep?
And wherefore thus th' abyss of time o'ersweep,
  As birds the ocean foam?

Swifter than shooting star
Swifter than glances of the northern light,
Upspringing through the purple heaven of night,
  Hath been your course afar!

Through the bright battle-clime,
Where laurel boughs make dim the Grecian streams,
And reeds are whispering of heroic theme,
  By temples of old time:

Through the north's ancient halls,
Where banners thrill'd of yore, where harp-strings rung,
But grass waves now o'er those that fought and sung—
  Hearth-light hath left their walls!

Through forests old and dim,
Where o'er the leaves dread magic seems to brood,
And sometimes on the haunted solitude
Rises the pilgrim's hymn:

Or where some fountain lies,
With lotus-cups through orient spice-woods gleaming!
There have ye been, ye wanderers! idly dreaming
Of man's lost paradise!

Return, my thoughts, return!
Cares wait your presence in life's daily track,
And voices, not of music, call you back—
Harsh voices, cold and stern!

Oh! no, return ye not!
Still farther, loftier, let your soarings be!
Go, bring me strength from journeyings bright and free
O'er many a haunted spot.

Go, seek the martyr's grave,
'Midst the old mountains, and the deserts vast;
Or, through the ruin'd cities of the past,
Follow the wise and brave!

Go, visit cell and shrine!
Where woman hath endured!—through wrong, through scorn,
Uncheer'd by fame, yet silently upborne
By promptings more divine!

Go, shoot the gulf of death!
Track the pure spirit where no chain can bind,
Where the heart's boundless love its rest may find,
Where the storm sends no breath!

Higher, and yet more high!
Shake off the cumbering chain which earth would lay
On your victorious wings—mount, mount!—Your way
Is through eternity!

SONNETS,

DEVOTIONAL AND MEMORIAL.

I.

THE SACRED HARP.

How shall the harp of poesy regain
That old victorious tone of prophet-years,
A spell divine o'er guilt's perturbing fears,
And all the hovering shadows of the brain?
Dark evil wings took flight before the strain,
And showers of holy quiet, with its fall,
Sank on the soul:—Oh! who may now recall
The mighty music's consecrated reign?—
Spirit of God! whose glory once o'erhung
A throne, the Ark's dread cherubim between,
So let thy presence brood, though now unseen,
O'er those two powers by whom the harp is strung—
Feeling and Thought!—till the rekindled chords
Give the long-buried tone back to immortal words!

II.

TO A FAMILY BIBLE.

What household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
Cling reverently!—of anxious looks beguiled,
My mother's eyes, upon thy page divine,
Each day were bent;—her accents, gravely mild,

Breathed out thy lore: whilst I, a dreamy child,
Wander'd on breeze-like fancies oft away,
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,
Some fresh-discover'd nook for woodland play,
Some secret nest:—yet would the solemn Word
At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,
Fall on my waken'd spirit, there to be
A seed not lost;—for which, in darker years,
O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,
Heart blessings on the holy dead and thee!

III.

REPOSE OF A HOLY FAMILY.

From an Old Italian Picture.

Under a palm tree, by the green old Nile,
Lull'd on his mother's breast, the fair Child lies,
With dove-like breathings, and a tender smile,
Brooding above the slumber of his eyes,
While, through the stillness of the burning skies,
Lo! the dread works of Egypt's buried kings,
Temple and pyramid, beyond him rise,
Regal and still as everlasting things!—
Vain pomps! from Him, with that pure flowery cheek,
Soft shadow'd by his mother's drooping head,
A new-born Spirit, mighty, and yet meek,
O'er the whole world like vernal air shall spread!
And bid all earthly Grandeurs cast the crown,
Before the suffering and the lowly, down.

IV.

PICTURE OF THE INFANT CHRIST WITH FLOWERS.

All the bright hues from eastern garlands glowing,
Round the young Child luxuriantly are spread;

Gifts, fairer far than Magian kings, bestowing
In adoration, o'er his cradle shed,
Roses, deep-fill'd with rich midsummer's red,
Circle his hands; but, in his grave sweet eye,
Thought seems e'en now to wake, and prophesy
Of ruder coronals for that meek head.
And thus it was! a diadem of thorn
  Earth gave to Him who mantled her with flowers,
  To him who pour'd forth blessings in soft showers
O'er all her paths, a cup of bitter scorn!
And *we* repine, for whom that cup He took,
O'er blooms that mock'd our hope, o'er idols that forsook!

V.

ON A REMEMBERED PICTURE OF CHRIST.

An Ecce Homo, by Leonardo da Vinci.

I met that image on a mirthful day
  Of youth; and, sinking with a still'd surprise,
  The pride of life, before those holy eyes,
In my quick heart died thoughtfully away,
Abash'd to mute confession of a sway,
  Awful, though meek; and now, that from the strings
  Of my soul's lyre, the tempest's mighty wings
Have struck forth tones which then awaken'd lay;
Now, that around the deep life of my mind,
Affections, deathless as itself, have twined,
  Oft does the pale bright vision still float by;
But more divinely sweet, and speaking *now*
Of One whose pity, throned on that sad brow,
  Sounded all depths of love, grief, death, humanity!

VI.

THE CHILDREN WHOM JESUS BLEST.

Happy were they, the mothers, in whose sight
Ye grew, fair children! hallow'd from that hour
By your Lord's blessing! surely thence a shower
Of heavenly beauty, a transmitted light
Hung on your brows and eyelids, meekly bright,
Through all the after years, which saw ye move
Lowly, yet still majestic, in the might,
The conscious glory of the Saviour's love!
And honour'd be all childhood, for the sake
Of that high love! Let reverential care
Watch to behold the immortal spirit wake,
And shield its first bloom from unholy air;
Owning, in each young suppliant glance, the sign
Of claims upon a heritage divine.

VII.

MOUNTAIN SANCTUARIES.

"He went up to a mountain apart to pray."

A child 'midst ancient mountains I have stood,
Where the wild falcons make their lordly nest
On high. The spirit of the solitude
Fell solemnly upon my infant breast,
Though then I pray'd not; but deep thoughts have press'd
Into my being since it breathed that air,
Nor could I *now* one moment live the guest
Of such dread scenes, without the springs of prayer
O'erflowing all my soul. No minsters rise
Like them in pure communion with the skies,

Vast, silent, open unto night and day;
So might the o'erburden'd Son of man have felt,
When, turning where inviolate stillness dwelt,
He sought high mountains, there apart to pray.

VIII.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

"Consider the lilies of the field."

Flowers! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty—when from you
That heavenly lesson from all hearts he drew,
Eternal, universal, as the sky—
Then, in the bosom of your purity,
A voice He set, as in a temple-shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by
Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle divine.
And though too oft its low, celestial sound,
By the harsh notes of work-day Care is drown'd,
And the loud steps of vain unlistening Haste,
Yet, the great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hush'd hour,
Than yours, ye Lilies! chosen thus and graced!

IX.

THE BIRDS OF THE AIR.

"And behold the birds of the air."

Ye too, the free and fearless Birds of air,
Were charged that hour, on missionary wing,
The same bright lesson o'er the seas to bear,
Heaven-guided wanderers with the winds of spring!

Sing on, before the storm and after, sing!
And call us to your echoing woods away
From worldly cares; and bid our spirits bring
Faith to imbibe deep wisdom from your lay.
So may those blessed vernal strains renew
Childhood, a childhood yet more pure and true
E'en than the first, within th' awaken'd mind;
While sweetly, joyously, they tell of life,
That knows no doubts, no questionings, no strife,
But hangs upon its God, unconsciously resign'd.

X.

THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

"And he that was dead sat up and began to speak."

He that was dead rose up and spoke—He spoke!
Was it of that majestic world unknown?
Those words, which first the bier's dread silence broke,
Came they with revelation in each tone?
Were the far cities of the nations gone,
The solemn halls of consciousness or sleep,
For man uncurtain'd by that spirit lone,
Back from their portal summon'd o'er the deep?
Be hush'd, my soul! the veil of darkness lay
Still drawn:—thy Lord call'd back the voice departed,
To spread his truth, to comfort his weak-hearted,
Not to reveal the mysteries of its way.
Oh! take that lesson home in silent faith,
Put on submissive strength to *meet*, not *question* death!

XI.

THE OLIVE TREE.

The Palm—the Vine—the Cedar—each hath power
To bid fair Oriental shapes glance by,
And each quick glistening of the Laurel bower
Wafts Grecian images o'er fancy's eye.
But thou, pale Olive!—in *thy* branches lie
Far deeper spells than prophet-grove of old
Might e'er enshrine:—I could not hear thee sigh
To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold
One shiver of thy leaves' dim silvery green,
Without high thoughts and solemn, of that scene
When, in the garden, the Redeemer pray'd—
When pale stars look'd upon his fainting head,
And angels, ministering in silent dread,
Trembled, perchance, within *thy* trembling shade.

XII.

THE DARKNESS OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

On Judah's hills a weight of darkness hung,
Felt shudderingly at noon:—the land had driven
A Guest divine back to the gates of Heaven,
A life, whence all pure founts of healing sprung,
All grace, all truth:—and, when to anguish wrung,
From the sharp cross th' enlightening spirit fled,
O'er the forsaken earth a pall of dread
By the great shadow of that death was flung.
O Saviour! O Atoner! thou that fain
Wouldst make thy temple in each human breast,
Leave not such darkness in my soul to reign,
Ne'er may thy presence from its depths depart,
Chased thence by guilt!—Oh! turn not *thou* away,
The bright and morning star, my guide to perfect day!

XIII.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

"God is a Spirit."

Spirit! whose life-sustaining presence fills
Air, ocean, central depths, by man untried,
Thou for thy worshippers hast sanctified
All place, all time! The silence of the hills
Breathes veneration:—founts and choral rills
Of thee are murmuring:—to its inmost glade
The living forest with thy whisper thrills,
And there is holiness on every shade.
Yet must the thoughtful soul of man invest
With dearer consecration those pure fanes,
Which, sever'd from all sound of earth's unrest,
Hear naught but suppliant or adoring strains
Rise heavenward.—Ne'er may rock or cave possess
Their claim on human hearts to solemn tenderness.

XIV.

OLD CHURCH IN AN ENGLISH PARK.[1]

Crowning a flowery slope, it stood alone
In gracious sanctity. A bright rill wound,
Caressingly, about the holy ground;
And warbled, with a never-dying tone,
Amidst the tombs. A hue of ages gone
Seem'd, from that ivied porch, that solemn gleam
Of tower and cross, pale quivering on the stream,
O'er all th' ancestral woodlands to be thrown,
And something yet more deep. The air was fraught
With noble memories, whispering many a thought

[1] Fawsley Park, near Daventry.

Of England's fathers; loftily serene,
They that had toil'd, watch'd, struggled, to secure,
Within such fabrics, worship free and pure,
Reign'd there, the o'ershadowing spirits of the scene.

XV.

A CHURCH IN NORTH WALES.[1]

Blessings be round it still! that gleaming fane,
Low in its mountain-glen! old mossy trees
Mellow the sunshine through the untinted pane,
And oft, borne in upon some fitful breeze,
The deep sound of the ever-pealing seas,
Filling the hollows with its anthem-tone,
There meets the voice of psalms!—yet not alone
For memories lulling to the heart as these,
I bless thee, 'midst thy rocks, grey house of prayer!
But for *their* sakes who unto thee repair
From the hill-cabins and the ocean-shore.
Oh! may the fisher and the mountaineer,
Words to sustain earth's toiling children hear,
Within thy lowly walls for evermore!

XVI.

LOUISE SCHEPLER.

Louise Schepler was the faithful servant and friend of the pastor Oberlin. The last letter addressed by him to his children for their perusal after his decease, affectingly commemorates her unwearied zeal in visiting and instructing the children of the mountain hamlets, through all seasons, and in all circumstances of difficulty and danger.

A fearless journeyer o'er the mountain snow
Wert thou, Louise! the sun's decaying light,
Oft, with its latest melancholy glow,

[1] That of Aber, near Bangor.

Redden'd thy steep wild way: the starry night
Oft met thee, crossing some lone eagle's height,
Piercing some dark ravine: and many a dell
Knew, through its ancient rock-recesses well,
Thy gentle presence, which hath made them bright
Oft in mid-storms; oh! not with beauty's eye,
Nor the proud glance of genius keenly burning;
No! pilgrim of unwearying charity!
Thy spell was *love*—the mountain deserts turning
To blessed realms, where stream and rock rejoice,
When the glad human soul lifts a thanksgiving voice!

XVII.

TO THE SAME.

For thou, a holy shepherdess and kind,
Through the pine forests, by the upland rills,
Didst roam to seek the children of the hills,
A wild neglected flock! to seek, and find,
And meekly win! there feeding each young mind
With balms of heavenly eloquence: not *thine*,
Daughter of Christ! but his, whose love divine,
Its own clear spirit in thy breast had shrined,
A burning light! Oh! beautiful, in truth,
Upon the mountains are the feet of those
Who bear his tidings! From thy morn of youth,
For this were all thy journeyings, and the close
Of that long path, Heaven's own bright Sabbath-rest,
Must wait thee, wanderer! on thy Saviour's breast.

THE WATER-LILY.

The Water-Lilies, that are serene in the calm clear water, but no less serene among the black and scowling waves. — *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.*

Oh! beautiful thou art,
Thou sculpture-like and stately River-Queen!
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene
Of a pure heart.

Bright lily of the wave!
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell:

Lifting alike thy head
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm? thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower?

Oh! Love is most like thee,
The love of woman; quivering to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
'Midst Life's dark sea.

And Faith—O, is not faith
Like thee too, Lily, springing into light,
Still buoyantly above the billows' might,
Through the storm's breath?

Yes, link'd with such high thought,
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie!
Till something there of its own purity
And peace be wrought:

Something yet more divine
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed
Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,
As from a shrine.

RECORDS OF THE SPRING OF 1834.

These Sonnets, written in the months of April, May, and June, were intended, together with the Records of the Autumn of 1834, to form a continuation of the series, entitled "Sonnets, Devotional and Memorial."

I.—A VERNAL THOUGHT.

O FESTAL Spring! 'midst thy victorious glow,
Far-spreading o'er the kindled woods and plains,
And streams, that bound to meet thee from their chains,
Well might there lurk the shadow of a woe
For human hearts, and in the exulting flow
Of thy rich songs a melancholy tone,
Were we of mould all earthly; *we* alone,
Sever'd from thy great spell, and doom'd to go
Farther, still farther, from our sunny time,
Never to feel the breathings of our prime,
Never to flower again!—But we, O Spring!
Cheer'd by deep spirit-whispers not of earth,
Press to the regions of thy heavenly birth,
As here thy flowers and birds press on to bloom and sing.

II.—TO THE SKY.

Far from the rustlings of the poplar bough,
Which o'er my opening life wild music made,
Far from the green hills with their heathery glow
And flashing streams whereby my childhood play'd;
In the dim city, 'midst the sounding flow
Of restless life, to thee in love I turn,
O thou rich sky! and from thy splendours learn
How song-birds come and part, flowers wane and blow.
With thee all shapes of glory find their home,
And thou hast taught me well, majestic dome!
By stars, by sunsets, by soft clouds which rove
Thy blue expanse, or sleep in silvery rest,
That Nature's God hath left *no* spot unbless'd
With founts of beauty for the eye of love.

III.—ON RECORDS OF IMMATURE GENIUS.[1]

Oh! judge in thoughtful tenderness of those,
Who, richly dower'd for life, are called to die,
Ere the soul's flame, through storms, hath won repose
In truth's divinest ether, still and high!
Let their mind's riches claim a trustful sigh!
Deem them but sad sweet fragments of a strain,
First notes of some yet struggling harmony,
By the strong rush, the crowding joy and pain

[1] Written after reading Memorials of the late Mrs. Tighe.

Of many inspirations met, and held
From its true sphere:—Oh! soon it might have swell'd
Majestically forth!—Nor doubt, that He,
Whose touch mysterious may on earth dissolve
Those links of music, elsewhere will evolve
Their grand consummate hymn, from passion-gust
made free!

IV.—ON WATCHING THE FLIGHT OF A SKY-LARK.

Upward and upward still!—in pearly light
The clouds are steep'd; the vernal spirit sighs
With bliss in every wind, and crystal skies
Woo thee, O bird! to thy celestial height;
Bird piercing Heaven with music! thy free flight
Hath meaning for all bosoms; most of all
For those wherein the rapture and the might
Of poesy lie deep, and strive, and burn,
For their high place: O heirs of genius! learn
From the sky's bird your way!—No joy may fill
Your hearts, no gift of holy strength be won
To bless *your* songs, ye children of the sun!
Save by the unswerving flight—upward and upward
still!

V.—A THOUGHT OF THE SEA.

My earliest memories to thy shores are bound,
Thy solemn shores, thou ever-chanting main!

The first rich sunsets, kindling thought profound
In my lone being, made thy restless plain
As the vast shining floor of some dread fane,
All paved with glass and fire. Yet, O blue deep!
Thou that no trace of human hearts dost keep,
Never to thee did love with silvery chain
Draw my soul's dream, which through all nature sought
What waves deny;—some bower of *steadfast* bliss,
A *home* to twine with fancy, feeling, thought,
As with sweet flowers:—But chasten'd hope for this
Now turns from earth's green valleys, as from thee,
To that sole changeless world, where "there is no more sea."

VI.—DISTANT SOUND OF THE SEA AT EVENING.

YET, rolling far up some green mountain dale,
Oft let me hear, as ofttimes I have heard,
Thy swell, thou deep! when evening calls the bird
And bee to rest; when summer tints grow pale,
Seen through the gathering of a dewy veil,
And peasant steps are hastening to repose,
And gleaming flocks lie down, and flower-cups close
To the last whisper of the falling gale.
Then, 'midst the dying of all other sound,
When the soul hears thy distant voice profound,
Lone-worshipping, and knows that through the night
'Twill worship still, then most its anthem tone
Speaks to our being of the Eternal One,
Who girds tired nature with unslumbering might.

VII.—THE RIVER CLWYD IN NORTH WALES.

O Cambrian river, with slow music gliding
By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruin'd towers;
Now 'midst thy reeds and golden willows hiding,
Now gleaming forth by some rich bank of flowers;
Long flow'd the current of my life's clear hours
Onward with thine, whose voice yet haunts my dream,
Though time and change, and other mightier powers,
Far from thy side have borne me. Thou, smooth stream!
Art winding still thy sunny meads along,
Murm'ring to cottage and grey hall thy song,
Low, sweet, unchanged. *My* being's tide hath pass'd
Through rocks and storms; yet will I not complain,
If thus wrought free and pure from earthly stain,
Brightly its waves may reach their parent-deep at last.

VIII.—ORCHARD BLOSSOMS.

Doth thy heart stir within thee at the sight
Of orchard blooms upon the mossy bough?
Doth their sweet household smile waft back the glow
Of childhood's morn?—the wondering fresh delight
In earth's new colouring, then all strangely bright,
A joy of fairyland?—Doth some old nook,
Haunted by visions of thy first-loved book,
Rise on thy soul, with faint-streak'd blossoms white,

Shower'd o'er the turf, and the lone primrose knot,
And robin's nest, still faithful to the spot,
And the bee's dreamy chime?—O gentle friend!
The world's cold breath, not *Time's*, this life bereaves
Of vernal gifts—Time hallows what he leaves,
And will for us endear spring-memories to the end.
May 8th.

IX.—TO A DISTANT SCENE.

Still are the cowslips from thy bosom springing,
O far-off grassy dell?—and dost thou see,
When southern winds first wake the vernal singing,
The star-gleam of the wood anemone?
Doth the shy ring-dove haunt thee yet—the bee
Hang on thy flowers as when I breathed farewell
To their wild blooms? and round my beechen tree
Still, in green softness, doth the moss-bank swell?
—Oh! strange illusion by the fond heart wrought,
Whose own warm life suffuses nature's face!
—*My* being's tide of many-coloured thought
Hath pass'd from thee, and now, rich, leafy place!
I paint thee oft, scarce consciously, a scene,
Silent, forsaken, dim, shadow'd by what hath been.

X.—A REMEMBRANCE OF GRASMERE.

O vale and lake, within your mountain-urn
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep!

Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian; for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote,
Isles of the blest; and in our memory keep
Their place with holiest harmonies: fair scene,
Most loved by evening and her dewy star!
Oh! ne'er may man, with touch unhallow'd, jar
The perfect music of thy charm serene!
Still, still unchanged, may *one* sweet region wear
Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and tears, and
prayer.

XI.—THOUGHTS CONNECTED WITH TREES.

Trees, gracious trees! how rich a gift ye are,
Crown of the earth! to human hearts and eyes!
How doth the thought of home, in lands afar,
Link'd with your forms and kindly whisperings rise!
How the whole picture of a childhood lies
Oft 'midst your boughs forgotten, buried deep!
Till gazing through them up the summer skies
As hush'd we stand, a breeze perchance may creep
And old sweet leaf-sounds reach the inner world
Where memory coils—and lo! at once unfurl'd
The past, a glowing scroll, before our sight,
Spreads clear! while gushing from their long-seal'd urn
Young thoughts, pure dreams, undoubting prayers
return,
And a lost mother's eye gives back its holy light.

XII.—THE SAME.

And ye are strong to shelter!—all meek things,
All that need home and covert, love your shade!
Birds of shy song, and low-voiced quiet springs,
And nun-like violets, by the wind betray'd.
Childhood beneath your fresh green tents hath play'd,
With his first primrose wealth: there love hath sought
A veiling gloom for his unutter'd thought;
And silent grief, of day's keen glare afraid,
A refuge for her tears; and ofttimes there
Hath lone devotion found a place of prayer,
A native temple, solemn, hush'd, and dim;
For wheresoe'er your murm'ring tremors thrill
The woody twilight, there man's heart hath still
Confess'd a spirit's breath, and heard a ceaseless hymn.

XIII.—ON READING PAUL AND VIRGINIA IN CHILDHOOD.

O gentle story of the Indian isle!
I loved thee in my lonely childhood well
On the sea-shore, when day's last purple smile
Slept on the waters, and their hollow swell
And dying cadence lent a deeper spell
Unto thine ocean-pictures. 'Midst thy palms
And strange bright birds, my fancy joy'd to dwell,
And watch the southern cross through midnight calms,
And track the spicy woods. Yet more I bless'd
Thy vision of sweet love; kind, trustful, true,

Lighting the citron groves—a heavenly guest,
With such pure smiles as Paradise once knew.
Even then my young heart wept o'er the world's power,
To reach and blight that holiest Eden flower.

IV.—A THOUGHT AT SUNSET.

Still that last look is solemn! though thy rays,
O sun! to-morrow will give back, we know,
The joy to nature's heart. Yet through the glow
Of clouds that mantle thy decline, our gaze
Tracks thee with love half fearful; and in days
When earth too much adored thee, what a swell
Of mournful passion, deepening mighty lays,
Told how the dying bade thy light farewell,
O sun of Greece! O glorious, festal sun!
Lost, lost!—for them thy golden hours were done,
And darkness lay before them! Happier far
Are we, not thus to thy bright wheels enchain'd,
Not thus for thy last parting unsustain'd,
Heirs of a purer day, with its unsetting star.

XV.—IMAGES OF PATRIARCHAL LIFE.

Calm scenes of patriarch life!—How long a power
Your unworn pastoral images retain
O'er the true heart, which in its childhood's hour

Drank their pure freshness deep! The camels' train
Winding in patience o'er the desert plain—
The tent, the palm-tree, the reposing flock,
The gleaming fount, the shadow of the rock,
Oh! by how subtle, yet how strong a chain,
And in the influence of its touch how bless'd,
Are these things link'd, in many a thoughtful breast,
To household memories, for all change endear'd!
The matin bird, the ripple of a stream
Beside our native porch—the hearth-light's gleam,
The voices, earliest by the soul revered!

XVI.—ATTRACTION OF THE EAST.

What secret current of man's nature turns
Unto the golden east with ceaseless flow?
Still, where the sunbeam at its fountain burns,
The pilgrim spirit would adore and glow;
Rapt in high thoughts, though weary, faint and slow,
Still doth the traveller through the deserts wind,
Led by those old Chaldean stars, which know
Where pass'd the shepherd fathers of mankind.
Is it some quenchless instinct, which from far
Still points to where our alienated home
Lay in bright peace? O thou true eastern star,
Saviour! atoning Lord! where'er we roam,
Draw still our hearts to thee; else, else how vain
Their hope, the fair lost birthright to regain.

XVII.—TO AN AGED FRIEND.[1]

Nor long thy voice amongst us may be heard,
Servant of God!—thy day is almost done;
The charm now lingering in thy look and word
Is that which hangs about thy setting sun,
That which the spirit of decay hath won
Still from revering love. Yet doth the sense
Of life immortal—progress but begun—
Pervade thy mien with such clear eloquence,
That hope, not sadness, breathes from thy decline;
And the loved flowers which round thee smile farewell,
Of more than vernal glory seem to tell,
By thy pure spirit touch'd with light divine;
While we, to whom its parting gleams are given,
Forget the grave in trustful thoughts of heaven.

XVIII.—FOLIAGE.

Come forth, and let us through our hearts receive
The joy of verdure!—see, the honied lime
Showers cool green light o'er banks where wild-flowers weave
Thick tapestry; and woodbine tendrils climb
Up the brown oak from buds of moss and thyme.
The rich deep masses of the sycamore
Hang heavy with the fulness of their prime,
And the white poplar, from its foliage hoar,

---

[1] The late Dr. Percival, of Dublin.

Scatters forth gleams like moonlight, with each gale
That sweeps the boughs:—the chestnut flowers are past,
The crowning glories of the hawthorn fail,
But arches of sweet eglantine are cast
From every hedge:—Oh! never may we lose,
Dear friend! our fresh delight in simplest nature's hues!

June 2.

XIX.—A PRAYER.

Father in Heaven! from whom the simplest flower
On the high Alps or fiery desert thrown,
Draws not sweet odour or young life alone,
But the deep virtue of an inborn power
To cheer the wanderer in his fainting hour,
With thoughts of Thee; to strengthen, to infuse
Faith, love, and courage, by the tender hues
That speak thy presence; oh! with such a dower
Grace thou my song!—the precious gift bestow
From thy pure Spirit's treasury divine,
To wake one tear of purifying flow,
To soften one wrung heart for Thee and thine;
So shall the life breathed through the lowly strain,
Be as the meek wild-flower's—if transient, yet not vain.

XX.—PRAYER CONTINUED.

"What in me is dark
Illumine; what is low raise and support."
MILTON

FAR are the wings of intellect astray,
That strive not, Father! to thy heavenly seat;
They rove, but mount not; and the tempests beat
Still on their plumes:—O source of mental day!
Chase from before my spirit's track the array
Of mists and shadows, raised by earthly care
In troubled hosts that cross the purer air,
And veil the opening of the starry way,
Which brightens on to thee!—Oh! guide thou right
My thought's weak pinion, clear mine inward sight,
The eternal springs of beauty to discern,
Welling beside thy throne; unseal mine ear,
Nature's true oracles in joy to hear:
Keep my soul wakeful still to listen and to learn.

XXI.—MEMORIAL OF A CONVERSATION.

YES! all things tell us of a birthright lost,
A brightness from our nature pass'd away!
Wanderers we seem, that from an alien coast,
Would turn to where their Father's mansion lay,
And but by some lone flower, that 'midst decay
Smiles mournfully, or by some sculptured stone,

Revealing dimly, with grey moss o'ergrown,
The faint-worn impress of its glory's day,
Can trace their once-free heritage; though dreams
Fraught with its picture, oft in startling gleams
Flash o'er their souls.—But One, oh! *One* alone,
For us the ruin'd fabric may rebuild,
And bid the wilderness again be fill'd,
With Eden-flowers—One, mighty to atone!

June 27.[1]

---

[1] For this corrected chronology of these sonnets, we are indebted to the Rev. R. P. Graves, Bowness.

RECORDS OF THE AUTUMN OF 1834.

I.—THE RETURN TO POETRY.

Once more the eternal melodies from far,
Woo me like songs of home: once more discerning
Through fitful clouds the pure majestic star,
Above the poet's world serenely burning,
Thither my soul, fresh-wing'd by love, is turning,
As o'er the waves the wood-bird seeks her nest,
For those green heights of dewy stillness yearning,
Whence glorious minds o'erlook this earth's unrest.
—Now be the spirit of Heaven's truth my guide
Through the bright land!—that no brief gladness found
In passing bloom, rich odour, or sweet sound,
May lure my footsteps from their aim aside:
Their true, high quest—to seek, if ne'er to gain,
The inmost, purest shrine of that august domain.

September 9.

II.—TO SILVIO PELLICO, ON READING HIS "PRIGIONE."

THERE are who climb the mountain's heathery side,
Or, in life's vernal strength triumphant, urge
The bark's fleet rushing through the crested surge,
Or spur the courser's fiery race of pride
Over the green savannas, gleaming wide
By some vast lake; yet thus, on foaming sea,
Or chainless wild, reign far less nobly free,
Than *thou*, in that lone dungeon, glorified
By thy brave suffering.—Thou from its dark cell
Fierce thought and baleful passion didst exclude,
Filling the dedicated solitude
With God; and where *His* Spirit deigns to dwell,
Though the worn frame in fetters withering lie,
There throned in *peace* divine is liberty!

III.—TO THE SAME, RELEASED.

How flows thy being now?—like some glad hymn,
One strain of solemn rapture?—doth thine eye
Wander through tears of voiceless feeling dim,
O'er the crown'd Alps, that, 'midst the upper sky
Sleep in the sunlight of thine Italy?
Or is thy gaze of reverent love profound,
Unto those dear parental faces bound,
Which, with their silvery hair, so oft glanced by,

Haunting thy prison-dreams?—Where'er thou art,
Blessing be shed upon thine inmost heart,
Joy, from kind looks, blue skies, and flowery sod,
For that pure voice of thoughtful wisdom sent
Forth from thy cell, in sweetness eloquent,
Of love to man, and quenchless trust in God!

IV.—ON A SCENE IN THE DARGLE.[1]

'Twas a bright moment of my life when first,
O thou pure stream through rocky portals flowing!
That temple-chamber of thy glory burst
On my glad sight!—thy pebbly couch lay glowing
With deep mosaic hues; and, richly throwing
O'er thy cliff-walls a tinge of autumn's vest,
High bloom'd the heath-flowers, and the wild wood's crest
Was touch'd with gold.—Flow ever thus, bestowing
Gifts of delight, sweet stream! on all who move
Gently along thy shores; and oh! if love,
—True love, in secret nursed, with sorrow fraught—
Should sometimes bear his treasured griefs to thee,
Then full of kindness let thy music be,
Singing repose to every troubled thought!

---

[1] A beautiful valley in the county of Wicklow.

V.—ON READING COLERIDGE'S EPITAPH

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"Stop, Christian passer-by! stop, child of God!
And read with gentle breast;—Beneath this sod
A Poet lies, or that which once seem'd he;
Oh! lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.!
That He, who once in vain, with toil of breath,
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy, for praise; to be forgiven, for Fame,
He ask'd and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same!"

SPIRIT! so oft in radiant freedom soaring,
High through seraphic mysteries unconfined,
And oft, a diver through the deep of mind,
Its caverns, far below its waves, exploring;
And oft such strains of breezy music pouring,
As, with the floating sweetness of their sighs,
Could still all fevers of the heart, restoring
Awhile that freshness left in Paradise;
Say, of those glorious wanderings what the goal?
What the rich fruitage to man's kindred soul
From wealth of thine bequeathed? O strong and high,
And sceptred intellect! thy goal confess'd
Was the Redeemer's Cross—thy last bequest
One lesson breathing thence profound humility!

VI.—ON THE DATURA ARBOREA.

Majestic plant! such fairy dreams as lie
Nursed, where the bee sucks in the cowslip's bell,
Are not *thy* train:—those flowers of vase-like swell,
Clear, large, with dewy moonlight fill'd from high,
And in their monumental purity
Serenely drooping, round thee seem to draw
Visions link'd strangely with that silent awe
Which broods o'er Sculpture's works.—A meet ally
For those heroic forms, the simply grand
Art thou: and worthy, carved by plastic hand,
Above some kingly poet's tomb to shine
In spotless marble; honouring one, whose strain
Soar'd upon wings of thought that knew no stain
Free through the starry heavens of truth divine.

VII.—DESIGN AND PERFORMANCE.

They float before my soul, the fair designs
Which I would body forth to Life and Power,
Like clouds, that with their wavering hues and lines
Pourtray majestic buildings:—Dome and tower,
Bright spire, that through the rainbow and the shower
Points to th' unchanging stars; and high arcade
Far-sweeping to some glorious altar, made
For holiest rites:—meanwhile the waning hour
Melts from me, and by fervent dreams o'erwrought,
I sink:—O friend! O link'd with each high thought

Aid me, of those rich visions to detain
All I may grasp; until thou see'st fulfill'd,
While time and strength allow, my hope to build
For lowly hearts devout, but *one* enduring fane!
October 18.

VIII.—HOPE OF FUTURE COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

If e'er again my spirit be allow'd
Converse with nature in her chambers deep,
Where lone, and mantled with the rolling cloud,
She broods o'er new-born waters, as they leap
In sword-like flashes down the heathery steep
From caves of mystery;—if I roam once more
Where dark pines quiver to the torrent's roar,
And voiceful oaks respond!—shall I not reap
A more ennobling joy, a loftier power,
Than e'er was shed on life's more vernal hour,
From such communion?—yes! I then shall know,
That not in vain have sorrow, love, and thought,
Their long still work of preparation wrought,
For that more perfect sense of God reveal'd below.

IX.—DREAMS OF THE DEAD.

Oft in still night-dreams a departed face
Bends o'er me with sweet earnestness of eye
Wearing no more of earthly pains a trace,
But all the tender pity that may lie

On the clear brow of Immortality,
Calm, yet profound. Soft rays illume that mien,
Th' unshadow'd moonlight of some far-off sky
Around it floats transparently serene
As a pure veil of waters. O rich sleep!
Thou hast strong spirits in thy regions deep,
Which glorify with reconciling breath,
Effacing, brightening, giving forth to shine
Beauty's high truth, and how much more divine
Thy power when link'd in this, with thy stern brother—Death!

X.—THE POETRY OF THE PSALMS.

Nobly thy song, O minstrel! rush'd to meet
Th' Eternal on the pathway of the blast,
With darkness round him, as a mantle, cast,
And cherubim to waft his flying seat;
Amidst the hills that smoked beneath his feet,
With trumpet-voice thy spirit call'd aloud,
And bade the trembling rocks his name repeat,
And the bent cedars, and the bursting cloud.
But far more gloriously to earth made known
By that high strain than by the thunder's tone,
The flashing torrents, or the ocean's roll,
Jehovah spake, through the inbreathing fire,
Nature's vast realms for ever to inspire
With the deep worship of a living soul.

DESPONDENCY AND ASPIRATION.[1]

"Per corrér miglior acqua alza le vele,
Omai la navicella del mio Intelletto."

DANTE.

My soul was mantled with dark shadows, born
Of lonely Fear, disquieted in vain;
Its phantoms hung around the star of morn,
A cloud-like weeping train;
Through the long day they dimm'd the autumn gold
On all the glistening leaves; and wildly roll'd,
When the last farewell flush of light was glowing
Across the sunset sky;
O'er its rich isles of vaporous glory throwing
One melancholy dye.

And when the solemn Night
Came rushing with her might
Of stormy oracles from caves unknown,
Then with each fitful blast
Prophetic murmurs pass'd,
Wakening or answering some deep Sibyl tone,
Far buried in my breast, yet prompt to rise
With every gusty wail that o'er the wind-harp flies.

---

[1] Partly composed during the Author's last illness.

"Fold, fold thy wings," they cried, "and strive no more,
Faint spirit, strive no more!—for thee too strong
Are outward ill and wrong,
And inward wasting fires!—Thou canst not soar
Free on a starry way
Beyond their blighting sway,
At Heaven's high gate serenely to adore!
How shouldst *thou* hope Earth's fetters to unbind!
O passionate, yet weak! O trembler to the wind!

"Never shall aught but broken music flow
From joy of thine, deep love, or tearful woe;
Such homeless notes as through the forest sigh,
From the reeds hollow shaken,
When sudden breezes waken
Their vague wild symphony:
No power is theirs, and no abiding-place
In human hearts; their sweetness leaves no trace—
Born only so to die!

"Never shall aught but perfume, faint and vain,
On the fleet pinion of the changeful hour,
From thy bruised life again
A moment's essence breathe;
Thy life, whose trampled flower
Into the blessed wreath
Of household charities no longer bound,
Lies pale and withering on the barren ground.

"So fade, fade on! thy gift of love shall cling,
A coiling sadness, round thy heart and brain,

A silent, fruitless, yet undying thing,
All sensitive to pain!
And still the shadow of vain dreams shall fall
O'er thy mind's world, a daily darkening pall.
Fold, then, thy wounded wing, and sink subdued,
In cold and unrepining quietude!"

Then my soul yielded; spells of numbing breath
Crept o'er it heavy with a dew of death,
Its powers, like leaves before the night rain, closing;
And, as by conflict of wild sea-waves toss'd
On the chill bosom of some desert coast,
Mutely and hopelessly I lay reposing.

When silently it seem'd
As if a soft mist gleam'd
Before my passive sight, and, slowly curling,
To many a shape and hue
Of vision'd beauty grew,
Like a wrought banner, fold by fold unfurling.
Oh! the rich scenes that o'er mine inward eye
Unrolling then swept by,
With dreamy motion! Silvery seas were there
Lit by large dazzling stars, and arch'd by skies
Of southern midnight's most transparent dyes,
And gemm'd with many an island, wildly fair,
Which floated past me into orient day,
Still gathering lustre on th' illumin'd way,
Till its high groves of wondrous flowering trees
Colour'd the silvery seas.

And then a glorious mountain-chain uprose,
Height above spiry height!
A soaring solitude of woods and snows,
All steep'd in golden light!
While as it pass'd, those regal peaks unveiling,
I heard, methought, a waving of dread wings
And mighty sounds, as if the vision hailing,
From lyres that quiver'd through ten thousand strings:
Or as if waters forth to music leaping,
From many a cave, the Alpine Echo's hall,
On their bold way victoriously were sweeping,
Link'd in majestic anthems! while through all
That billowy swell and fall,
Voices, like ringing crystal, fill'd the air
With inarticulate melody, that stirr'd
My being's core; then, moulding into word
Their piercing sweetness, bade me rise and bear
In that great choral strain my trembling part
Of tones, by love and faith struck from a human heart.

Return no more, vain bodings of the night!
A happier oracle within my soul
Hath swell'd to power;—a clear unwavering light
Mounts through the battling clouds that round me roll,
And to a new control
Nature's full harp gives forth rejoicing tones,
Wherein my glad sense owns
The accordant rush of elemental sound
To one consummate harmony profound;

One grand Creation Hymn,
Whose notes the seraphim
Lift to the glorious height of music wing'd and crown'd.

Shall not those notes find echoes in my lyre,
Faithful though faint?—Shall not my spirit's fire,
If slowly, yet unswervingly, ascend
Now to its fount and end?
Shall not my earthly love, all purified,
Shine forth a heavenward guide?
An angel of bright power?—and strongly bear
My being upward into holier air,
Where fiery passion-clouds have no abode,
And the sky's temple-arch o'erflows with God?

The radiant hope new-born
Expands like rising morn
In my life's life: and as a ripening rose
The crimson shadow of its glory throws
More vivid, hour by hour, on some pure stream;
So from that hope are spreading
Rich hues, o'er nature shedding,
Each day, a clearer, spiritual gleam.

Let not those rays fade from me—once enjoy'd,
Father of spirits! let them not depart!
Leaving the chill'd earth, without form and void,
Darken'd by mine own heart!
Lift, aid, sustain me! Thou, by whom alone
All lovely gifts and pure
In the soul's grasp endure;

Thou, to the steps of whose eternal throne
All knowledge flows—a sea for evermore
Breaking its crested waves on that sole shore—
O consecrate my life! that I may sing
Of Thee with joy that hath a living spring,
In a full heart of music!—Let my lays
Through the resounding mountains waft thy praise,
And with that theme the wood's green cloisters fill,
And make their quivering leafy dimness thrill
To the rich breeze of song! Oh! let me wake
The deep religion, which hath dwelt from yore,
Silently brooding by lone cliff and lake,
And wildest river shore!
And let me summon all the voices dwelling
Where eagles build, and cavern'd rills are welling,
And where the cataract's organ-peal is swelling,
In that one spirit gather'd to adore!

Forgive, O Father! if presumptuous thought
Too daringly in aspiration rise!
Let not thy child all vainly have been taught
By weakness, and by wanderings, and by sighs
Of sad confession!—lowly be my heart,
And on its penitential altar spread
The offerings worthless, till Thy grace impart
The fire from Heaven, whose touch alone can shed
Life, radiance, virtue!—let that vital spark
Pierce my whole being, wilder'd else and dark!

Thine are all holy things—O make *me* Thine,
So shall I, too, be pure—a living shrine

nto that Spirit, which goes forth from Thee,
Strong and divinely free,
earing thy gifts of wisdom on its flight,
nd brooding o'er them with a dove-like wing,
ill thought, word, song, to Thee in worship spring,
nmortally endow'd for liberty and light.

THOUGHTS DURING SICKNESS.

I.—INTELLECTUAL POWERS.

O THOUGHT! O Memory! gems for ever heaping
High in the illumined chambers of the mind,
And thou, divine Imagination! keeping
Thy lamp's lone star 'mid shadowy hosts enshrined;
How in one moment rent and disentwined,
At Fever's fiery touch, apart they fall,
Your glorious combinations!—broken all,
As the sand-pillars by the desert's wind
Scatter'd to whirling dust!—Oh, soon uncrown'd!
Well may your parting swift, your strange return,
Subdue the soul to lowliness profound,
Guiding its chasten'd vision to discern
How by meek Faith Heaven's portals must be pass'd
Ere it can hold your gifts inalienably fast.

II.—SICKNESS LIKE NIGHT.

THOU art like Night, O Sickness! deeply stilling
Within my heart the world's disturbing sound,
And the dim quiet of my chamber filling
With low sweet voices by Life's tumult drown'd,

Thou art like awful Night!—thou gather'st round
The things that are unseen—though close they lie,—
And with a truth, clear, startling, and profound,
Givest their dread presence to our mental eye.
—Thou art like starry, spiritual Night!
High and immortal thoughts attend thy way,
And revelations, which the common light
Brings not, though wakening with its rosy ray
All outward life:—Be welcome then thy rod,
Before whose touch my soul unfolds itself to God.

III.—ON RETZSCH'S DESIGN OF THE ANGEL OF DEATH.[1]

Well might thine awful image thus arise
With that high calm upon thy regal brow,
And the deep, solemn sweetness in those eyes,
Unto the glorious Artist!—Who but thou

---

[1] This sonnet was suggested by the following passage out of Mrs. Jameson's *Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad*, in a description she gives of a visit paid to the artist Retzsch, near Dresden:—"Afterwards he placed upon his easel a wonderous face, which made me shrink back—not with terror, for it was perfectly beautiful,—but with awe, for it was unspeakably fearful: the hair streamed back from the pale brow—the orbs of sight appeared at first two dark, hollow, unfathomable spaces, like those in a skull; but when I drew nearer and looked attentively, two lovely living eyes looked at me again out of the depth of the shadow, as if from the bottom of an abyss. The mouth was divinely sweet, but sad, and the softest repose rested on every feature. This, he told me, was the Angel of Death."

The fleeting forms of beauty can endow
For Him with permanency?—who make those
gleams
Of brighter life, that colour his lone dreams,
Immortal things?—Let others *trembling* bow,
Angel of Death! before thee.—Not to those,
Whose spirits with Eternal Truth repose,
Art thou a fearful shape!—and oh! for *me*,
How full of welcome would thine aspect shine,
Did not the cords of strong affection twine
So fast around my *soul*, it *cannot* spring to thee!

IV.—REMEMBRANCE OF NATURE.

O, NATURE! thou didst rear me for thine own,
With thy free singing-birds and mountain brooks;
Feeding my thoughts in primrose-haunted nooks,
With fairy fantasies and wood-dreams lone;
And thou didst teach me every wandering tone
Drawn from thy many-whispering trees and waves,
And guide my steps to founts and sparry caves,
And where bright mosses wove thee a rich throne
'Midst the green hills:—and now, that far estranged
From all sweet sounds and odours of thy breath,
Fading I lie, within my heart unchanged,
So glows the love of thee, that not for Death
Seems that pure passion's fervour—but ordain'd
To meet on brighter shores thy Majesty unstain'd.

V.—FLIGHT OF THE SPIRIT.

Whither, oh! whither wilt thou wing thy way?
What solemn region first upon thy sight
Shall break, unveil'd for terror or delight?
What hosts, magnificent in dread array?
My spirit! when thy prison-house of clay,
After long strife is rent?—fond, fruitless guest!
The unfledged bird, within his narrow nest
Sees but a few green branches o'er him play,
And through their parting leaves, by fits reveal'd,
A glimpse of summer sky:—nor knows the field
Wherein his dormant powers must yet be tried.
—Thou art that bird!—of what beyond thee lies
Far in the untrack'd, immeasurable skies,
Knowing but this—that thou shalt find thy Guide!

VI.—FLOWERS.

Welcome, O pure and lovely forms, again
Unto the shadowy stillness of my room!
For not alone ye bring a joyous train
Of summer-thoughts attendant on your bloom—
Visions of freshness, of rich bowery gloom,
Of the low murmurs filling mossy dells,
Of stars that look down on your folded bells
Through dewy leaves, of many a wild perfume
Greeting the wanderer of the hill and grove
Like sudden music; more than this ye bring—

Far more; ye whisper of the all-fostering love
Which thus hath clothed you, and whose dove-like wing
Broods o'er the sufferer drawing fever'd breath,
Whether the couch be that of life or death.

VII.—RECOVERY.[1]

Back then, once more to breast the waves of life,
To battle on against the unceasing spray,
To sink o'erwearied in the stormy strife,
And rise to strife again; yet on my way,
Oh! linger still, thou light of better day,
Born in the hours of loneliness, and you,
Ye childlike thoughts, the holy and the true,
Ye that came bearing, while subdued I lay,
The faith, the insight of life's vernal morn
Back on my soul, a clear bright sense, new-born,
Now leave me not! but as, profoundly pure,
A blue stream rushes through a darker lake
Unchang'd, e'en thus with me your journey take,
Wafting sweet airs of heaven through this low world obscure.

---

[1] Written under the false impression occasioned by a temporary improvement in strength.

SABBATH SONNET.

COMPOSED BY MRS. HEMANS A FEW DAYS BEFORE HER DEATH, AND DEDICATED TO HER BROTHER.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow-paths, their way
Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallow'd day!
The halls from old heroic ages grey
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound;—yet, oh, my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath fill'd
My chasten'd heart, and all its throbbings still'd
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

April 26th, 1835.

SELECTIONS

FROM

JUVENILE POEMS.

SELECTIONS

FROM

JUVENILE POEMS.

[In this collected edition of the various writings of Mrs. Hemans, chronological arrangement has been adhered to, in so far as any useful purpose could be attained by it; and, when departed from, it has only been to a small extent, and that for the purpose of giving to each volume a greater degree of variety.

In a very general point of view, the intellectual career of Mrs. Hemans may be divided, as we have already hinted, into two separate eras,—the first of which may be termed the *classical*, and comprehends the productions of her pen, from "the Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy" and "Modern Greece," down to the "Historic Scenes" and the "Translations from Camoens,"—and the last the *romantic*, which commences with the "Forest Sanctuary," and includes "Records of Woman," together with nearly all her later efforts.

In point of poetical merit, there can be little doubt that the last section far transcends the first, and forms the groundwork—whether we regard conception or

execution—on which her peculiar fame will be tested by posterity. The former series of poems, however, must be always reckoned valuable, not only in themselves as compositions, but as showing the progress of an intrinsically poetical mind towards its maturity.

But as noonday has its morning, so even these were only the blossoms from antecedent buds; and, as matter of literary curiosity, we have appended a selection from Mrs. Hemans's really juvenile efforts, sufficient to show the first expansions of that genius, which time and exertion afterwards ripened into "the bright consummate flower." Even after the early poetical attempts of Cowley and Pope, of Chatterton, Kirke White, and Byron, some of the following outpourings of poetical sentiment may be read with no common interest.]

JUVENILE POEMS,

BY

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE.

From a Volume of Poems, by Felicia Dorothea Browne, published in 1808, containing Pieces written between the ages of eight and thirteen.

ON MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF EIGHT.

Clad in all their brightest green,
This day the verdant fields are seen;
The tuneful birds begin their lay,
To celebrate thy natal day.

The breeze is still, the sea is calm,
And the whole scene combines to charm;
The flowers revive, this charming May,
Because it is thy natal day.

The sky is blue, the day serene
And only pleasure now is seen;
The rose, the pink, the tulip gay,
Combine to bless thy natal day.

A PRAYER.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF NINE.

Oh! God, my Father and my Friend,
Ever thy blessings to me send;
Let me have Virtue for my guide,
And Wisdom always at my side;
Thus cheerfully through life I'll go,
Nor ever feel the sting of woe;
Contented with the humblest lot,
Happy, though in the meanest cot.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN.

The infant muse, Jehovah! would aspire
To swell the adoration of the lyre:
Source of all good, oh! teach my voice to sing
Thee, from whom Nature's genuine beauties spring;
Thee, God of truth, omnipotent and wise,
Who saidst to Chaos, "let the earth arise."
Oh! author of the rich luxuriant year,
Love, Truth, and Mercy, in thy works appear:
Within their orbs the planets dost Thou keep,
And e'en hast limited the mighty deep.
Oh! could I number thy inspiring ways,
And wake the voice of animated praise!
Ah, no! the theme shall swell a cherub's note;
To Thee celestial hymns of rapture float.

'Tis not for me, in lowly strains to sing
Thee, God of mercy,—heaven's immortal King.
Yet to that happiness I'd fain aspire;
Oh! fill my heart with elevated fire:
With angel-songs an artless voice shall blend,
The grateful offering shall to Thee ascend.
Yes! thou wilt breathe a spirit o'er my lyre,
And "fill my beating heart with sacred fire!"
And when to Thee my youth, my life, I've given,
Raise me, to join Eliza,[1] blest in Heaven.

SONNET TO MY MOTHER,

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.

To thee, maternal guardian of my youth,
I pour the genuine numbers free from art;
The lays inspired by gratitude and truth,
For thou wilt prize the effusion of the heart.
Oh! be it mine, with sweet and pious care,
To calm thy bosom in the hour of grief;
With soothing tenderness to chase the tear,
With fond endearments to impart relief.
Be mine thy warm affection to repay
With duteous love in thy declining hours;
My filial hand shall strew unfading flowers,
Perennial roses to adorn thy way;
Still may thy grateful children round thee smile,
Their pleasing care affliction shall beguile.

[1] A sister whom the author had lost.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

'Tis sweet to think the spirits of the blest
  May hover round the virtuous man's repose;
And oft in visions animate his breast,
  And scenes of bright beatitude disclose.
The ministers of Heaven, with pure control,
  May bid his sorrow and emotion cease,
Inspire the pious fervour of his soul,
  And whisper to his bosom hallow'd peace.
Ah! tender thought, that oft with sweet relief,
  May charm the bosom of a weeping friend;
Beguile with magic power the tear of grief,
  And pensive pleasure with devotion blend;
While oft he fancies music sweetly faint,
The airy lay of some departed saint.

RURAL WALKS.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

Oh! may I ever pass my happy hours
In Cambrian valleys and romantic bowers;
For every spot in sylvan beauty drest,
And every landscape charms my youthful breast.
And much I love to hail the vernal morn,
When flowers of spring the mossy seat adorn;
And sometimes through the lonely wood I stray
To cull the tender rosebuds in my way;

And seek in every wild secluded dell,
The weeping cowslip and the azure bell;
With all the blossoms, fairer in the dew,
To form the gay festoon of varied hue.
And oft I seek the cultivated green,
The fertile meadow, and the village scene;
Where rosy children sport around the cot,
Or gather woodbine from the garden spot.
And there I wander by the cheerful rill,
That murmurs near the osiers and the mill;
To view the smiling peasants turn the hay,
And listen to their pleasing festive lay.
I love to loiter in the spreading grove,
Or in the mountain scenery to rove;
Where summits rise in awful grace around,
With hoary moss and tufted verdure crown'd;
Where cliffs in solemn majesty are piled,
"And frown upon the vale" with grandeur wild:
And there I view the mouldering tower sublime,
Array'd in all the blending shades of Time.

The airy upland and the woodland green,
The valley, and romantic mountain scene;
The lowly hermitage, or fair domain,
The dell retired, or willow-shaded lane;
"And every spot in sylvan beauty drest,
And every landscape, charms my youthful breast."

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

I LOVE to hail the mild and balmy hour,
When evening spreads around her twilight veil;
When dews descend on every languid flower,
And sweet and tranquil is the summer gale.
Then let me wander by the peaceful tide,
While o'er the wave the breezes lightly play;
To hear the waters murmur as they glide,
To mark the fading smile of closing day.
There let me linger, blest in visions dear,
Till the soft moonbeams tremble on the seas;
While melting sounds decay on fancy's ear,
Of airy music floating on the breeze.
For still when evening sheds the genial dews,
That pensive hour is sacred to the muse.

From "The Domestic Affections and Other Poems," by FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE. *Published in* 1812.

TO MY MOTHER.

IF e'er for human bliss or woe
I feel the sympathetic glow;
If e'er my heart has learn'd to know
The gen'rous wish or prayer;
Who sow'd the germ with tender hand?
Who mark'd its infant leaves expand?
My mother's fostering care.

And if *one* flower of charms refined
May grace the garden of my mind;
'T was she who nursed it there:
She loved to cherish and adorn
Each blossom of the soil;
To banish every weed and thorn,
That oft opposed her toil!

And oh! if e'er I sigh'd to claim
The palm, the living palm of Fame,
The glowing wreath of praise;
If e'er I wish'd the glittering stores,
That Fortune on her fav'rite pours;
'T was but that wealth and fame, if mine,
Round *Thee*, with streaming rays might shine,
And gild thy sun-bright days!

Yet not that splendour, pomp, and power,
Might then irradiate every hour;
For these, my mother! well I know,
On thee no raptures could bestow;
But could thy bounty, warm and kind,
Be, like thy wishes, *unconfined;*
And fall, as manna from the skies,
And bid a train of blessings rise,
Diffusing joy and peace;
The tear-drop, grateful, pure, and bright,
For thee would beam with softer light,
Than all the diamond's crystal rays,
Than all the emerald's lucid blaze;
And joys of heaven would thrill thy heart,
To bid one bosom-grief depart,
One tear, one sorrow cease!

Then, oh! may Heaven, that loves to bless,
Bestow the *power* to cheer distress;
Make *Thee* its minister below,
To light the cloudy path of woe;
To visit the deserted cell,
Where indigence is doom'd to dwell;
To raise, when drooping to the earth,
The blossoms of neglected worth;
And round, with liberal hand, dispense
The sunshine of beneficence!

But ah! if Fate should still deny
Delights like these, too rich and high;
If grief and pain thy steps assail,
In life's remote and wintry vale;
Then, as the wild Æolian lyre,
Complains with soft entrancing number,
When the lone storm awakes the wire,
And bids enchantment cease to slumber;
So filial love, with soothing voice,
E'en then, shall teach thee to rejoice;
E'en *then*, shall sweeter, milder sound,
When sorrow's tempest raves around;
While dark misfortune's gales destroy
The frail mimosa-buds of hope and joy!

TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER.

ON HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN, AFTER THE FATAL RETREAT UNDER SIR JOHN MOORE, AND THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

THOUGH dark are the prospects and heavy the hours,
Though life is a desert, and cheerless the way;
Yet still shall affection adorn it with flowers,
Whose fragrance shall never decay!

And lo! to embrace thee, my Brother! she flies,
With artless delight, that no words can bespeak;
With a sunbeam of transport illuming her eyes,
With a smile and a glow on her cheek!

From the trophies of war, from the spear and the shield,
From scenes of destruction, from perils unblest;
Oh! welcome again, to the grove and the field,
To the vale of retirement and rest.

Then warble, sweet muse! with the lyre and the voice,
Oh! gay be the measure and sportive the strain;
For light is my heart, and my spirits rejoice,
To meet thee, my Brother! again.

When the heroes of Albion, still valiant and true,
Were bleeding, were falling, with victory crown'd;
How often would fancy present to my view,
The horrors that waited thee round!

How constant, how fervent, how pure was my prayer,
That Heaven would protect thee from danger and harm;
That angels of mercy would shield thee with care,
In the heat of the combat's alarm!

How sad and how often descended the tear,
(Ah! long shall remembrance the image retain)
How mournful the sigh, when I trembled with fear,
I might never behold thee again!

But the prayer was accepted, the sorrow is o'er,
And the tear-drop is fled, like the dew on the rose:
Thy dangers, our tears, have endear'd thee the more,
And my bosom with tenderness glows!

And oh! when the dreams, the enchantments of youth
Bright and transient, have fled, like the rainbow, away,
My affection for thee, still unfading in truth,
Shall never, oh! never decay!

No time can impair it, no change can destroy,
Whate'er be the lot I am destined to share;
It will smile in the sunshine of hope and of joy,
And beam through the cloud of despair!

TO MY ELDEST BROTHER,

(WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN PORTUGAL.)

How many a day, in various hues array'd,
Bright with gay sunshine, or eclipsed with shade,
How many an hour, on silent wing is past,
O my loved Brother! since we saw thee last!
Since *then* has childhood ripen'd into youth,
And fancy's dreams have fled from sober truth;
Her splendid fabrics melting into air,
As sage experience waved the wand of care!
Yet *still* thine absence wakes the tender sigh,
And the tear trembles in affection's eye!
When shall we meet again?—with glowing ray,
Heart-soothing hope illumes some future day;
Checks the sad thought, beguiles the starting tear,
And sings benignly still—*that* day is near!
She, with bright eye, and soul-bewitching voice,
Wins us to smile, inspires us to rejoice;
Tells, that the hour approaches, to restore
Our cherish'd wanderer to his home once more;
Where sacred ties his manly worth endear,
To faith still true, affection still sincere!
Then the past woes, the future's dubious lot,
In that blest meeting shall be *all* forgot!
And joy's full radiance gild that sun-bright hour,
Though all around th' impending storm should lower.

Now distant far, amidst the intrepid host,
Albion's firm sons, on Lusitania's coast,

(That gallant band, in countless dangers tried,
Where glory's pole-star beams their constant guide,)
Say, do *thy* thoughts, my Brother, fondly stray
To Cambria's vales and mountains far away!
Does fancy oft in busy day-dreams roam,
And paint the greeting that awaits at home!
Does memory's pencil oft, in mellowing hue,
Dear social scenes, departed joys renew;
In softer tints delighting to retrace
Each tender image and each well-known face!
Yes! wanderer, yes! thy spirit flies to those,
Whose love unalter'd, warm and faithful glows.

Oh! could that love, through life's eventful hours,
Illume thy scenes and strew thy path with flowers!
Perennial joy should harmonize thy breast,
No struggle rend thee, and no cares molest!
But though our tenderness can but bestow
The wish, the hope, the prayer, averting woe;
Still shall it live, with pure, unclouded flame,
In storms, in sunshine, far and near—the same!
Still dwell enthroned within th' unvarying heart,
And firm and *vital*—but with life depart!

Bronwylfa, Feb. 8th, 1811.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE MEMOIRS OF ELIZABETH SMITH.

Oh, thou! whose pure, exalted mind,
Lives in this record, fair and bright;
Oh, thou! whose blameless life combined
Soft female charms and grace refined,
With science and with light!
Celestial maid! whose spirit soar'd
Beyond this vale of tears;
Whose clear, enlighten'd eye explored
The lore of years!

Daughter of Heaven! if *here*, e'en *here*,
The wing of towering thought was thine;
If, on *this* dim and mundane sphere,
Fair truth illumed thy bright career,
With morning-star divine;
How must thy bless'd etherial soul,
Now kindle in her noon-tide ray;
And hail, unfetter'd by control,
The Fount of Day!

E'en *now*, perhaps, thy seraph eyes,
Undimm'd by doubt, nor veil'd by fear,
Behold a chain of wonders rise;
Gaze on the noon-beam of the skies,
Transcendant, pure and clear!
E'en *now*, the fair, the good, the true,
From mortal sight conceal'd,
Bless in one blaze thy raptured view,
In light reveal'd!

If *here*, the lore of distant time,
And learning's flowers were all thine own;
How must thy mind ascend sublime,
Matured in heaven's empyreal clime,
To light's unclouded throne!
Perhaps, e'en *now*, thy kindling glance,
Each orb of living fire explores;
Darts o'er creation's wide expanse,
Admires—adores!

Oh! if that lightning-eye surveys
This dark and sublunary plain;
How must the wreath of human praise,
Fade, wither, vanish, in thy gaze,
So dim, so pale, so vain!
How, like a faint and shadowy dream,
Must quiver learning's brightest ray;
While on thine eyes, with lucid stream,
The sun of glory pours his beam,
Perfection's day!

THE SILVER LOCKS.

ADDRESSED TO AN AGED FRIEND.

Though youth may boast the curls that flow,
In sunny waves of auburn glow;
As graceful on thy hoary head,
Has time the robe of honour spread,
And there, oh! softly, *softly* shed,
His wreath of snow!

As frost-work on the trees display'd,
When weeping Flora leaves the shade,
E'en more than Flora, charms the sight;
E'en so thy locks of purest white,
Survive, in age's frost-work bright,
Youth's vernal rose decay'd!

To grace the nymph whose tresses play
Light on the sportive breeze of May,
Let other bards the garland twine,
Where sweets of every hue combine;
Those locks revered, that silvery shine,
Invite my lay!

Less white the summer-cloud sublime,
Less white the winter's fringing rime;
Nor do Belinda's lovelier seem,
(A Poet's blest immortal theme,)
Than thine, which wear the moonlight beam
Of rev'rend Time!

Long may the graceful honours smile,
Like moss on some declining pile;
Oh! much revered! may filial care,
Around thee, duteous, long repair,
Thy joys with tender bliss to share,
Thy pains beguile!

Long, long, ye snowy ringlets, wave,
Long, long, your much-loved beauty save!
May bliss your latest evening crown,
Disarm life's winter of its frown,
And soft ye hoary hairs go down,
In gladness to the grave!

How still thy sleep! as death profound,
As if, within this lonely round,
A step—a note—*a whisper'd sound*,
Had ne'er aroused thy voice!

Thou hear'st the zephyr murmuring, dying
Thou hear'st the foliage waving, sighing;
But ne'er again shall harp or song,
These dark deserted courts along,
Disturb thy calm repose;
The harp is broke, the song is fled,
The voice is hush'd, the bard is dead;
And never shall thy tones repeat,
Or lofty strain, or carol sweet,
With plaintive close!

Proud Castle! though the days are flown,
When once thy towers in glory shone;
When music through thy turrets rung,
When banners o'er thy ramparts hung,
Though 'midst thine arches, frowning lone,
Stern Desolation rear his throne;
And Silence, deep and awful, reign,
Where echo'd once the choral strain;
Yet oft, dark Ruin! lingering here,
The Muse will hail thee with a tear;
Here when the moonlight, quiv'ring, beams,
And through the fringing ivy streams,
And softens every shade sublime,
And mellows every tint of Time—
Oh! here shall Contemplation love,
Unseen and undisturb'd, to rove;

And bending o'er some mossy tomb,
Where Valour sleeps, or Beauties bloom,
Shall weep for Glory's transient day,
And Grandeur's evanescent ray!
And list'ning to the swelling blast,
Shall wake the Spirit of the Past,
Call up the forms of ages fled,
Of warriors and of minstrels dead;
Who sought the field, who struck the lyre,
With all Ambition's kindling fire!

Nor wilt thou, Spring! refuse to breathe
Soft odours on this desert air;
Refuse to twine thine earliest wreath,
And fringe these towers with garlands fair!

Sweets of the wild, oh! ever bloom,
Unheeded on this ivied wall!
Lend to the gale a rich perfume,
And grace the Ruin in its fall!

Thus, round Misfortune's holy head
Would Pity wreaths of honour spread;
Like you, thus blooming on this lonely pile,
She seeks Despair, with heart-reviving smile!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Fair Gratitude! in strain sublime,
Swell high to Heaven thy tuneful zeal:
And, hailing this auspicious time,
Kneel, Adoration! kneel!

CHORUS.

For lo! the day, th' immortal day,
When Mercy's full, benignant ray,
Chased every gathering cloud away,
And pour'd the noon of light!
Rapture! be kindling, mounting, glowing,
While from thine eye the tear is flowing,
Pure, warm, and bright!

'Twas on this day, oh, Love Divine!
The Orient Star's effulgence rose;
Then waked the Morn, whose eye benign
Shall never, never close!

CHORUS.

Messiah! be thy name adored,
Eternal, high, redeeming Lord!
By grateful worlds be anthems pour'd!
Emanuel! Prince of Peace!
This day, from Heaven's empyreal dwelling,
Harp, lyre, and voice, in concert swelling,
Bade discord cease!

Wake the loud pæan, tune the voice,
Children of heaven and sons of earth!
Seraphs and men, exult, rejoice,
To bless the Saviour's birth!

CHORUS.

Devotion! light thy purest fire!
Transport! on cherub-wing aspire!
Praise! wake to Him thy golden lyre,

Strike every thrilling chord!
While at the Ark of Mercy kneeling,
We own thy grace, reviving, healing,
Redeemer! Lord!

THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

WHENCE are those tranquil joys in mercy given,
To light the wilderness with beams of heaven?
To soothe our cares, and through the cloud diffuse
Their temper'd sunshine, and celestial hues?
Those pure delights, ordain'd on life to throw
Gleams of the bliss ethereal natures know?
Say, do they grace Ambition's regal throne,
When kneeling myriads call the world his own?
Or dwell with Lux'ry, in th' enchanted bowers,
Where taste and wealth exert *creative* powers?

Favour'd of Heaven! O Genius! are they thine,
When round thy brow the wreaths of glory shine;
While rapture gazes on thy radiant way,
'Midst the bright realms of clear and mental day?
No! sacred joys! 'tis yours to dwell enshrined,
Most fondly cherish'd, in the purest mind;
To twine with flowers, those loved, endearing ties,
On earth so sweet—so perfect in the skies!

Nursed on the lap of solitude and shade,
The violet smiles, embosom'd in the glade;

There sheds her spirit on the lonely gale,
Gem of seclusion! treasure of the vale!
Thus, far retired from life's tumultuous road,
Domestic Bliss has fix'd her calm abode,
Where hallow'd Innocence and sweet Repose
May strew her shadowy path with many a rose:
As, when dread thunder shakes the troubled sky,
The cherub, Infancy, can close its eye,
And sweetly smile, unconscious of a tear,
While viewless angels wave their pinions near;
Thus, while around the storms of Discord roll,
Borne, on resistless wing, from pole to pole;
While War's red lightnings desolate the ball,
And thrones and empires in destruction fall:
Then calm as evening on the silvery wave,
When the wind slumbers in the ocean cave,
She dwells unruffled, in her bower of rest,
Her empire Home!—her throne, Affection's breast!

For her, sweet Nature wears her loveliest blooms,
And softer sunshine every scene illumes,
When Spring awakes the spirit of the breeze,
Whose light wing undulates the sleeping seas;
When Summer waving her creative wand,
Bids verdure smile, and glowing life expand;
Or Autumn's pencil sheds, with magic trace,
O'er fading loveliness, a moonlight grace;
Oh! still for her, through Nature's boundless reign,
No charm is lost, no beauty blooms in vain;
While mental peace, o'er every prospect bright
Throws mellowing tints, and harmonizing light!

Lo! borne on clouds, in rushing might sublime,
Stern Winter, bursting from the polar clime,
Triumphant waves his signal-torch on high,
The blood-red meteor of the northern sky!
And high through darkness rears his giant-form,
His throne the billow, and his flag the storm!
Yet then, when bloom and sunshine are no more,
And the wild surges foam along the shore;
Domestic Bliss, *thy* heaven is still serene,
Thy star unclouded, and thy myrtle green!
Thy fane of rest *no* raging storms invade,
Sweet peace is thine, the seraph of the shade!
Clear through the day, her light around thee glows,
And gilds the midnight of thy deep repose!
—Hail, sacred Home! where soft Affection's hand,
With flowers of Eden twines her magic band!
Where pure and bright, the social ardours rise,
Concentring all their holiest energies!
When wasting toil has dimm'd the vital flame,
And every power deserts the sinking frame;
Exhausted nature still from sleep implores
The charm that lulls, the manna that restores!
Thus, when oppress'd with rude, tumultuous cares,
To thee, sweet Home! the fainting mind repairs;
Still to thy breast, a wearied pilgrim, flies,
Her ark of refuge from uncertain skies!

Bower of repose! when torn from all we love;
Through toil we struggle, or through distance rove;
To *thee* we turn, still faithful, from afar,
Thee, our bright vista! thee, our magnet-star!

And from the martial field, the troubled sea,
Unfetter'd thought still roves to bliss and thee!

When ocean-sounds in awful slumber die,
No wave to murmur, and no gale to sigh;
Wide o'er the world, when Peace and Midnight reign,
And the moon trembles on the sleeping main;
At that still hour, the sailor wakes to keep,
'Midst the dead calm, the vigil of the deep!
No gleaming shores his dim horizon bound,
All heaven—and sea—and solitude—around!
Then, from the lonely deck, the silent helm,
From the wide grandeur of the shadowy realm;
Still homeward borne, his fancy unconfined,
Leaving the worlds of ocean far behind,
Wings like a meteor-flash her swift career,
To the loved scene, so distant, and so dear!

Lo! the rude whirlwind rushes from its cave,
And Danger frowns—the monarch of the wave!
Lo! rocks and storms the striving bark repel,
And Death and Shipwreck ride the foaming swell!

Child of the ocean! is thy bier the surge,
Thy grave the billow, and the wind thy dirge?
Yes! thy long toils, thy weary conflict's o'er,
No storm shall wake, no perils rouse thee more!
Yet, in *that* solemn hour, that awful strife,
The struggling agony for death or life;
E'en *then* thy mind, embitt'ring every pain,
Retraced the image so beloved—in vain!
Still to sweet Home, thy *last* regrets were true,
Life's parting sigh—the murmur of adieu!

Can war's dread scenes the hallowed ties efface,
Each tender thought, each fond remembrance chase?
Can fields of carnage, days of toil, destroy
The loved impression of domestic joy?

Ye daylight dreams! that cheer the soldier's breast,
In hostile climes with spells benign and blest;
Soothe his brave heart, and shed your glowing ray,
O'er the long march, through Desolation's way;
Oh! still ye bear him from th' ensanguined plain,
Armour's bright flash, and Victory's choral strain;
To that loved Home, where pure affection glows,
That shrine of bliss! asylum of repose!
When all is hush'd—the rage of combat past,
And no dread war-note swells the moaning blast;
When the warm throb of many a heart is o'er,
And many an eye is closed to wake no more;
Lull'd by the night-wind, pillow'd on the ground,
(The dewy deathbed of his comrades round!)
While o'er the slain the tears of midnight weep,
Faint with fatigue, he sinks in slumbers deep!
E'en then, soft visions, hov'ring round, portray,
The cherish'd forms that o'er his bosom sway;
He sees fond transport light each beaming face,
Meets the warm tear-drop, and the long embrace!
While the sweet welcome vibrates through his heart,
"Hail, weary soldier!—never more to part!"

And lo! at last, released from every toil,
He comes!—the wanderer views his native soil!
Then the bright raptures, words can *never* speak,
Flash in his eye, and mantle o'er his cheek!

Then Love and Friendship, whose unceasing prayer,
Implored for him, each guardian-spirit's care;
Who, for his fate, through sorrow's ling'ring year,
Had proved each thrilling pulse of hope and fear;
In that blest moment, all the past forget—
Hours of suspense, and vigils of regret!

And, oh! for him, the child of rude alarms,
Rear'd by stern danger in the school of arms;
How sweet to change the war-song's pealing note,
For woodland-sounds, in summer-air that float!
Through vales of peace, o'er mountain wilds to roam,
And breathe his native gales, that whisper—"Home!"

Hail sweet endearments of domestic ties,
Charms of existence! angel sympathies!
Though Pleasure smile, a soft Circassian queen!
And guide her votaries through a fairy scene,
Where sylphid forms beguile their vernal hours,
With mirth and music, in Arcadian bowers;
Though gazing nations hail the fiery car,
That bears the Son of Conquest from afar;
While Fame's loud pæan bids his heart rejoice,
And every life-pulse vibrates to her voice;—
Yet from your source, *alone*, in mazes bright,
Flows the full current of serene delight!

On Freedom's wing, that every wild explores,
Through realms of space, th' aspiring eagle soars!
Darts o'er the clouds, exulting to admire,
Meridian glory—on her throne of fire!
Bird of the Sun! his keen unwearied gaze,
Hails the full moon, and triumphs in the blaze;

But soon, descending from his height sublime,
Day's burning fount, and light's empyreal clime;
Once more he speeds to joys more calmly blest,
'Midst the dear inmates of his lonely nest!

Thus Genius, mounting on his bright career,
Through the wide regions of the mental sphere;
And proudly waving, in his gifted hand,
O'er Fancy's worlds, Invention's plastic wand;
Fearless and firm, with lightning-eye surveys
The clearest heaven of intellectual rays!
Yet, on his course though loftiest hopes attend,
And kindling raptures aid him to ascend;
(While in his mind, with high-born grandeur fraught,
Dilate the noblest energies of thought;)
Still, from the bliss, ethereal and refined,
Which crowns the soarings of triumphant mind,
At length he flies, to that serene retreat,
Where calm and pure, the mild affections meet;
Embosom'd there, to feel and to impart
The softer pleasures of the social heart!

Ah! weep for those, deserted and forlorn,
From every tie, by fate relentless torn;
See, on the barren coast, the lonely isle,
Mark'd with no step, uncheer'd by human smile;
Heart-sick and faint the shipwreck'd wanderer stand,
Raise the dim eye, and lift the suppliant hand!
Explore with fruitless gaze the billowy main,
And weep—and pray—and linger—but in vain!

Thence, roving wild through many a depth of shade,
Where voice ne'er echo'd, footstep never stray'd;

He fondly seeks, o'er cliffs and deserts rude,
Haunts of mankind, 'midst realms of solitude!
And pauses oft, and sadly hears alone,
The wood's deep sigh, the surge's distant moan.
All else is hush'd! so silent, so profound,
As if some viewless power, presiding round,
With mystic spell, unbroken by a breath,
Had spread for ages the repose of death!
Ah! still the wanderer, by the boundless deep,
Lives but to watch—and watches but to weep!
He sees no sail in faint perspective rise,
His the dread loneliness of sea and skies!
Far from his cherish'd friends, his native shore,
Banish'd from being—to return no more;
There must he die!—within that circling wave,
That lonely isle—his prison and his grave!

Lo! through the waste, the wilderness of snows,
With fainting step, Siberia's exile goes!
Homeless and sad, o'er many a polar wild,
Where beam, or flower, or verdure never smiled;
Where frost and silence hold their despot-reign,
And bind existence in eternal chain!
Child of the desert! pilgrim of the gloom!
Dark is the path which leads thee to the tomb!
While on thy faded cheek, the arctic air
Congeals the bitter tear-drop of despair!
Yet not that fate condemns thy closing day,
In that stern clime, to shed its parting ray;
Not that fair nature's loveliness and light,
No more shall beam enchantment on thy sight;

Ah! not for *this*, far, far beyond relief,
Deep in thy bosom dwells the hopeless grief;
But that no friend of kindred heart is there,
Thy woes to mitigate, thy toils to share;
That no mild soother fondly shall assuage
The stormy trials of thy ling'ring age;
No smile of tenderness, with angel power,
Lull the dread pangs of dissolution's hour;
For this alone, despair, a withering guest
Sits on thy brow, and cankers in thy breast!
Yes! there, e'en there, in that tremendous clime,
Where desert grandeur frowns, in pomp sublime;
Where winter triumphs, through the polar night,
In all his wild magnificence of might;
E'en *there*, affection's hallow'd spell might pour,
The light of heaven around th' inclement shore!
And, like the vales with gloom and sunshine graced,
That smile, by circling Pyrenees embraced,
Teach the pure heart, with vital fires to glow,
E'en 'midst the world of solitude and snow!
The halcyon's charm, thus dreaming fictions feign,
With mystic power, could tranquillize the main;
Bid the loud wind, the mountain billow sleep,
And peace and silence brood upon the deep!

And thus, Affection, can *thy* voice compose
The stormy tide of passions and of woes;
Bid every throb of wild emotion cease,
And lull misfortune in the arms of peace!

Oh! mark yon drooping form, of aged mien,
Wan, yet resign'd, and hopeless, yet serene!

Long ere victorious time had sought to chase
The bloom, the smile, that once illumed his face;
That faded eye was dimm'd with many a care,
Those waving locks were silver'd by despair!
Yet filial love can pour the sovereign balm,
Assuage his pangs, his wounded spirit calm!
He, a sad emigrant! condemn'd to roam,
In life's pale autumn, from his ruin'd home;
Has borne the shock of Peril's darkest wave,
Where joy—and hope—and fortune—found a grave!
'T was his, to see Destruction's fiercest band,
Rush, like a Typhon, on his native land,
And roll, triumphant, on their blasted way,
In fire and blood—the deluge of dismay!
Unequal combat raged on many a plain,
And patriot-valour waved the sword in vain!
Ah! gallant exile! nobly, long, he bled,
Long braved the tempest gath'ring o'er his head!
Till all was lost! and horror's darken'd eye
Roused the stern spirit of despair to die!

Ah! gallant exile! in the storm that roll'd
Far o'er his country, rushing uncontroll'd;
The flowers that graced his path with loveliest bloom
Torn by the blast—were scatter'd on the tomb!
When carnage burst, exulting in the strife,
The bosom ties that bound his soul to life;
Yet one was spared! and she, whose filial smile,
Can soothe his wanderings, and his tears beguile;
E'en *then*, could temper, with divine relief,
The wild delirium of unbounded grief;

And whisp'ring peace, conceal, with duteous art,
Her own deep sorrows in her inmost heart!
And now, though time, subduing every trace,
Has *mellow'd* all, he *never* can *erase;*
Oft will the wanderer's tears in silence flow,
Still sadly faithful to remember'd woe!
Then she, who feels a father's pang alone,
(Still fondly struggling to suppress *her own,*)
With anxious tenderness is ever nigh,
To chase the image that awakes the sigh!
Her angel-voice his fainting soul can raise,
To brighter visions of celestial days!
And speak of realms, where Virtue's wing shall soar
On eagle-plume—to wonder and adore;
And Friends, divided here, shall meet at last,
Unite their kindred souls—and smile on all the past!

Yes! we may hope, that nature's deathless ties,
Renew'd, refined—shall triumph in the skies!
Heart-soothing thought! whose loved, consoling powers
With seraph-dreams can gild reflection's hour;
Oh! still be near, and bright'ning through the gloom,
Beam and ascend! the day-star of the tomb!
And smile for those, in sternest ordeals proved,
Those lonely hearts, bereft of all they loved.

Lo! by the couch where pain and chill disease,
In every vein, the ebbing life-blood freeze;
Where youth is taught, by stealing, slow decay,
Life's closing lesson—in its dawning day;
Where beauty's rose is with'ring ere its prime,
Unchanged by sorrow—and unsoil'd by time;

There, bending still, with fix'd and sleepless eye,
There, from her child, the mother learns to die;
Explores, with fearful gaze, each mournful trace
Of ling'ring sickness in the faded face;
Through the sad night, when every hope is fled,
Keeps her lone vigil by the sufferer's bed;
And starts each morn, as deeper marks declare
The spoiler's hand—the blight of death, is there!
He comes! now feebly in the exhausted frame,
Slow, languid, quivering, burns the vital flame;
From the glazed eye-ball sheds its parting ray,
Dim, transient spark, that fluttering, fades away!
Faint beats the hov'ring pulse, the trembling heart,
Yet fond existence lingers ere she part!

'Tis past, the struggle and the pang are o'er,
And life shall throb with agony no more;
While o'er the wasted form, the features pale,
Death's awful shadows throw their silvery veil:
Departed spirit! on this earthly sphere,
Though poignant suff'ring mark'd thy short career;
Still could maternal love beguile thy woes,
And hush thy sighs—an angel of repose!

But who may charm *her* sleepless pang to rest,
Or draw the thorn that rankles in her breast?
And, while she bends in silence o'er thy bier,
Assuage the grief, too heart-sick for a tear?
Visions of hope, in loveliest hues array'd,
Fair scenes of bliss! by fancy's hand portray'd;
And were ye doom'd with false, illusive smile,
With flatt'ring promise, to enchant awhile?

And are ye vanish'd, never to return,
Set in the darkness of the mould'ring urn?
Will no bright hour departed joys restore?
Shall the sad parent meet her child no more?
Behold no more the soul-illumined face,
The expressive smile, the animated grace?
Must the fair blossom, wither'd in the tomb,
Revive no more in loveliness and bloom?
Descend, blest faith! dispel the hopeless care,
And chase the gath'ring phantoms of despair;
Tell, that the flower, transplanted in its morn,
Enjoys bright Eden, freed from every thorn;
Expands to milder suns, and softer dews,
The full perfection of immortal hues;
Tell, that when mounting to her native skies,
By death released, the parent spirit flies;
There shall the child, in anguish mourn'd so long,
With rapture hail her, 'midst the cherub throng;
And guide her pinion, on exulting flight,
Through glory's boundless realms, and worlds of living light.

Ye gentle spirits of departed friends!
If e'er on earth your buoyant wing descends;
If, with benignant care, ye linger near,
To guard the objects in existence dear;
If hov'ring o'er, ethereal band! ye view
The tender sorrows, to *your* memory true;
Oh! in the musing hour, at midnight deep,
While for your loss affection wakes to weep;
While every sound in hallow'd stillness lies,
But the low murmur of her plaintive sighs;

Oh! then, amidst that holy calm be near,
Breathe your light whisper softly in her ear;
With secret spells, her wounded mind compose,
And chase the faithful tear—for you that flows;
Be near; when moonlight spreads the charm you loved,
O'er scenes where once your *earthly* footstep roved:
Then, while she wanders o'er the sparkling dew,
Through glens and wood-paths, once endear'd by you,
And fondly lingers in your fav'rite bowers,
And pauses oft, recalling former hours;
Then wave your pinion o'er each well-known vale,
Float in the moonbeam, sigh upon the gale;
Bid your wild symphonies remotely swell,
Borne by the summer-wind from grot and dell;
And touch your viewless harps, and soothe her soul,
With soft enchantments and divine control!
Be near, sweet guardians; watch her sacred rest,
When Slumber folds her in his magic vest;
Around her, smiling, let your forms arise,
Return'd in dreams, to bless her mental eyes;
Efface the mem'ry of your last farewell,
Of glowing joys, of radiant prospects tell;
The sweet communion of the past renew,
Reviving former scenes, array'd in softer hue.

Be near when death, in virtue's brightest hour,
Calls up each pang, and summons all his power;
Oh! then, transcending Fancy's loveliest dream,
Then let your forms unveil'd, around her beam;
Then waft the vision of unclouded light,
A burst of glory, on her closing sight;

Wake from the harp of heaven th' immortal strain,
To hush the final agonies of pain;
With rapture's flame, the parting soul illume,
And smile triumphant through the shadowy gloom!
Oh! still be near, when, darting into day,
Th' exulting spirit leaves her bonds of clay;
Be yours to guide her flutt'ring wings on high,
O'er many a world, ascending to the sky;
There let your presence, once her earthly joy,
Though dimm'd with tears, and clouded with alloy;
Now form her bliss on that celestial shore,
Where death shall sever kindred hearts no more.

Yes! in the noon of that Elysian clime,
Beyond the sphere of anguish, death or time;
Where mind's bright eye, with renovated fire,
Shall beam on glories—never to expire;
Oh! there th' illumined soul may fondly trust,
More pure, more perfect, rising from the dust,
Those mild affections, whose consoling light
Sheds the soft moonbeam on terrestrial night,
Sublimed, ennobled, shall for ever glow,
Exalting rapture—not assuaging woe!

INDEX.

	Vol.	Page
Abencerrage, the	ii.	11
A church in North Wales	vii.	258
A dirge	iii.	127
A dirge	iv.	348
Adjuration, Ulla, or the	v.	268
Adopted child, the	v.	276
A farewell to Abbotsford	vi.	231
A farewell to Wales	vi.	204
A father reading the Bible	vi.	317
Affections, songs of the	vi.	11
A fragment	v.	131
Aged friend, to an	vii.	272
Aged Indian, the	ii.	268
Alaric in Italy	ii.	107
Alaric in Italy, notes to	ii.	113
Alcestis of Alfieri, the	ii.	297
Alp-horn song	iii.	110
Alps, evening among the	ii.	270
Alps, league of the	vii.	115
Alpine horn, the	vii.	69
America, the Cambrian in	iv.	244
American forest girl	v.	213
A monarch's deathbed	v.	273
Ancient battle song	vii.	37
Ancient Greek chant of victory	vi.	333
Ancient Greek song of exile	iv.	128
And I, too, in Arcadia	vii.	49
Angel of death, Retzsch's design of	vii.	291
Angel visits	iv.	338
Angler, the	vi.	172
An hour of romance	v.	284
Annunciation, the	vii.	230
Antique Greek lament	vi.	368
Antique sepulchre, the	vi.	184
Antony and Cleopatra, notes to	ii.	106
Antony, the last banquet of	ii.	101
A parting song	vi.	206
A penitent's return	vii.	241
A poet's dying hymn	vii.	182
Appearance of the spirit of the Cape	iii.	123
A prayer of affection	vii.	223
A prayer	vii.	273
Arabella Stuart	v.	145
Arabian anecdote, song founded on an	iii.	108
A remembrance of Grasmere	vii.	267
Art, the restoration of the works of	ii.	147
Asdrubal, the wife of	ii.	115
A song of the rose	vii.	26
A song of Delos	vi.	331
A spirit's return	vi.	13
A tale of the woods, Edith	v.	179
A tale of the fourteenth century	iii.	47

	Vol.	Page
A tale of the secret tribunal	iii.	29
A thought of the sea	vii.	264
A thought of the future	vi.	200
A thought of the rose	vi.	263
A thought at sunset	vii.	270
A thought of Paradise	vii.	243
Attraction of the east	vii.	271
A vernal thought	vii.	262
A voyager's dream of land	v.	286
Bards, the chant of	iv.	257
Bards, meeting of the	v.	134
Barmecides, mourner for the	v.	255
Basvigliani of Monti, the	ii.	289
Battle-field, the	vii.	239
Bed of heath, the	vii.	95
Belshazzar's feast	iii.	168
Bell at sea, the	vi.	180
Bended bow, the	iv.	14
Bernardo del Carpio	vi.	58
Better land, the	vi.	140
Bier, Cœur de Lion at his father's	iv.	117
Bird at sea, the	vii.	74
Bird's release, the	iv.	89
Birds, the	iv.	275
Birds of passage	v.	310
Bird that art singing	vii.	41
Birds of the air, the	vii.	254
Blossoms, orchard	vii.	266
Blue anemone, to the	vi.	310
Books and flowers	vi.	220
Boon of memory, the	iv.	211
Brandenburg harvest song	iv.	125
Breathings of spring	v.	301
Breeze from shore, the	iv.	198
Breeze of spring, thou	vii.	100
Bridal day, the	vi.	97
Bridal song, Moorish	iv.	87
Bride of the Greek Isle, the	v.	154
Brigand leader and his wife, the	vi.	224
Brightly hast thou fled	vii.	94
Bring flowers	iv.	46
Broken lute, the	vi.	255
Broken flower, the	vii.	106
Brothers, the meeting of the	vi.	319
Brother's dirge, the	vii.	68
Burial in the desert	vi.	259
Burial of William the Conqueror	vi.	338
Burial of an emigrant's child	vii.	168
By a mountain stream at rest	vii.	110
Caius Gracchus, by Monti	ii.	339
Call to battle, the	vii.	46
Camoens, Translations from	ii.	223
Captivity, songs of	vii.	67
Caravan in the desert, the	iii.	97
Carolan's prophecy	v.	247
Caroline, to	vi.	279
Casabianca	iv.	68
Caswallon's triumph	iv.	250
Cathedral hymn	vii.	152
Cavern of the three Tells	iv.	100
Chain, the broken	vi.	177
Chamois hunter's love	vi.	36
Chant, Greek funeral	iv.	129
Chant of the bards	iv.	257
Characters of scripture	vii.	227
Charmed picture, the	vi.	68
Chieftain's son, the	v.	130
Child and dove, the	iv.	347
Child of the forests, the	iv.	354
Child, dirge of a	ii.	261
Child's last sleep, the	v.	299
Children whom Jesus blessed, the	vii.	253

	Vol.	Page
Child's first grief, the	vi.	211
Child's return from the woodlands	vi.	225
Child dead, Indian with his	vi.	41
Child reading the Bible	vii.	179
Childhood, hymns for	iv.	263
Chorus, Druid	iv.	234
Christ's feet, penitent anointing	vii.	231
Christ stilling the tempest	iv.	343
Christ, Mary at the feet of	vii.	232
Christmas carol	vi.	316
Cid, songs of the	v.	115
Cid's departure into exile, the	v.	117
Cid's deathbed, the	v.	118
Cid's funeral procession	v.	121
Cid's rising, the	v.	124
Cliffs of Dover, the	iv.	191
Cœur de Lion at his father's bier	iv.	117
Come home	vi.	88
Come away	vii.	89
Come to me, dreams of heaven	vii.	101
Come to me, gentle sleep	vii.	114
Communings with thought	vii.	248
Communion, hope of future	vii.	281
Conqueror's sleep, the	iv.	54
Conradin, death of, notes to	ii.	144
Contadina, the	iv.	360
Conversation, memorial of a	vii.	274
Corinne at the capitol	vi.	105
Coronation of Inez de Castro	vi.	29
Coronation, Tasso's	vi.	138
Costanza	v.	216
Cottage girl, the	vii.	239
Cross of the South, the	iii.	115
Cross in the wilderness	iv.	175
Crusader's war-song, the	ii.	272
Crusader's return, the	iv.	148
Curfew song of England	vii.	44
Dalecarlian mine, scene in a	iv.	348
Darkness of the crucifixion, the	vii.	256
Dartmoor, a prize poem	iv.	215
Dartmoor, notes to	iv.	229
Datura Arborea, on the	vii.	280
Daughter of Bernard Barton, to	vi.	158
Day of Flowers, the	vii.	210
Dead, dreams of the	vii.	281
Dead, memory of the	vi.	189
Death of Conradin, the	ii.	137
Death-day of Körner, the	v.	282
Death and the warrior	vi.	173
Death-song of Alcestis, the	vi.	214
Deathbed, music at a	vii.	62
Deathbed, the soldier's	vi.	76
De Chatillon, or the Crusaders	iv.	283
Departed, the	v.	295
Departed spirit, to a	vi.	35
Deserted house, the	vi.	85
Deserted hall, mirror in the	vi.	157
Design and performance	vii.	280
Despondency and aspiration	vii.	283
Devotional sonnets	vii.	250
Dial of flowers, the	iv.	170
Dirge	vii.	25

	Vol.	Page
Dirge, a	iii.	127
Dirge, a	iv.	348
Dirge at sea	vii.	86
Dirge of a child	ii.	261
Dirge of a Highland chief	ii.	270
Dirge, the brother's	vii.	68
Distant scene, to a	vii.	266
Distant ship, the	v.	308
Distant sound of the sea	vii.	265
Diver, the	vi.	147
Dreamer, the	iv.	206
Dreaming child, the	vi.	66
Dreams of heaven	vi.	264
Dreams of the dead	vii.	281
Droop thou not	vii.	16
Druid chorus	iv.	234
Dying improvisatore, the	iv.	200
Dying hymn, a poet's	vii.	182
Dying bard's prophecy	iv.	258
Dying girl and flowers	vii.	75
East, attraction of the	vii.	271
Easter-day in a mountain churchyard	vii.	174
Echo song	vii.	31
Edith, a tale of the woods	v.	179
Effigies, the	v.	288
Elysium	iii.	235
Emigrant's child, burial of	vii.	168
Emigration, song of	vi.	39
England and Spain	i.	321
England, Curfew song of	vii.	44
England's dead	v.	132
English boy, the	vi.	306
English soldier's song of memory	iv.	350
English martyrs, the	vii.	131
Epitaph	vi.	269
Epitaph, on reading Coleridge's	vii.	279
Epitaph over the grave of two brothers, a child and a youth	iv.	344
Eryri Wen	iv.	255
Essay on the genius of Mrs. Hemans	i.	v
Evening among the Alps	ii.	270
Evening prayer at a girls' school	iv.	186
Evening song of the Tyrolese peasants	vi.	187
Evening song of the weary	vii.	216
Evening service, prisoner's	vii.	194
Exile's dirge, the	vi.	64
Fair Helen of Kirconnel	vii.	90
Fairies' recall	vii.	107
Fair isle, the	iv.	280
Fairy favours	iv.	335
Fairy song	vii.	96
Faith of love, the	vi.	227
Fallen lime-tree, the	vii.	65
Fall of D'Assas, the	vi.	336
Family bible, to a	vii.	250
Far o'er the sea	vii.	71
Far away	vii.	82
Farewell to the dead, the	iv.	40
Farewell, Prince Madoc's	iv.	249
Farewell to Wales, a	vi.	204
Farewell to Abbotsford, a	vi.	231
Father reading the Bible, a	vi.	317
Feast, Belshazzar's	iii.	168
Feast, Grufydd's	iv.	242
Festal hour, the	iii.	246
Fiesco, prologue to the tragedy of	vi.	270
Flight of the spirit	vii.	293

	Vol.	Page
Flowers	vii.	293
Flower of the desert	vi.	281
Flowers and music in a room of sickness	vii.	144
Foliage	vii.	272
For a picture of St. Cecilia	vi.	222
Forest sanctuary	iv.	9
Forest, notes to	iv.	77
Forsaken hearth, the	iv.	204
Fountain of oblivion, the	vi.	90
Fountain of Marah, the	vi.	193
Fragment, a	v.	131
Freed bird, the	vi.	273
From the Italian of Garcilasso	iii.	122
From the Italian of Sannazaro	iii.	122
Funeral genius, the	iii.	240
Funeral day of Sir Walter Scott	vii.	186
Garcilasso, from the Italian of	iii.	122
Genius of Mrs. Hemans, Essay on	i.	v
Genius, on records of immature	vii.	263
Genius, the requiem of	vi.	149
Genius singing to love	vii.	59
Genoa, night scene in	ii.	122
Gentle sleep, come to me	vii.	114
George the Third, stanzas to memory of	iii.	139
German soldiers, the Rhine song of	vi.	329
Gertrude, or Fidelity till death	v.	172
Girls' school, evening prayer at a	iv.	186
Giulio Regondi, to	vi.	271
God, he walk'd with	vi.	190
God, the voice of	vi.	192
Goethe, scenes and passages from the Tasso of	vi.	283
Goethe, on the Iphigenia of	vi.	300
Goethe, fragments from	vi.	301
Gondolier, sing to me	vii.	99
Good night	vii.	102
Grasmere, a remembrance of	vii.	267
Grave of a poetess	v.	230
Graves of a household, the	v.	311
Graves of martyrs, the	iv.	192
Greece, modern	ii.	169
Greek lament, antique	vi.	308
Greek, ancient, chant of victory	vi.	333
Greek songs	iii.	225
Greek funeral chant	iv.	129
Green isles of ocean, the	iv.	235
Greeting the angels	vi.	203
Grufydd's feast	iv.	242
Grütli, on a flower from	v.	128
Guardian spirit, songs of a	vii.	15
Guerilla song	ii.	267
Guerilla leader's vow, the	vi.	50
Hall of Cynddylan, the	iv.	239
Haunted ground	iv.	352
Haunted house, the	vi.	242
Heart of Bruce in Melrose abbey	vi.	130
Hearts, kindred	iv.	164
Heaven, dreams of	vi.	264
Heber, to the memory of	v.	274
Hebrew mother, the	iv.	180
Heliodorus in the temple	ii.	118
He never smiled again	iv.	116
Hermitage, lines written in a	ii.	259

	Vol.	Page
Hero's death, the	ii.	276
He walk'd with God	vi.	190
Highland chief, dirge of a	ii.	270
Hirlas horn, the	iv.	237
Holy family, repose of a	vii.	251
Home of love, the	vi.	217
Homes of England, the	v.	237
Hope of future communion	vii.	281
Horace, translations from	iii.	111
Hour of death, the	iv.	188
Hour of prayer, the	iv.	194
Hours, O ye	vi.	271
House, the deserted	vi.	85
Household hymn of the travellers	vii.	217
How can that love so deep, so lone	vii.	140
Howel's song	iv.	252
Huguenot's farewell	vi.	304
Hymn by the sickbed of a mother	vi.	164
Hymn, Italian girl's	vi.	33
Hymn of the Vaudois Mountaineers	vii.	192
Hymn, Spanish evening	vii.	40
Hymns for childhood	iv.	263
Hymns for childhood, introductory verses	iv.	265
Hymns of life	vii.	129
Hymn to the virgin	vi.	33
I dream of all things free	vii.	70
If thou hast crush'd a flower	vii.	93
I go, sweet friends	iv.	337
Il Conte di Carmagnola	ii.	310
Illuminated city, the	v.	303
Image in lava, the	vi.	314
Image in the heart, the	vi.	78
Images of patriarchal life	vii.	270
Imelda	v.	174
Impromptu lines addressed to Miss F. A. L.	vi.	205
Indian with his dead child	vi.	41
Indian city, the	v.	187
Indian woman's death-song	v.	199
Indian's revenge, the	vii.	202
Inez de Castro, coronation of	vi.	129
Infant Christ with flowers, picture of	vii.	251
Inscription, monumental	iv.	345
Intellectual powers	vii.	290
Introduction	vii.	67
Introductory stanzas, (Welsh melodies)	iv.	233
Introductory verses, (Hymns for childhood)	iv.	265
Invocation	ii.	262
Invocation	v.	278
Invocation	vii.	227
Invocation continued	vii.	228
Invocation to Bruce, Wallace's	i.	342
Isle of founts, the	iv.	110
Isle of pleasure, Psyche borne to	iv.	209
Is there some spirit sighing	vii.	110
Italian poets, patriotic effusions of	ii.	351
Italian girl's hymn	vi.	33
Italian literature	ii.	287
Italy, Alaric in	ii.	107
Ivan the Czar	v.	243
Ivy song	iv.	340
Ivy song, the	vii.	77

	Vol.	Page
I would we had not met again	vii.	106
Joan of Arc in Rheims	v.	202
Juana	v.	209
Juvenile Poems	vii.	297
Kaiser's Feast, the	v.	262
Keene, or the lament of an Irish mother	vii.	80
Kindred hearts	iv.	164
King of Arragon's lament	vi.	43
Kirconnel, fair Helen of	vii.	90
Körner and his sister	v.	279
Körner's death-day	v.	282
Lady of the castle, the	v.	251
Lament of Llywarch Hen, the	iv.	240
Lament, King of Arragon's	vi.	43
Lament of an Irish mother, Keene, or the	vii.	80
Langhans, the tomb of Madame	vi.	62
Land of dreams, the	vi.	83
Landing of the pilgrim fathers	v.	291
Last wish, the	vi.	322
Last Constantine, the	iii.	175
Last rites	iv.	178
Last tree of the forest, the	vi.	120
Last work, painter's	vii.	219
Lays of many lands	iv.	85
League of the Alps	vii.	115
League of the Alps, notes to	vii.	127
Leave me not yet	vii.	54
Let her depart	vii.	103
Let us depart	vii.	245
Life, scenes and hymns of	vii.	129
Lilies of the field, the	vii.	254
Lines addressed to Miss F. A. L.	vi.	205
Lines to a butterfly resting on a skull	vi.	179
Lines written for the album at Rosanna	vi.	239
Lines written in a hermitage	ii.	259
Literature, Italian	ii.	287
Lonely bird, the	vii.	84
Lonely student, prayer of the	vii.	162
Look on me thus no more	vii.	98
Look on me with thy cloudless eye	vii.	92
Lord Charles Murray, to the memory of	vi.	176
Louise Schepler	vii.	258
Louise Schepler, to	vii.	259
Love, chamois hunter's	vi.	36
Lyre's lament, the	vi.	136
Lyre and flower, the	vii.	83
Lyrics	vii.	13
Lyrics, National	vi.	325
Memoir	i.	25

Mrs. Hemans born at Liverpool, p. 31. Childhood at Gwrych, 31. Winter in London, 35. Collection of juvenile poems published in 1808, 37. Family removed to Bronwylfa, 40. The harper of Conway, 44. Domestic Affections, and other Poems, published in 1812, 50. Marries Captain Hemans, 50. Publishes the Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy, Modern Greece, and Tales and Historic Scenes, 53. In 1818 Captain Hemans takes

up his residence in Italy, 55. Poem of Sceptic published in 1820, 56. Meeting of Wallace and Bruce, published in Blackwood's Magazine in 1819, 57. Becomes acquainted with Bishop Heber, in 1820, 63. Contributes to the Edinburgh Monthly Magazine, 66. *Jeu d'Esprit* regarding the word "barb," 67. Poetical epistle to her sister in Italy, 70. Becomes acquainted with Mr. William Jacob, 87. Voice of Spring, written in 1823, 89. Contributes to New Monthly Magazine, 90. Publication of Siege of Valencia, &c., 90. Vespers of Palermo, performed at Covent-Garden, 92. Composes De Chatillon, 102. Forest Sanctuary, published in 1826, 103. Removes in spring of 1825 to Rhyllon, 107. Correspondence with Professor Norton commences, 113. Death of Mrs. Hemans's mother, 119. Fragments from MS. Notebooks, 128. Mrs. Grant, Joanna Baillie, Miss Mitford, Mary Howitt, Miss Bowles, 138–9. Portrait by West, in 1827, 146. Records of Woman, published in 1828, 152. Health delicate, and removes to Wavertree, 154. Miss Jewsbury, 159. Extracts from Mrs. Hemans's Correspondence, 169, *et seq.* Visits Scotland, July, 1829, 189 — Chiefswood—Abbotsford, 193 — Sir Walter Scott, 193 — Lady Wedderburn, 203. Letters from Edinburgh, 204, *et seq.* Visits Sir Robert Liston, 211. Bust by Angus Fletcher, 212. Critique by Lord Jeffrey, in Edinburgh Review, 213. Songs of the Affections published, 216. Visits Mr. Wordsworth, 217. Revisits Scotland, 229. Returns to Wavertree, 231. Extracts from Correspondence, 231, *et seq.* Quits England for last time, and proceeds to Ireland, 244. Takes up abode in Dublin in autumn 1831, 251. Health greatly impaired, 262. Feels recruited in spring 1833, 268. Hymns for Childhood published in 1834, as also National Lyrics, 274. Scenes and Hymns of Life published, 275. German studies, 277. Death of Mrs. Fletcher, (Miss Jewsbury,) 279. Attack of ague, 291. Retires to Redesdale, 292. Anna Creer, 295. Giulio Regondi, 306. Death-bed Reminiscences, 309, *et seq.* Departs this life, 16th May, 1835, 316. Buried in St. Anne's Church, Dublin, 316.

	Vol.	Page
Madeline, a domestic tale	v.	220
Madonna, to the picture of the	vi.	261
Magic glass, the	vi.	103
Many lands, lays of	iv.	85
Marathon, sleeper of	iii.	117
Maremma, the	iii.	129
Marguerite of France	vi.	275
Marius amongst the ruins of Carthage	iii.	103

	Vol.	Page
Marshal Schwerin's grave	vii.	64
Mary at the feet of Christ	vii.	232
Mary Magdalene at the sepulchre	vii.	234
Mary Magdalene bearing tidings of the resurrection	vii.	235
Meeting of the brothers	vi.	319
Meeting of the ships, the	vii.	88
Melrose abbey, heart of Bruce in	vi.	130
Memorial pillar, the	v.	227
Memorial of a conversation	vii.	274
Memorial of Mary, the	vii.	223
Memory of a sister-in-law, to the	vi.	161
Memory of the dead	vi.	189
Message to the dead	vi.	72
Messenger bird, the	iv.	105
Mignon's song	vii.	18
Mind, the beings of	vi.	134
Mirror in the deserted hall	vi.	157
Miscellaneous pieces	iv.	143
Miscellaneous pieces	iv.	335
Miscellaneous poems	ii.	257
Miscellaneous poems	v.	235
Miscellaneous poems	vi.	95
Modern Greece	ii.	169
Modern Greece, notes to	ii.	211
Monarchy of Britain, the	iv.	245
Monody on Mrs. Hemans	i.	xxiv
Minster, the	vi.	110
Monumental inscription	iv.	345
Moorish bridal song	iv.	87
Moorish gathering song	vii.	42
Morgarten, song of the battle of	iii.	251
Mother, oh sing me to rest	vii.	43
Mother, hymn by the sickbed of a	vi.	164
Mother's litany by the sickbed of a child	vii.	225
Mountain fires	iv.	253
Mountain sanctuaries	vii.	253
Mountain stream at rest, by a	vii.	110
Mountain winds, to the	vi.	251
Mourner for the Barmecides	v.	255
Mozart's Requiem	v.	313
Muffled drum, the	vii.	32
Music at a deathbed	vii.	62
Music from shore	vii.	91
Music in a room of sickness, flowers and	vii.	144
Music of St. Patrick's	vii.	79
Music of yesterday	iv.	202
Music, the voice of	vi.	202
Music, triumphant	vi.	151
Name of England, the	vii.	111
Naples, a song of the Syren	vi.	335
National Lyrics	vi.	325
Nature's farewell	vi.	132
Nature, remembrance of	vii.	292
Near thee, still near thee	vii.	15
New-Born, to the	vi.	213
Night scene in Genoa	ii.	122
Night blowing flowers	vii.	28
Night hymn at sea	vii.	226
Nightingale, the	iv.	278
Nightingale's death-song, the	vi.	145
No more	vi.	168
North Wales, church in	vii.	258

	Vol.	Page
Northern spring, the	iv.	281
Norway, old	vii.	112
Notes to tales and historic scenes	ii.	62
Notes to the Widow of Crescentius	ii.	93
Notes to Antony and Cleopatra	ii.	106
Notes to Alaric in Italy	ii.	113
Notes to Troubadour	ii.	135
Notes to death of Conradin	ii.	144
Notes to Restoration of works of art, &c.	ii.	166
Notes to Modern Greece	ii.	211
Notes to Sceptic	iii.	25
Notes to Forest Sanctuary	iv.	77
Notes to League of the Alps	vii.	127
Notes to Dartmoor	iv.	229
Notes to Songs of the Cid	v.	126
Notes to Records of woman	v.	232
Ocean, the	iv.	272
O'Connor's child	vi.	232
Ode on the defeat of Sebastian	iii.	279
O'er the far blue mountains	vii.	99
Oh, droop thou not	vii.	16
O skylark for thy wing	vii.	58
Oh, if thou wilt not give thine heart	vii.	97
Oh thou breeze of spring	vii.	100
Oh, ye voices	vii.	70
Oh, ye voices gone	vii.	109
Old church in an English Park	vii.	257
Old Norway	vii.	112
Olive tree, the	vii.	256
On a flower from Grütli	v.	122
On a leaf from Virgil's tomb	v.	129
On a remembered picture of Christ	vii.	252
On a scene in the dargle	vii.	276
On reading Paul and Virginia in childhood	vii.	269
On the Datura Arborea	vii.	280
On the Iphigenia of Goethe	vi.	300
On records of immature genius	vii.	263
On watching the flight of a skylark	vii.	264
On reading Coleridge's epitaph	vii.	279
Orange bough, the	vii.	54
Orchard blossoms	vii.	266
Orphan, to an	vi.	163
Our lady's well	iv.	156
Our daily paths	iv.	171
Owen Glendower's war-song	iv.	247
O ye hours	vi.	271
Painter's last work, the	vii.	219
Palermo, the Vespers of	v.	7
Palm tree, the	v.	297
Palmer, the	vi.	210
Paraphrase of Psalm cxlviii	iv.	279
Parting words	vi.	70
Passing away	vi.	170
Parting ship, the	vi.	118
Parting of summer	iv.	158
Paths, our daily	iv.	171
Patriarchal life, images of	vii.	270
Patriotic effusions of Italian poets	ii.	351
Pauline	v.	205

	Vol.	Page
Peasant girl of the Rhone,	v.	195
Penitent's offering, the	vi.	194
Penitent's return, a	vii.	241
Picture of Christ bearing the cross, to a	vii.	247
Picture of infant Christ with flowers	vii.	251
Picture, the charmed	vi.	68
Pieces, miscellaneous	iv.	335
Pilgrim song to the evening star	vii.	86
Places of worship	vii.	257
Pleiad, the lost	iv.	190
Poems, Juvenile	vii.	297
Poems, miscellaneous	ii.	257
Poems, miscellaneous	v.	235
Poetry of the Psalms	vii.	182
Portrait, to my own	vi.	166
Portugal, Sebastian of	iii.	257
Powers, intellectual	vii.	296
Prayer, a	vii.	273
Prayer continued	vii.	274
Prayer at sea after victory	vii.	200
Prayer in the wilderness	vii.	190
Prayer for life, the	vi.	234
Prayer of affection, a	vii.	223
Prayer of the lonely student	vii.	162
Prince Madoc's farewell	iv.	249
Princess Charlotte, stanzas on death of	ii.	277
Prisoner's evening service	vii.	194
Procession, the	vi.	253
Prologue to the tragedy of Fiesco	vi.	270
Properzia Rossi	v.	167
Prophecy, Carolan's	v.	247
Provence, the lady of	vi.	22
Psyche borne to the Isle of pleasure	iv.	209
Queen of Prussia's tomb, the	v.	224
Raising of the widow's son, the	vii.	255
Rainbow, the	iv.	266
Recall, fairies'	vii.	107
Records of Woman	v.	143
Records of Woman, notes to	v.	232
Records of the autumn of 1834	vii.	276
Records of the spring	vii.	262
Recovery	vii.	294
Remembered picture, to a	vi.	92
Remembrance of nature	vii.	292
Reply of Shunamite woman, the	vii.	230
Repose of a holy family	vii.	251
Requiem, Mozart's	v.	313
Restoration of the works of art, &c., notes to	ii.	166
Return of poetry, the	vii.	276
Return, the	vi.	52
Retzsch's design of the angel of death	vii.	291
Revellers, the	iv.	152
Rheims, Joan of Arc in	v.	202
Rites, last	iv.	178
River Clwyd in North Wales, the	vii.	266
Rivers, the	iv.	269
Rock of Cader Idris, the	iv.	261
Rock beside the sea,	vii.	108
Rod of Aaron, the	vi.	192
Roman girl's song	v.	306
Romance, an hour of	v.	284
Rosanna, lines written for the album at	vi.	239
Ruin, the	vi.	107
Ruins of Carthage, Marius amongst the	iii.	103

	Vol.	Page
Ruth	vii.	229
Sabbath sonnet	vii.	295
Sacred harp, the	vii.	250
Sadness and mirth	vi.	143
St. Patrick's, music of	vi.	79
Sanctuaries, mountain	vi.	253
Sannazaro, from the Italian of	iii.	122
Scene in a Dalecarlian mine	iv.	348
Scenes and hymns of life	vii.	129
Scenes and passages from the Tasso of Goethe	vi.	283
Sceptic, the	iii.	7
Sceptic, notes to	iii.	25
Schepler, Louise	vii.	258
Sculptured children, the	vi.	196
Sea-bird flying inland, the	vi.	155
Sea, dirge at	vii.	86
Sea, thought of the	vii.	264
Sea, distant sound of the	vii.	265
Sea, night hymn at	vii.	226
Sea, far o'er the	vii.	71
Sea, where is the	vi.	165
Sebastian of Portugal	iii.	257
Sebastian, ode on the defeat of	iii.	279
Second sight	vi.	153
Seek by the silvery Darro	vii.	40
Shade of Theseus, the	iv.	126
Shadow of a flower, the	vi.	178
Shore, music from	vii.	91
Shepherd-poet of the Alps, the	vi.	244
Sicilian captive, the	v.	239
Sickbed of a child, mother's litany by the	vii.	225
Sickness like night	vii.	290
Siege of Valencia	iii.	285
Silent multitude, the	vi.	153
Sing to me, gondolier	vii.	99
Sir Walter Scott, funeral day of	vii.	196
Sister's dream, the	vi.	229
Sisters of Bethany	vii.	232
Sister, since I met thee last	vii.	83
Sisters of Scio, the	vi.	56
Sisters, the, a ballad	vii.	19
Sky, to the	vii.	263
Skylark, the	iv.	277
Skylark, on watching the flight of a	vii.	264
Skull, lines to a butterfly resting on a	vi.	179
Sleeper, the	vi.	156
Sleeper of Marathon, the	iii.	117
Song, Alp horn	iii.	110
Song, ancient Greek exile	iv.	126
Song, ancient battle	vii.	37
Song, a parting	vi.	206
Song, Brandenburg harvest	iv.	125
Song, death, Indian woman's	v.	199
Song, echo	vii.	31
Song, fairy	vii.	96
Song for an air by Hummel	vi.	175
Song, founded on an Arabian anecdote	iii.	108
Song, Guerilla	ii.	267
Song, Howel's	iv.	252
Song, ivy	iv.	340
Song, last of Sappho, the	vii.	23
Song, Moorish gathering	vii.	42
Song, Mignon's	vii.	18
Song of Delos, a	vi.	331
Song of emigration	vi.	39

	Vol.	Page
Song of hope, the	vii.	73
Song of memory, English soldier's	iv.	350
Song of Mina's soldiers	vii.	42
Song of Miriam, the	vii.	228
Song of night, the	vi.	112
Song of penitence, the	vi.	313
Song of the battle of Morgarten	iii.	251
Song of the rose, a	vii.	26
Song of the Spanish wanderer	iv.	359
Song of the Syren, Naples, a	vi.	335
Song of the virgin	vii.	231
Song, Owen Glendower's war	iv.	247
Song, Rhine, of German soldiers	vi.	329
Song, Roman girl's	v.	306
Song, sea, of Gafran, the	iv.	236
Song, Swiss,	iv.	103
Song, the ancestral,	vi.	100
Song, Thekla's	iv.	151
Song, Themes of	vi.	327
Song, the parting	iv.	134
Song, the Rio Verde	vii.	39
Song, the traveller's evening	vii.	166
Song to the evening star, pilgrim's	vii.	86
Song, Troubadour	v.	271
Song, Troubadour	vi.	283
Song, Valkyriur	iv.	97
Song, willow	vii.	53
Songs for summer hours	vii.	49
Songs, Greek,	iii.	225
Songs of captivity	vii.	67
Songs of a guardian spirit	vii.	15
Songs of our fathers	iv.	160
Songs of Spain	vii.	37
Songs of the Cid	v.	115
Songs of the Cid, notes to	v.	126
Sonnet, Sabbath	vii.	295
Sound of the Sea	iv.	345
Sonnets, devotional	vii.	250
Spanish evening hymn	vii.	40
Spanish chapel, the	v.	259
Spanish wanderer, song of the	iv.	359
Spells of home, the	v.	305
Spirit, flight of the	vii.	293
Spirit of the Cape, appearance of	iii.	123
Spirit's return, a	vi.	13
Spirit's mysteries, the	v.	293
Spring, breathings of	v.	301
Spring, records of the	vii.	262
Spring, the voice of	v.	137
Stanzas on death of Princess Charlotte	ii.	277
Stanzas to memory of George the Third	iii.	139
Stanzas to the memory of * * *	iv.	355
Star of the mine, the	vi.	159
Statue, Washington's	vi.	160
St. Cecilia, picture of	vi.	222
Storm-painter in his dungeon, the	vi.	114
Stranger's heart, the	vi.	87
Stranger in Louisiana, the	iv.	108
Streams, the	vi.	122
Subterranean stream	vi.	181
Suliote mother	iv.	138
Summer, parting of	iv.	158
Summer's call, the	vii.	56
Sun, the	iv.	268
Sunbeam, the	v.	300
Sunset, a thought at	vii.	270
Superstition and revelation	iii.	84
Swan and the skylark	vii.	33

	Vol.	Page
Switzer's wife, the	v.	162
Sword of the tomb, the	iv.	91
Tale of the secret tribunal, a	iii.	29
Tale of the fourteenth century, a	iii.	147
Tale, Madeline, a domestic	v.	220
Tales and historic scenes	ii.	11
Tales and historic scenes, notes to	ii.	62
Taliesin's prophecy	iv.	246
Tasso and his sister	v.	265
Tasso's coronation	vi.	138
Tempest, Christ stilling the	iv.	343
Temple, Heliodorus in the	ii.	118
The Abencerrage	ii.	11
The adopted child	v.	276
The aged Indian	ii.	268
The Alcestis of Alfieri	ii.	297
The Alpine horn	vii.	69
The American forest girl	v.	213
The angler	vi.	172
The annunciation	vii.	230
The antique sepulchre	vi.	184
The Basvigliana of Monti	ii.	289
The battle field	vii.	239
The bed of heath	vii.	95
The beings of mind	vi.	134
The bell at sea	vi.	180
The bended bow	iv.	114
The better land	vi.	140
The bird at sea	vii.	74
The birds	iv.	275
The bird's release	iv.	89
The birds of passage	v.	310
The birds of the air	vii.	254
The boon of memory	iv.	211
The bridal day	vi.	97
The bride of the Greek isle	v.	154
The brigand leader and his wife	vi.	224
The breeze from shore	iv.	198
The broken lute	vi.	255
The broken flower	vii.	106
The burial in the desert	vi.	259
The call to battle	vii.	46
The Cambrian in America	iv.	244
The caravan in the desert	iii.	97
The cavern of the three Tells	iv.	100
The chamois hunter's love	vi.	36
The charmed picture	vi.	68
The chieftain's son	v.	130
The child and dove	iv.	347
The child of the forests	iv.	354
The children whom Jesus blessed	vii.	258
The child reading the bible	vii.	179
The child's first grief	vi.	211
The child's last sleep	v.	299
The Cid's departure into exile	v.	117
The Cid's deathbed	v.	118
The Cid's funeral procession	v.	121
The Cid's rising	v.	124
The cliffs of Dover	iv.	191
The conqueror's sleep	iv.	154
The Contadina	iv.	360
The coronation of Inez de Castro	vi.	29
The cottage girl	vii.	239
The cross of the south	iii.	115
The cross in the wilderness	iv.	175

	Vol.	Page
The crusader's war-song	ii.	272
The crusader's return	iv.	148
The Crusaders, or De Chatillon	iv.	283
The Czar Ivan	v.	243
The darkness of the crucifixion	vii.	256
The day of flowers	vii.	210
The death of Conradin	ii.	137
The death of Clanronald	ii.	273
The death day of Körner	v.	282
The death song of Alcestis	vi.	214
The departed	v.	295
The deserted house	vi.	85
The dial of flowers	iv.	170
The distant ship	v.	308
The diver	vi.	147
The dreamer	iv.	206
The dreaming child	vi.	66
The dying improvisatore	iv.	200
The dying bard's prophecy	iv.	256
The dying girl and flowers	vii.	75
The effigies	v.	288
The English boy	vi.	306
The English martyrs	vii.	131
The exile's dirge	vi.	64
The fair isle	iv.	260
The faith of love	vi.	227
The fall of D'Assas	vi.	336
The fallen lime-tree	vii.	65
The farewell to the dead	iv.	140
The festal hour	iii.	246
The flower of the desert	vi.	281
The forest sanctuary	iv.	9
The forsaken hearth	iv.	204
The fountain of oblivion	vi.	90
The fountain of Marah	vi.	193
The freed bird	vi.	273
The funeral genius	iii.	240
The grave of a poetess	v.	230
The graves of martyrs	iv.	192
The graves of a household	v.	311
The green isles of ocean	iv.	235
The Guerilla leader's vow	vi.	50
The hall of Cynddylan	iv.	239
The haunted house	vi.	242
The Hebrew mother	iv.	180
The hero's death	ii.	276
The Hirlas horn	iv.	237
The homes of England	v.	237
The home of love	vi.	217
The hour of death	iv.	188
The hour of prayer	iv.	194
The Huguenot's farewell	vi.	304
The illuminated city	v.	303
The image in lava	vi.	314
The image in the heart	vi.	78
The Indian city	v.	187
The Indian with his dead child	vi.	41
The Indian's revenge	vii.	202
The Invocation	vii.	72
The Iphigenia of Goethe	vi.	300
The isle of founts	iv.	110
The ivy song	vii.	77
The Kaiser's feast	v.	262
The lady of the castle	v.	251
The lady of Provence	vi.	22
The lament of Llywarch Hen	iv.	240
The land of dreams	vi.	83
The landing of the pilgrim fathers	v.	291
The last banquet of Antony	ii.	101
The last Constantine	iii.	175

	Vol.	Page
The last wish	vi.	322
The last tree of the forest	vi.	120
The last song of Sappho	vii.	23
The lilies of the field	vii.	254
The lonely bird	vii.	84
The lost pleiad	iv.	190
The lyre and flower	vii.	83
The lyre's lament	vi.	136
The magic glass	vi.	103
The Maremma	iii.	129
The meeting of the bards	v.	134
The meeting of the brothers	vi.	319
The meeting of the ships	vii.	88
The memorial pillar	v.	227
The memorial of Mary	vii.	233
The message to the dead	vi.	72
The messenger bird	iv.	105
The minster	vi.	110
The monarchy of Britain	iv.	245
The mountain fires	iv.	253
The mourner for the Barmecides	v.	255
The muffled drum	vii.	32
The name of England	vii.	111
The nightingale	iv.	278
The nightingale's death song	vi.	145
The northern spring	iv.	281
The ocean	iv.	272
The olive tree	vii.	256
The orange bough	vii.	54
The palm tree	v.	297
The palmer	vi.	210
The parting song	iv.	134
The parting of summer	iv.	158
The parting ship	vi.	118
The peasant girl of the Rhone	v.	195
The penitent anointing Christ's feet	vii.	231
The penitent's offering	vi.	194
The poetry of the Psalms	vii.	182
The prayer for life	vi.	234
The procession	vi.	253
The Queen of Prussia's tomb	v.	224
The rainbow	iv.	266
The raising of the widow's son	vii.	255
The remembered picture	vi.	92
The reply of the Shunamite woman	vii.	230
The requiem of genius	vi.	149
The restoration of the works of art	ii.	147
The return	vi.	52
The return of poetry	vii.	276
The revellers	iv.	152
The Rio Verde song	vii.	39
The river Clwyd in North Wales	vii.	266
The rivers	iv.	269
The rock of Cader Idris	iv.	261
The rock beside the sea	vii.	108
The rod of Aaron	vi.	192
The ruin	vi.	107
The sacred harp	vii.	250
The sceptic	iii.	7
The sculptured children	vi.	196
The sea-song of Gafran	iv.	236
The sea-bird flying inland	vi.	155
The shade of Theseus	iv.	126
The shadow of a flower	vi.	178
The shepherd-poet of the Alps	vi.	244
The Sicilian captive	v.	239
The siege of Valencia	iii.	285
The silent multitude	vi.	183
The sisters, a ballad	vii.	19

	Vol.	Page
The sister's dream	vi.	229
The sisters of Bethany	vii.	232
The sisters of Scio	vi.	56
The skylark	iv.	277
The sleeper of Marathon	iii.	117
The sleeper	vi.	156
The soldier's deathbed	vi.	76
The song of hope	vii.	73
The song of Mina's soldiers	vii.	42
The song of Miriam	vii.	228
The song of night	vi.	112
The song of penitence	vi.	313
The song of the Virgin	vii.	231
The songs of our fathers	iv.	160
The sound of the sea	iv.	345
The Spanish chapel	v.	259
The spells of home	v.	305
The spirit's mysteries	v.	293
The stars	iv.	270
The star of the mine	vi.	159
The storm-painter in his dungeon	vi.	114
The stranger in Louisiana	iv.	108
The stranger's heart	vi.	87
The streams	vi.	122
The stream set free	vii.	55
The subterranean stream	vi.	181
The Suliote mother	iv.	138
The summer's call	vii.	56
The sun	iv.	268
The sunbeam	v.	300
The Switzer's wife	v.	162
The sword of the tomb	iv.	91
The thunder-storm	iv.	273
The tomb of Madame Langhans	vi.	62
The tombs of Platea	iii.	242
The traveller at the Source of the Nile	iv.	165
The traveller's evening song	vii.	166
The treasures of the deep	iv.	145
The troubadour and Richard	ii.	130
The trumpet	iv.	185
The two homes	vi.	74
The two voices	vi.	116
The two monuments	vii.	236
The Tyrolese peasants' evening song	vi.	187
The vassal's lament for the fallen tree	iv.	121
The Vaudois Valleys	iv.	356
The Vaudois wife	vi.	47
The vespers of Palermo	v.	7
The victor	vi.	238
The view from Castri	iii.	244
The vigil of arms	vi.	128
The vigil of Rizpah	vii.	229
The voice of home to the prodigal	iv.	195
The voice of spring	v.	137
The voice of the wind	vi.	125
The voice of God	vi.	192
The voice of music	vi.	202
The voice of the waves	vi.	240
The wakening	iv.	197
The wanderer	vi.	280
The wandering wind	vii.	51
The water lily	vii.	260
The welcome to death	vi.	236
The widow of Crescentius	ii.	73
The wife of Asdrubal	ii.	115
The wild huntsman	iv.	123
The wings of the dove	iv.	207
The wish	vi.	268
The women of Jerusalem at the cross	vii.	234
The world in the open air	iv.	162
The wounded eagle	vi.	141

	Vol.	Page
The wreck	iv.	183
The Zegri maid	vii.	38
Thekla at her lover's grave	vi.	54
Thekla's song	iv.	151
Themes of song, the	vi.	327
There are sounds in the dark Roncesvalles	vii.	44
Theseus, to the shade of	iv.	126
Thought from an Italian poet	vi.	170
Thought of home at sea	vi.	161
Thought of the future	vi.	200
Thought of the rose	vi.	263
Thought of Paradise	vii.	243
Thought, communings with	vii.	248
Thought, a vernal	vii.	262
Thought of the sea	vii.	264
Thoughts connected with trees	vii.	268
The same	vii.	269
Thoughts during sickness	vii.	290
Thunder-storm, the	iv.	273
To a departed spirit	vi.	35
To a distant scene	vii.	266
To a family bible	vii.	250
To an aged friend	vii.	272
To an orphan	vi.	163
To a picture of Christ bearing the cross	vii.	247
To a remembered picture	vi.	92
To Caroline	vi.	279
To Giulio Regondi	vi.	271
To Louise Schepler	vii.	259
To Miss F. A. L. on her birthday	iii.	118
To ditto on the death of her mother	iii.	119
To the same, written in the first leaf of her album	iii.	119
To my own portrait	vi.	166
To one of the Author's children on his birthday	iv.	342
To a similar occasion	iv.	342
To Silvio Pellico, on reading his "Prigione"	vii.	277
To the same released	vii.	277
To the blue anemone	vi.	310
To the eye	ii.	274
To the memory of a sister-in-law	vi.	161
To the memory of General P———m	ii.	264
To the memory of Lord Charles Murray	vi.	176
To the memory of Sir H. H. S.	ii.	265
To the memory of Heber	v.	274
To the mountain winds	vi.	251
To the New-Born	vi.	213
To the picture of the Madonna	vi.	261
To the sky	vii.	263
To Wordsworth	v.	272
Translations from Camoens, &c.	ii.	223
Translations from Horace	iii.	111
Traveller's household, hymn of the	vii.	217
Trees, thoughts about	vii.	268
Triumphant music	vi.	151
Triumph, Caswallon's	iv.	250
Troubadour song	v.	271
Troubadour song	vi.	283
Troubadour, &c. notes to	ii.	135
Ulla, or the Adjuration	v.	268
Valencia, siege of	iii.	285

	Vol.	Page
Valkyriur song	iv.	97
Vassal's lament for the fallen tree	iv.	121
Vaudois valleys, the	iv.	356
Vaudois wife, the	vi.	47
Vaudois mountaineers, hymn of	vii.	192
Victor, the	vi.	238
Victory, prayer at sea after	vii.	200
Views from Castri, the	iii.	244
Vigil of arms, the	vi.	128
Vigil of Rizpah, the	vii.	229
Virgin, hymn to the	vi.	33
Virgil's tomb, on a leaf from	v.	129
Visits, angel	iv.	338
Voice of spring, the	v.	137
Voice of the wind, the	vi.	125
Voice of God, the	vi.	192
Voice of music, the	vi.	202
Voice of the waves, the	vi.	240
Vow, guerilla leader's	vi.	50
Voyager's dream of land, a	v.	286
Wales, church in North	vii.	258
Wallace's invocation to Bruce	i.	342
Wanderer, the	vi.	280
Wanderer and flowers	vii.	29
Wandering singer, to a	vi.	209
Wandering wind, the	vii.	51
Washington's statue	vi.	160
Water-lilies	vii.	105
Water-lily, to a	vii.	260
Waves, the voice of	vi.	240
Weary, evening song of the	vii.	216
Welcome to death, the	vi.	236
Well, our Lady's	iv.	156
Welsh melodies, introductory stanzas to	iv.	233
We return no more	vi.	207
What woke the buried sound	vii.	97
Where is the sea	vi.	165
Widow of Crescentius	ii.	73
Widow of Crescentius, notes to	ii.	93
Wild huntsman, the	iv.	123
Wilderness, prayer in	vii.	190
William the Conqueror, the burial of	vi.	338
Willow song	vii.	53
Winds, to mountain	vi.	251
Wings of the dove, the	iv.	207
Wish, the	vi.	268
Woman, records of	v.	143
Woman on the field of battle	vi.	80
Woman and fame	vi.	198
Women of Jerusalem at the cross	vii.	234
Woodlands, child's return from the	vi.	225
Wood walk and hymn	vii.	156
Words, parting	vi.	70
Work, painter's last	vii.	219
World in the open air, the	iv.	162
Worship, places of	vii.	257
Wounded eagle, the	vi.	141
Written after visiting a tomb	vi.	266
Ye are not miss'd, fair flowers	vii.	52
Zegri maid, the	vii.	38

THE END.

OCT 1 . 1966

OCT 1 . 1966